Aug. 8, 1983

# THE NEW YORKER

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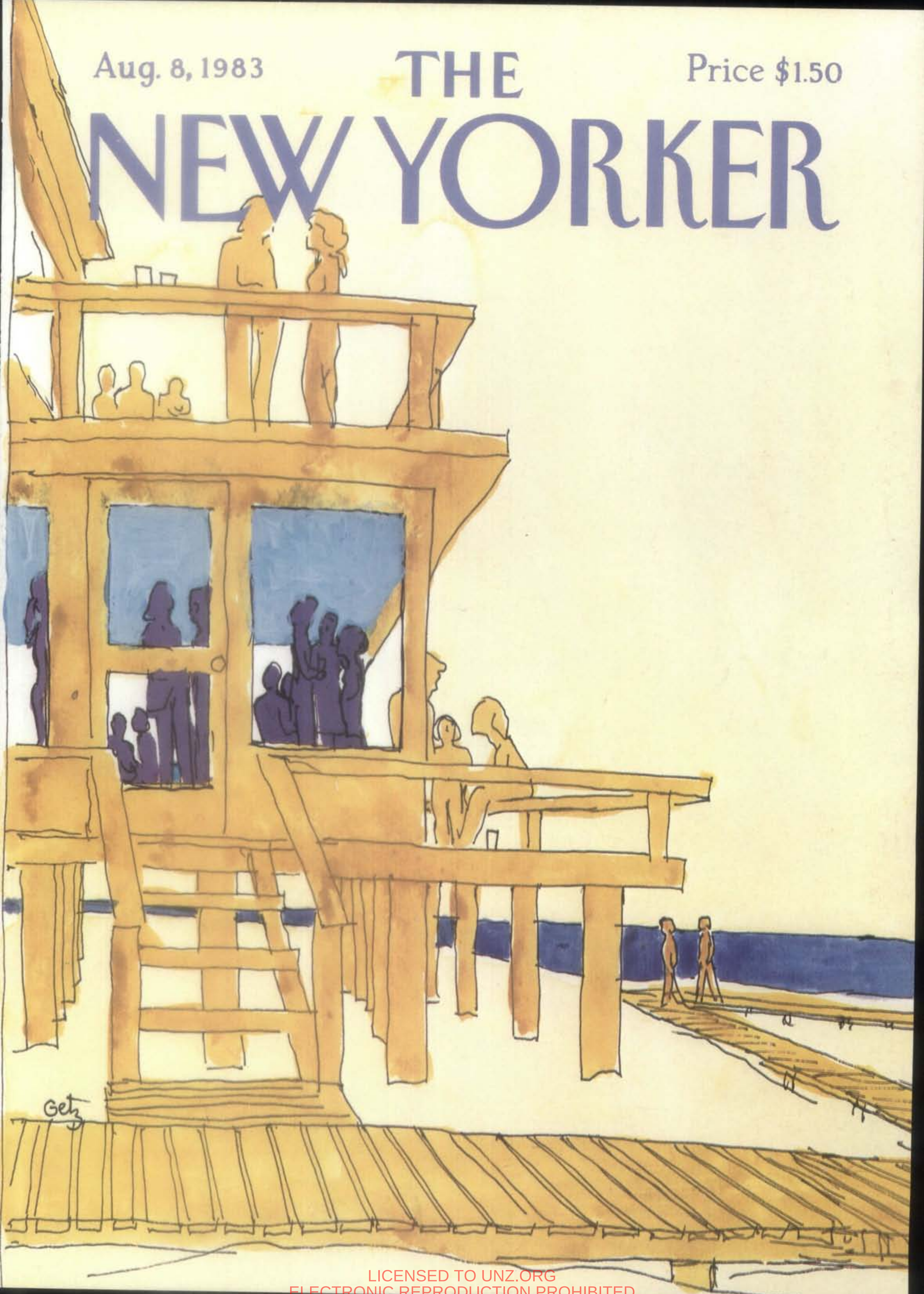

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Beckett Plays**—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7 Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Breakfast with Les and Bess**—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial**—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Cats**—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Cradle Will Rock**—A spirited revival of the late Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. The actor-singers, notably Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**An Evening with Quentin Crisp**—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**Extremities**—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Fool for Love**—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28.)

**Greater Tuna**—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jeeves Takes Charge**—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (Last seen at The Space, City Center, six weeks ago; now at the Haft, 227 W. 27th St., 242-7800, opening on Thursday, Aug. 4; previews Wednesday, Aug. 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Aug. 7: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 10: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Mame**—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Merlin**—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st St. 757-7064 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**My One and Only**—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**'Night, Mother**—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**On Your Toes**—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart,

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the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo**—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays will be presented in two parts on consecutive nights. The second program of four plays opens Wednesday, Aug. 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

**Passion**—Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart head a fine cast in an oddly misshapen but always engrossing comedy about the perils of adultery. The author is Peter Nichols. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Quartermaine's Terms**—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Taking My Turn**—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

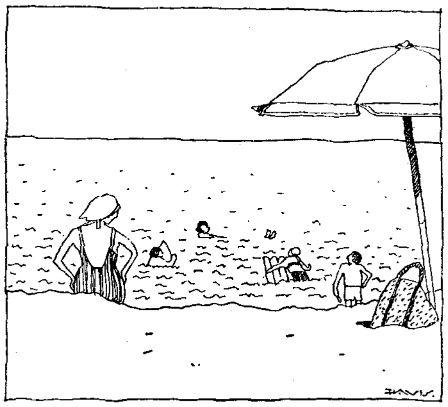
**True West**—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**Winners**—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**The Women's Series: Four New Black Playwrights**—Joyce Walker-Joseph's **GAMES:** Thursday through Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. . . . ¶ Pearl Cleage's **HOSPICE:** Thursday through Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. . . . ¶ Risë Collins' **INCANDESCENT TONES:** Thursday through Sunday at 9. Matinée Sunday at 4. . . . ¶ Nubia Kai's **PARTING:** Thursday through Sunday at 9. Matinée Sunday at 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes Sunday, Aug. 7.)

**Yellow Fever**—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**You Can't Take It with You**—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Jason Robards. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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**Long Runs**—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and John Thomas Waite plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,680 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Aug. 4, at 2.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Ice Show**—"Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice," with Linda Fratianne. Opens Tuesday, Aug. 9, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 21. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 9-11, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 12, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Aug. 13, at 11, 3, and 7:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** heads up a trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** will team up. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pop-jazz internationalist and flutist **HERBIE MANN** is here with his band through Sunday, Aug. 7;

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on Thursday, Aug. 11, singer **CARMEN MC RAE** will begin a visit. Sets begin at ten.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 3, blues singer and folkie **TAJ MAHAL** and the Tannahill Weavers; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, the **HEATH BROTHERS,** with **JIMMY HEATH, PERCY HEATH,** and **TOOTIE HEATH;** and **NORMAN CONNORS & THE STARSHIP ORCHESTRA;** Saturday, Aug. 6, comics Soupy Sales, Rob Bartlett, and Bob Nelson; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 8-9, the **BUDDY RICH** big band; Wednesday, Aug. 10, Ellen Foley; and Thursday, Aug. 11, De Danaan. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians: pianist **STANLEY COWELL** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** through Saturday, Aug. 6; pianist **KENNY BARRON** and his bassist on Sundays; and pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** beginning Monday, Aug. 8. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**BROADWAY JOE'S,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

**CAFÉ PIERRE,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**CARNEGIE TAVERN,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Aug. 3, the **BUSH TETRAS** and the Beast; Thursday, Aug. 4, Cody Lee & Walk, the Young Hegelians, and the Spencers; Friday, Aug. 5, Midnight Walkers, the Bel Airs, and Jeannie Smith; Saturday, Aug. 6, Slaughterhouse with Johnny Plitz, Cheetah Chrome, and Bonnie Parker; and Tuesday, Aug. 9, the Expatriots and His Master's Voice. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**TEDDY WILSON,** the original What-a-touch! pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others more than forty years back, is still pretty wonderful. He's here nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven-fifteen. On Sundays, pianist Ronnell Bright plays. Dining.

**EAGLE TAVERN,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven during the non-summer months; it's T-shirt time now. Wednesday, Aug. 3, John Whelan, with Conway & Ryan; Saturday, Aug. 6, Urban Grass; Tuesday, Aug. 9, Cranberry Lake; Wednesday, Aug. 10, Nancy Crutcher; and Saturday, Aug. 13, Buck's Stove & Range Co. Music from nine Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Tuesdays from eight.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 7, two ex-Basie-ite swingers, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and trombonist **AL GREY,** will co-pilot a quintet from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

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**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Two great, bluesy singers are scheduled to perform in this sleek downstairs club: **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** through Sunday, Aug. 7, and **ESTHER PHILLIPS** beginning Tuesday, Aug. 9. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**FOLK CITY,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Aug. 4, Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick; Friday, Aug. 5, **PETER STAMPFEL & THE BOTTLE CAPS** and the Mark Black band; Saturday, Aug. 6, Bermuda Triangle and Christine Lavin; Sunday, Aug. 7, **HAPPY TRAUM;** Monday, Aug. 8, Eric Bogle and Nancy White; Tuesday, Aug. 9, **ROSALIE SORRELS** and Paul Siebel; Wednesday, Aug. 10, **JOHN HAMMOND** and **PAULA LOCKHEART;** Thursday, Aug. 11, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT** and Jim Wann; Friday, Aug. 12, **DAVE VAN RONK** and Frank Christian; and Saturday, Aug. 13, **ODETTA** and Ferron. Music from about eight-thirty; Monday, which is hootenanny night, from about eight.

**GREENE STREET,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3-4, Patricia Barber and Michael Arnopol; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw; Sunday, Aug. 7, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, singer Carmen Cuesta and guitarist Chuck Loeb; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13, singer Tina Fabrik. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with backup support from the Scott Hardy trio; on Mondays, Baba Motta plays piano and sings; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

**HANRATTY'S,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JOHN EATON** works out through Saturday, Aug. 6; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 7-8, **MIKE ABENE** will claim the keyboard; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 9, **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the resident player, will return. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **HANK JONES** and **MICHAEL MOORE** are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Aug. 3, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 7-8, drumming and singing dynamo **LEVON HELM** and bassist-singer **RICK DANKO;** Tuesday, Aug. 9, a doo-wop night with the Mystics, Randy & the Rainbows, Earl Lewis & the Channels, the Harptones, and Johnnie & Joe; Wednesday, Aug. 10, singer **TRACY NELSON;** and Thursday, Aug. 11, the Whites and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL,** a stirring bluegrass outfit. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The roster: singer Fostina Dixon on Wednesday, Aug. 3; flutist Elise Wood, pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and their quintet, which features tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 4-7. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SCOTT** has taken over. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Aug. 3, Doug Harris; Thursday, Aug. 4, singer Connie James; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, flutist Noel Pointer. Music from ten until two. Dining.

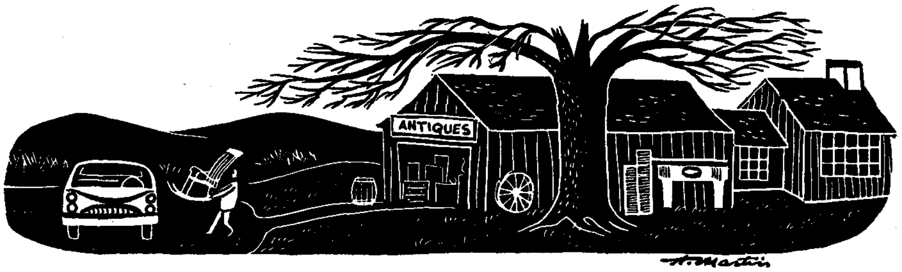
**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Aug. 3, Jeffrey Roy and the Privates; Thursday, Aug. 4, the Firemen, PT 109, and No Laughing; Friday, Aug. 5, the Shirts and Motivation; Saturday, Aug. 6, John Macandoe and the Revelations; Monday, Aug. 8, Clyde, In and Out, and the Krayolas; Wednesday, Aug. 10, Larry Changes, the Basiks, and Bad Habits; Thursday, Aug. 11, Stick Figures, the Tapes, and Beautiful People; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, Robert Hunter and Otto & George. Shows begin at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**PEPPERMINT LOUNGE,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night: Friday, Aug. 5, Martha & the Muffins. Music after eleven-thirty.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**RED BLAZER TOO,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every



night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom. the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, Aug. 3, **KING SUNNY ADE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS,** eighteen musicians from Nigeria who play swirling, hypnotic international dance music on electric guitars and talking drums; it sounds like a cross between African high-life music and Santana, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, the Cure; Saturday, Aug. 6, rockabillyist Robert Gordon, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, English R. & B. singer **EDDY GRANT;** Thursday, Aug. 11, Red Rockers; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, Kajagoogoo. Shows usually begin after midnight.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 3, trumpeter Tiger Okoshi, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, Noel Pointer; Sunday, Aug. 7, Kaleidoscope; Tuesday, Aug. 9, the Marco Rizo quartet, Wednesday, Aug. 10, Steve Satin & Contempo Vibrato; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** and guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE.** Music from ten.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, Aug. 3, Cigano; Thursday, Aug. 4, the African Connection; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Aug. 9, Mixed Grill; Wednesday, Aug. 10, Cigano; Thursday, Aug. 11, Adesanya, Friday, Aug. 12, Brazuca; and Saturday, Aug. 13, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** has assembled a pretty fine quintet—tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS**—to work with through Saturday, Aug. 6; on Sunday, Aug. 7, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON** will play Brazilian jazz; on Monday, Aug. 8, **OLIVER LAKE** and his band, **JUMP UP,** will provide some avant-garde and undeniably swinging reggae; and on Tuesday, Aug. 9, trumpeter **OLU DARA & THE OKRA ORCHESTRA** will come in to perform blues-laden, funky, out-there stuff. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The blues musician of the moment is Piano Red, who performs Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at about nine.

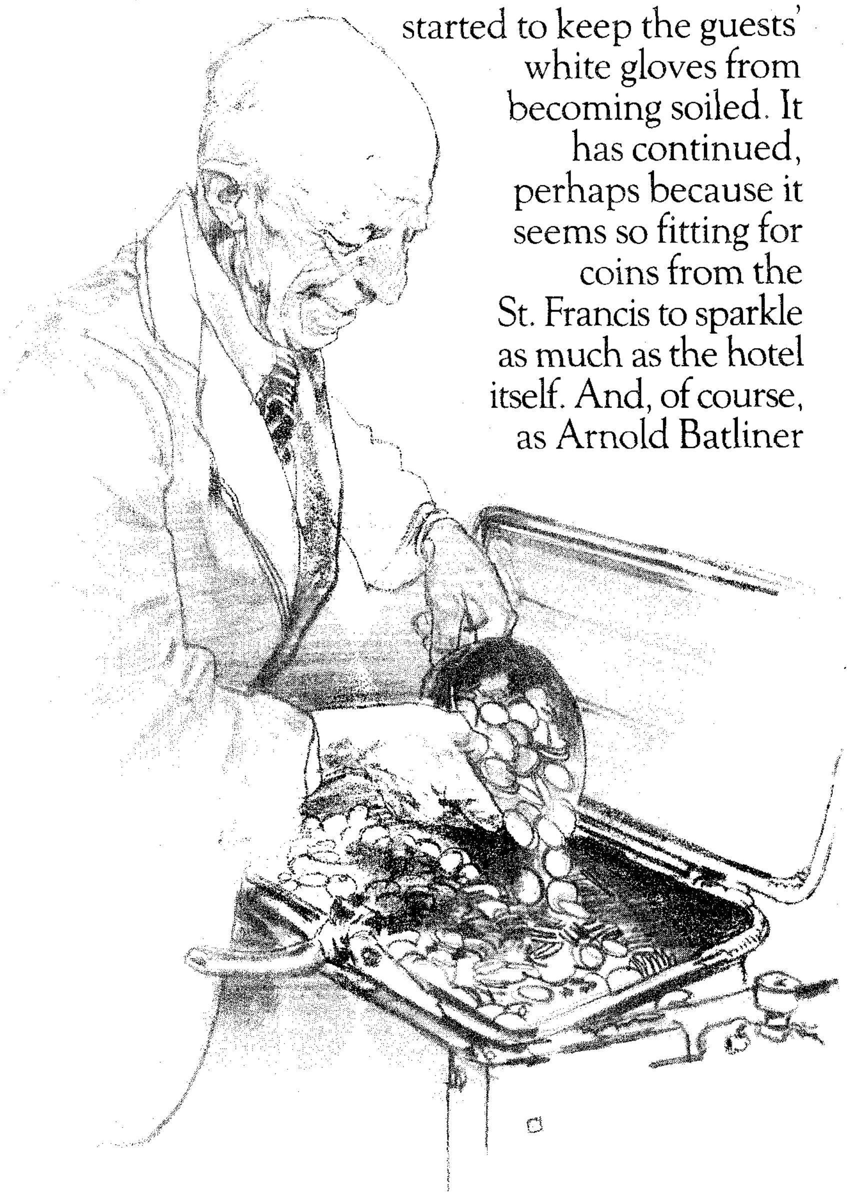
**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Friday, Aug. 5, at eleven and one, the Loners and Wet Sno; Saturday, Aug. 6, at midnight, Peter Tork; Monday, Aug. 8, at seven, **LESTER CHAMBERS,** in a benefit concert; and Friday, Aug. 12, at eleven, Brenda Starr and I Spy. Recorded music for dancing Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to (yawn) four.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on Aug. 8, percussionist **MACHITO** and his band will share the facilities with Grupo Fascinación and soloist Robin Kenyatta from about nine. Fridays and Saturdays are currently the property of the wailing tenor saxophonist from Argentina, **GATO BARBIERI.** Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays, from ten to three, are attended to by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.**

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can actually make one grateful for the age of the long, extended solo, is here with a wonderful quartet—bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** drummer **BILLY HART,** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ**—through Sunday, Aug. 7. On Tuesday, Aug. 9, thunderbolt

In San Francisco, change doesn't come easy.

Here, fine old traditions linger on. Which is why, for decades, Arnold Batliner has meticulously cleaned and polished the coins that change hands at the St. Francis. The tradition was first started to keep the guests' white gloves from becoming soiled. It has continued, perhaps because it seems so fitting for coins from the St. Francis to sparkle as much as the hotel itself. And, of course, as Arnold Batliner



tells us, "You'd be surprised how many people like clean money." "Why?" we asked. "Well, I guess because it's clean."

St. Francis means San Francisco.

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San Francisco

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drummer **ELVIN JONES** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

**Village West,** 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **RED NORVO,** the father of the vibraharp, leads a trio at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Joel Forrester has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: the **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie-alumni band headed by savvy singer-saxophonist **EARLE WARREN,** winds up its stay on Tuesday, Aug. 9; on Wednesday, Aug. 10, guitarist Mike Peters will arrive with his group, Django's Music. Music from nine.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Mondays through Saturdays, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** provide piano-bass duets. On Sunday, Aug. 7, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will be present. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Melissa Manchester**—With Wayland Flowers & Madame. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

**Charles Davis and the Baritone Saxophone Retinue**—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 10.

**John Sebastian and NRBQ & the Whole Wheat Horns**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Aug. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**Count Basie and Joe Williams**—1st City, 76 E. 13th St. 505-0090. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, at 9:30 and 11:30.

**Jazz Showcase VI**—With Walter Bishop, Jr., Hal Dodson, C-Sharpe, and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**John Ahearn**—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

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**Tom Butter**—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**Rafael Ferrer**—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Wednesday, Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

**Lisa Nirenberg**—Detailed, low-key watercolors and pencil drawings, many of them self-portraits. First solo show in New York. Through Aug. 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

**Philip Pearlstein**—Large watercolors of nudes done in his characteristic closeup, impersonal style. Through Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. A Pearlstein retrospective is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

**Creative Time**—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer: At **BATTERY PARK CITY,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts., Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On Aug. 7, at 6:30: Kaylynn Sullivan. (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to the performance is five dollars.) . . . **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn, ten art installations shown in an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The annual Old Master print show, strong on Rembrandts, has about a hundred and fifty works. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolito, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: The use of color is the common denominator in these paintings by gallery—and other—artists; included in the group are Eugene Brodsky, Vera Klement, and Adja Yunkers. Through Wednesday, Aug. 10. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, on American painting from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, L'il Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ Programs of animated films are shown Mondays through Thursdays at 11:30, 12:30, and 1:30, and Fridays at 11:30 and 1; the programs change from day to day, but not from week to week. Through Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Friday, Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Open Saturdays.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

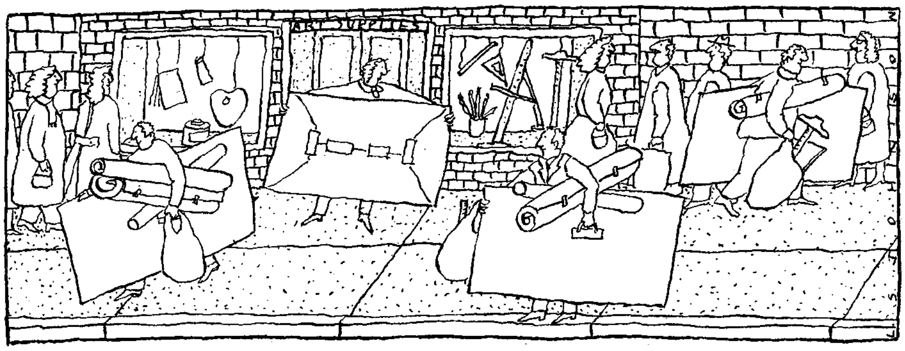
**Ruth Orkin and Michael George**—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

**Joe Steinmetz / Lou Stoumen**—Photographs of debutante gatherings and the like on Philadelphia's Main Line in the thirties and forties juxtaposed with more recent prints of Tupperware parties—and the like—in South Florida. / Black-and-white photographs documenting Times Square in the past forty years. Through Aug. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

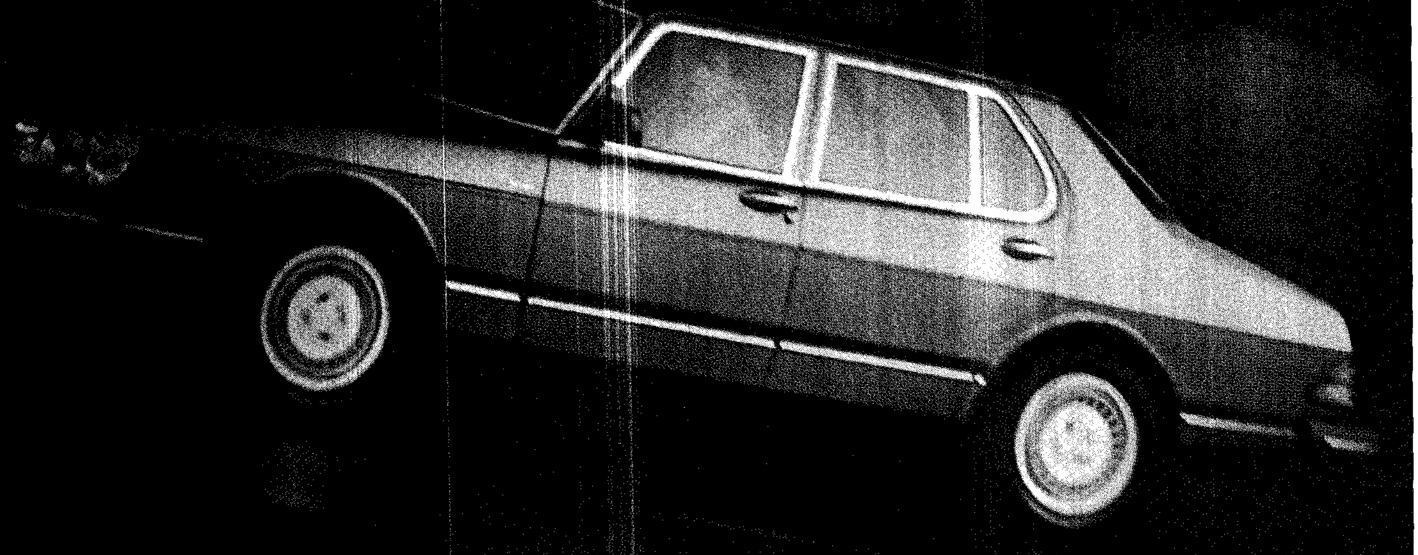
**Alfred Stieglitz** (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs on loan from the National Gallery of Art, and selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A mounting of eleventh- to eighteenth-century Chinese paintings, offering major artists and themes, especially landscapes and Buddhist figures. Most of the eighty-plus works come from the permanent collections. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson



# IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE WITH 3 KIDS, A MORTGAGE AND HEFTY ORTHODONTIA BILLS TO DRIVE A CAR HE ACTUALLY LIKES?



Congratulations. Here you are, an adult in contemporary America, with a full complement of domestic responsibilities.

And some years from now (after you've put the kids through college and after you've passed through much of your middle-age crisis) you figure you will be in a position to finally afford a car that will bring back the joys of driving you remember fondly from the days when you were irresponsibly single.

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*Saabs range in price from $10,750 for the 900 3-door, 5-speed to $16,910 for the 900 4-door, 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

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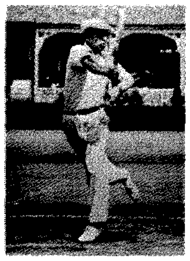

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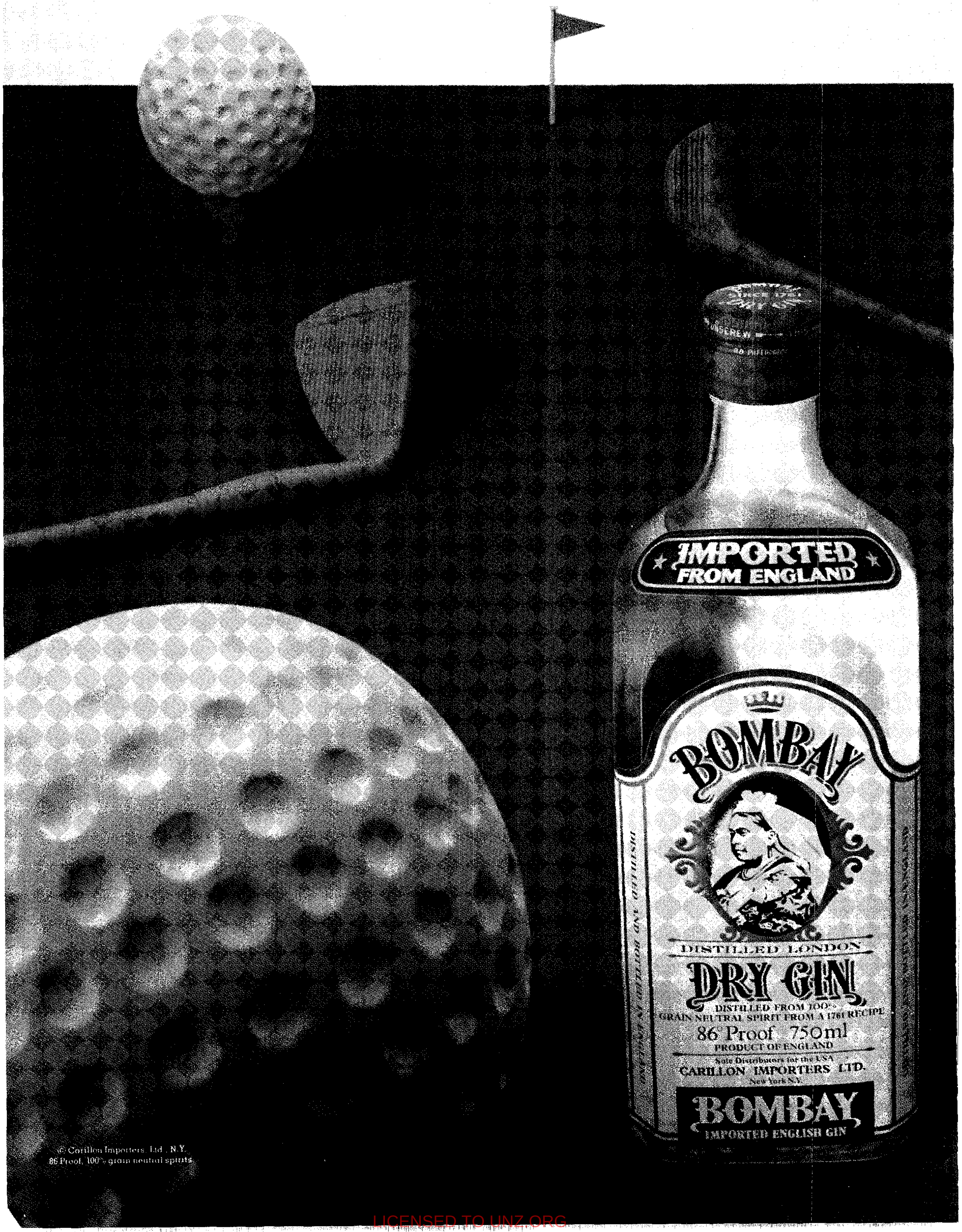
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** *The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug.* 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." *Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary* Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 18. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A selection of *prints and drawings acquired for the museum* by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—About a hundred paintings and sketches of birds by American naturalist illustrator Louis Agassiz Fuertes (1874-1927). Starts Thursday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Craft Museum I,** 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—*Three of the current shows bear on architecture* in one way or another: Architectural photographs, including an 1840 daguerreotype, by Samuel Bemis, of Boston's King's Chapel burial ground, and a 1935 study of Rockefeller Plaza, by Alfred Stieglitz. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century prints of urban architecture by Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, David Macaulay, and others. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred cast-iron toy penny banks in the shapes of such buildings as Westminster Abbey, the Flatiron Building, and Independence Hall. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration *in travel and includes an incunabulum,* printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**New York City Opera**—At the time of going to press, no performances were taking place at the New York State Theatre, because of a strike

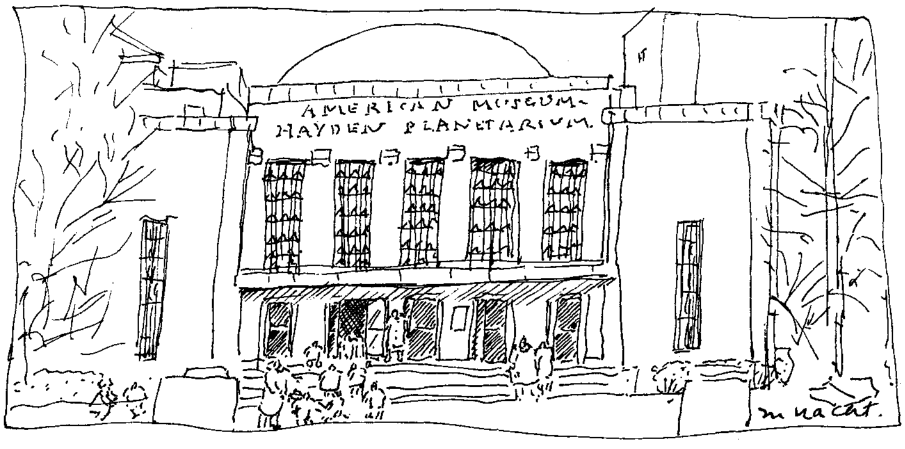
**Mostly Mozart Festival**—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 3: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Hermann Baumann, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Mr. Baumann; Marc Neikrug, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and the Michala Petri Trio, in a program of music by Telemann, Doppler, Brahms, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as viola soloist, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Michala Petri, recorder. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 10: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9: Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Miss de Larrocha and Stephen Burns, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

**Boston Lyric Opera Company**—Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," conducted by John Balme. Monday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Das Rheingold." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 7: "Die Walküre." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 7: "Siegfried." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 6: "Götterdämmerung." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

**Note**—Kathryn Selby will give a piano recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Tanglewood Festival**—Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Emanual Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a dress rehearsal of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice" (see Aug. 6). . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony performing Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program, with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: *Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance* of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice," with



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Benita Valente and Erie Mills, sopranos; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Bernstein-Beethoven program in a concert dedicated to the memory of Serge and Olga Koussevitsky, with Gail Dubinbaum, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Rossini-Lieberson-Dvořák program, with Mr. Serkin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

**Caramoor Festival**—Thursday, Aug. 4, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Miriam Fried, violin, and Luis Batlle, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of music by Vivaldi, Mozart, Chopin, and Schubert, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 4:15: Jeffrey Jacob, piano, in a program of American music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Elmar Oliveira, violin, and Robert McDonald, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 5:30: Misha Dichter, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. On Saturday, Aug. 6, buses will leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Wednesday, Aug. 3: A Flock of Seagulls and the Fixx. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: The Animals. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5: The Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Men at Work and Red Rockers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7: Al Jarreau. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8: Peter Allen. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Wagner-Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a Hovhaness–Bartók–Vaughan Williams program, with Keith Jarrett, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Erich Leinsdorf directing and acting as piano soloist in an all-Brahms program, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Joseph de Pasquale, viola; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Summerfare '83**—Final performance of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, AUG. 3-4, AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians," a musical, with a book by Dale Wasserman, music by Allan Jay Friedman, and lyrics by Rob Preston and Rita Briggs. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 5, AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** Adam Makowicz, Marian McPartland, and Jay McShann. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 6, AT 6:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program of music by Harry Cowell, used as accompaniment for three art films by Oskar Fischinger. . . . **AT 7, 9, AND 11:** The Amherst Saxophone Quartet. . . . **AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians," and Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 7, AT 3:** "Shakespeare and the Indians" and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, in a varied program. . . . **AT 5:** Philippe Petit, highwire artist, with Evelyn Crochet, piano, and the Los Angeles Brass Quartet. . . . **AT 6:** The Los Angeles Brass Quartet. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:** The Duke Ellington Orchestra, directed by Mercer Ellington. . . . **AT 11:** Billy Reed & Street People. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

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**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 6: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-13: Ballet '83—Joseph Duell, Madeline Onne, Evelyn Hart, Lisa Hess, Henry Jurriens, Johan Renvall, and Maria Gisladottir. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 4, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 13, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Toronto, Monday, Aug. 8, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8; and Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 2.

**Professional Football**—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Giants, Sunday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Los Angeles Raiders, Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8.

**Racing**—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 22. The DeWitt Clinton, Wednesday, Aug. 3; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 6; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 7; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 8; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 6, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Aug. 6.

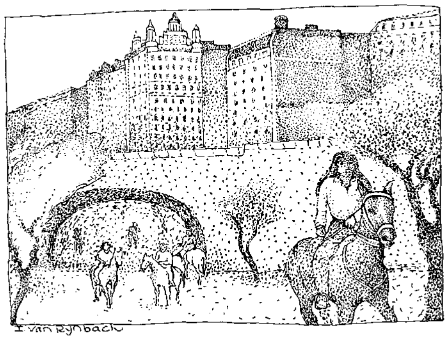
**Soccer**—Cosmos vs. San Diego. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Trotting**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Aug. 8, through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 6, at 1; through Friday, Aug. 19. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 6.

**Yachting**—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) preliminary trials, through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Challengers' semifinal trials, Thursday, Aug. 11, through Monday, Aug. 22.

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of **NON PASQUALE,** a pop opera, based on Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," with a libretto by Anthony Giles and Nancy Heikin, and starring Ron Leibman. The second of two productions by the company. Opens Tuesday, Aug. 9, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)



**New York Philharmonic**—Concerts in various city parks. Zubin Mehta will conduct the first in a series of four programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Christopher Keene will conduct the second program: **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8.

**Damrosch Park,** Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in the last in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 8.)

**Washington Square Park**—David Gilbert conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Wilson Sampaio, cello. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

**Music Festival on the Pier**—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, Aug. 3: Jorma Kaukonen and Paul Butterfield & Rick Danko. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Willie Colon, with Hector Lavoe and Yomo Toro. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, and Wednesday, Aug. 10: Elvis Costello & the Attractions and Aztec Camera. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8: Utopia. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: Kenny Loggins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Angela Bofill. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**South Street Seaport Museum**—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 5, at 8: The New York Samba Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8: The Saheb Sarbib quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 6: The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8: Howard Johnson & Gravity. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8: Slide Hampton. (East River at Fulton St.)

**Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors**—Opening performances of a three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Tuesday, Aug. 9, Mini Events at ten and Opening Day Celebration (a sampling of things to come) at 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 10, the Canadian Brass at 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, the Eulenspiegel Puppet Theatre (for children) at 11; the Animated Suspension, a jazz group, at 12:15; and "Naked Earth Song," a dance-drama, at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, programs of bluegrass music at 12:15 and 5:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, Mini Events at noon; the Odomankoma Kyerema Dance Theatre, a troupe of children from Ghana, at 2:30; and a dance program by the Chinese-American Arts Council at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 9-11, "Hot Rags," a revue with music by Scott Joplin and Hale Smith, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, a program of bluegrass music at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, Ballet Today at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

**Walking Tour**—A conducted tour of Madison Square and Gramercy Park, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 7, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

**Perseid Meteor Showers**—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

**Brooklyn Bridge Centennial**—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 9 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

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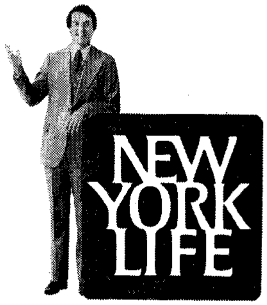

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A two-week program of films from the Cinémathèque Française.

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"National Lampoon's Vacation" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 4: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†); and "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.
Aug. 5-11: "Gandhi" (†).
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 4: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Aug. 5-11: To be announced.
From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 4: "Octopussy" (†).
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 11: "Superman III" (†).
From Aug. 12: "Zelig" (†).

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 4: "Blue Skies Again" (Richard Michaels), with Harry Hamlin.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Octopussy" (†).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 4: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
From Aug. 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

**Manhattan I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton. From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Grey Fox" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Flashdance" (†). From Aug. 5: "Valentina" (Antonio Betancor; in Spanish), with Anthony Quinn.

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 9: "WarGames" (†).
From Aug. 10: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

**Loews New York Twin I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 4: "Trading Places" (†).
From Aug. 5: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†).
From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of six short films by George Kuchar.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "O Cangaceiro" (1954; directed by Lima Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Matraga" (1966; Roberto Santas; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 5-6: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English). Aug. 7-8: "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French); and "Mandabi" (1968; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegal-French co-production, in Wolof). Aug. 9: "Ganga Zumba" (†); and "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 10-11: "The Big City" (1971; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Plantation Boy" (1965; Walter Lima, Jr.; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 12-13: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Black Girl" (1969; Ousman Sembène; in French).

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman). From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe. From Aug. 5: To be announced.

**Greenwich Playhouse I and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Jaws 3-D." From Aug. 12 (tentative): "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Blue Skies Again" (Richard Michaels), with Harry Hamlin.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 4: "Flashdance" (†).
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 4: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Aug. 5: "Kitty and the Bagman" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liddy Clark.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 9: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.
From Aug. 10: "I Married a Shadow."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 4: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.
From Aug. 5: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†). Aug. 5-9: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French). From Aug. 10: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film will be shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly (on Wednesdays).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach."

**Cinema Studio I and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Puberty Blues" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.
Theatre 2: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

**Embassy 72nd St. I and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: A Woody Allen festival. From Aug. 5: "The Twelve Chairs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 11: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.

**New Yorker I and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and

Rob Lowe. From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 5: To be announced.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†) and "Altered States" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Gandhi" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "Jaws 3-D." From Aug. 5: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan; and another feature, to be announced.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "Screwballs." From Aug. 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 5: "Gandhi" (†).
Theatre 6: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 4: "WarGames" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Lady Sings the Blues" (†).

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.
Theatre 2: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 3: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue); and "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
Aug. 4: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).
Aug. 5-6: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Aug. 7-8: "Cousin, Cousine" (†); and "Till Marriage Do Us Part" (1974; Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Laura Antonelli.
Aug. 9-11: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (†).
From Aug. 12: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Aug. 4: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carne; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Aug. 5-6: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Aug. 7-8: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
Aug. 9: "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Aug. 10: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
Aug. 11: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.
Aug. 12-13: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

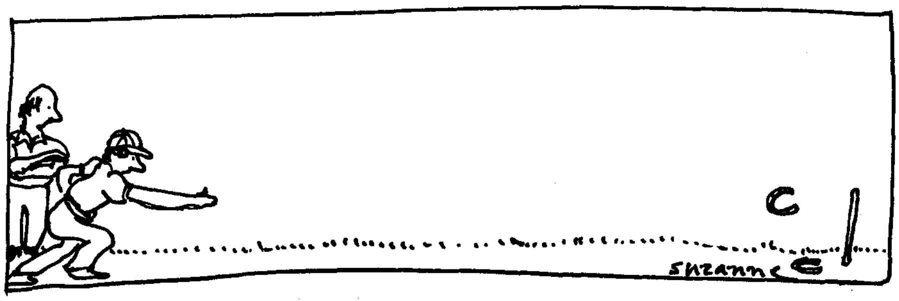
**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 4: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned," 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
Aug. 5-6: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
Aug. 7-9: "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern and Steve Guttenberg; and "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.
Aug. 10-11: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Aug. 12-13: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 3: "Private Lessons" (1981; Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman; and "Summer of '42" (1971; Robert Mulligan), with Jennifer O'Neill and Gary Grimes.
Aug. 4: "The Blue Lagoon" (1980; Randal Kleiser), with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Aug. 5-6: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Aug. 7: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†) and "It Came from Outer Space" (†).
Aug. 8: "Vice Squad" (1982; Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson; and "The Seduction" (1982; David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.
Aug. 9: "Dragonslayer" (†); and "The Beastmaster" (1982, Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.
Aug. 10: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†); and "Moonlighting" (1982; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.
Aug. 11: "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill; and "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Aug. 12-13: "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy; and "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 3: "The Onion Field" (1979; Harold Becker), with John Savage, James Woods, Franklyn Seales, and Ronny Cox; and "In Cold Blood" (1967; Richard Brooks), with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.
Aug. 4-6: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both with the Marx Brothers.
Aug. 7-8: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Aug. 9-10: "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates; and "Barabbas" (1962; Richard Fleischer), with Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano, and Arthur Kennedy.
Aug. 11-13: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (†).

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 4: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
Aug. 5-6: "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz); and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi).
Aug. 7: "Elmer Gantry" (1960; Richard Brooks), with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Arthur Kennedy, and Dean Jagger; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Aug. 8-9: "Roadie" (1980; Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.
Aug. 10-11: "Midnight Cowboy" (†) and "Marathon Man" (†).
Aug. 12-13: "West Side Story" (†); and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Aug. 3: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler; and "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.
Aug. 4: "David Copperfield" (1935; George Cukor), with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1936; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and John Barrymore.
Aug. 5: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).
Aug. 6: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), and Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann



Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

Aug. 7: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Romeo and Juliet" (†).

Aug. 8: "True Confessions: (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Aug. 9: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

Aug. 10: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "La Chinoise" (†).

Aug. 11: "My Fair Lady" (†).

Aug. 12: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; "Daughters of Deceit" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel), a short film, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.

Aug. 13: "Das Boot" ("The Boat;" 1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 3: "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

Aug. 4-6: "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Aug. 7-8: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Grand Central Murder" (1942; Sylvan Simon), with Patricia Dane, Van Heflin, and Sam Levene.

Aug. 9-10: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

Aug. 11-13: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 3: "Zatoichi's Revenge" (1965; Akira Inoue; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Hoodlum Priest" (1967; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Aug. 4: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand.

Aug. 5-6: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.

Aug. 7: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jeminson.

Aug. 8: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 9: "The Great Chess Movie" (1982; Gilles Carle and Camille Coudari), a documentary on the game of chess; and "Downhill Racer" (†).

Aug. 10: "Assassination" (1964; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 11: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders); and "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

Aug. 12-13: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 3: "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen; and "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields.

Aug. 4: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stevenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Aug. 5-6: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Aug. 7: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; and "Monkey Business" (†).

Aug. 8: "Performance" (†); and "The Birthday Party" (1968; William Friedkin), with Robert Shaw.

Aug. 9: "Fury" (†) and "Man Hunt" (†).

Aug. 10: "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.

Aug. 11: "Pete Kelly's Blues" (1955; Jack Webb), with Webb, Janet Leigh, Edmond O'Brien, and Peggy Lee; and "St. Louis Blues" (1958; Allen Reisner), with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway.

Aug. 12-13: "Kennel Murder Case" (†) and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†).

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Aug. 4 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "La Main du Diable" (1943; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "Le Six Juin à l'Aube" (1944; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no English subtitles) and "La Libération de Paris" (1945; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "L'Assassin Habite à 21" (1942; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "Le Retour" (1946; Henri Cartier-Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles) and "La Bataille du Rail" (1946; René Clement; in French, with English subtitles and narration). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at noon: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Le Six Juin à l'Aube" and "La Libération de Paris." . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5: "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon: "A Thousand Clowns." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Quai des Orfèvres" (1947; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet, Suzy Delair, Bernard Blier, and Charles Dullin. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5: "Manon" (1949; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Cécile Aubry, Michel Auclair, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Serge Reggiani. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at noon: "Les Inconnus dans la Maison" (1942; Henri Decoin; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "Quai des Orfèvres." . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Les Anges du Péché" (1943; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles), with Renée Faure, Jany Holt, and Sylvie. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Boule de Suif" (1945; Christian-Jaque; in French, with no English subtitles), with Micheline Presle and Louis Salou. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Le Baron Fantôme" (1943; Serge de Poligny; in French, with no English subtitles), with Odette Joyeux, Alain Cuny, and Jany Holt. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Un Ami Viendra Ce Soir" (1946; Raymond Bernard; in French, with no English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Madeleine Sologne, and Paul Bernard. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Le Lit à Colonnes" (1942; Roland Tual; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais, Odette Joyeux, Valentine Tessier, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "Etoile sans Lumière" (1946; Marcel Blistène; in French, with no English subtitles), with Edith Piaf, Jules Berry, Yves Montand, and Mila Parély. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at noon: "Ambassador Bill" (1931; Sam Taylor), with Will Rogers, Greta Nissen, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1948; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Marcel Dalio, Marcel Pagliero, and Bernard Blier. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "Macadam" (1946; Marcel Blistène; in French, with English subtitles), with François Rosay, Paul Meurisse, Simone Signoret, and Andrée Clément. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

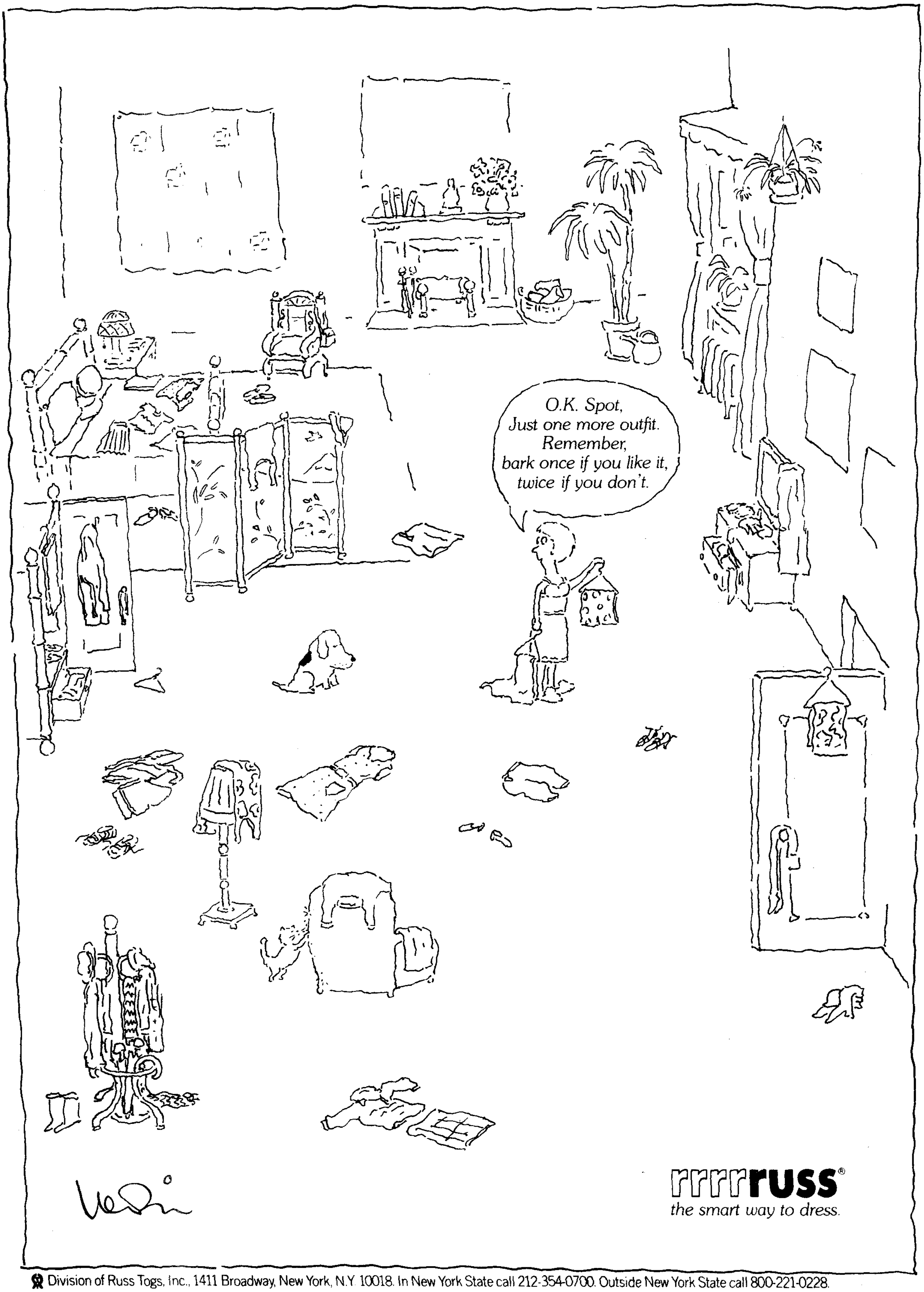
**New York Film Festival Retrospective**—The first programs in a series of fifty-two international films originally shown during the first ten years of the Festival (1963-72): Aug. 12 at 6:30: "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mirielle Darc and Jean Yanne. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 9: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 1:30: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "Far from Vietnam" (1967; Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnès Varda, Claude Lelouch, and Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 7:30: "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Alida Valli. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 9:30: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Cloris Leachman, and Ellen Burstyn. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Altered States** (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped-up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 11.)

**Blade Runner** (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde fu-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ture—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 5.)

**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 4.)

**La Chinoise** (1967)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy (and elegy) about the late sixties' incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop. The film is made in a new, semi-satirical shorthand; it centers on the terrorist actions of a group of young French Maoists—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed." Anne Wiazemsky (married at the time to Godard) plays the affectless killer Véronique, a teen-age philosophy student; she and the four other members of her Maoist group share the apartment where most of the movie takes place. They study Marxism-Leninism and chant Chairman Mao's sayings from the Little Red Book like nursery rhymes. Godard's hard-edged visual style is stripped down for speed and wit; he wants you to be able to read the whole picture (and the words) at once. He uses words here in more ways than any other filmmaker has; they're in the dialogue and on the walls, on book jackets and in headlines; they're recited, chanted, shouted, written, broken down; they're in commentaries, quotations, interviews, narration; they're in slogans and emblems and signs. Those who dislike verbal allusions will be irritated, and those who want only straightforward action may be driven wild by Godard's neo-Brechtian displacement devices (his voice on the soundtrack, a cut to Raoul Coutard at the camera) and by his almost novelistic love of digression—his inclusion of anecdotes, of speculations about movie art, and of direct-to-the-camera interviews. In a section toward the end, Godard brings in Francis Jeanson playing himself—an older radical from a humane tradition; Jeanson asks Véronique the political questions that resonate through the movie—questions about the consequences of terrorism. The movie is like a speed freak's anticipatory vision of the political horrors to come; it's amazing. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Juliette Berto, Michel Sémianko, Lex de Bruijn as Kirilov, and Omar Diop as Comrade X. In French. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 10.)

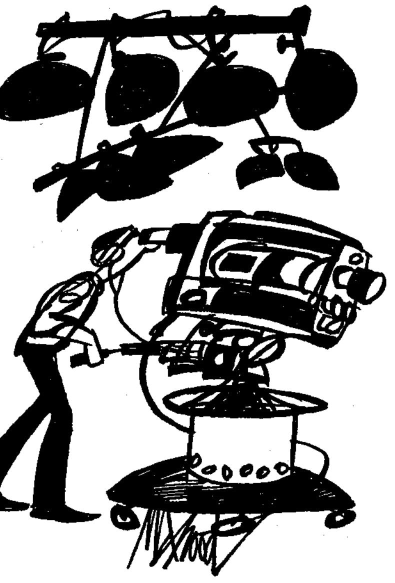
**Cousin, Cousine** (1976)—The success of this rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault, who is sexy in a fleshy, smiling-nun way), and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, this film about a big family is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. It features adultery without dirt—adultery as carefree nonconformity—and the way the chorus of understanding kids applauds the parents' displays of innocent, happy sensuality this could be the first Disney True Life Adventure about people. With Victor Lanoux and Marie-France Pisier, who gives the liveliest performance. Written and directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 7-8.)

**The Creature from the Black Lagoon** (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed, from a script by Harry Essex and Arthur Ross. With Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 7.)

**Diva** (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose *around him. The unfazable heroine (the four*teen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

**Downhill Racer** (1969)—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why*, or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

**Dragonslayer** (1981)—It's like reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling; the fire-breathing dragon—scaly, winged, huge—is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. The setting is Britain during the Dark Ages. Ralph Richardson is Ulrich the Sorcerer, who receives a delegation from the remote Kingdom of Urland, which has been ravaged by the monster. The sorcerer's apprentice (Peter MacNicol) goes forth to face the dragon, but he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie—probably the only movie in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. In the terms this film sets, it's almost completely successful. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, wrote the script. The cinematography is by Derek Vanlint; the score is by Alex North; the production design is by Elliot Scott. All of them understand that the film has one purpose: to be magical. With Caitlin Clarke as Valerian, Peter Eyre as the King, Chloe Salaman as the princess, John Hallam as Tyrian, and Sydney Bromley as Old Hodge. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 9.)



**The Empire Strikes Back** (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga (see "Star Wars" and "Return of the Jedi") is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the *fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Gotham Cinema.* . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 11.)

**Fanny and Alexander**—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

**Flashdance**—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy 1, and Embassy. . ¶ Coronet, and Festival; through Aug. 4.)

**Fury** (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced;

Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, Frank Albertson, and Walter Abel. Cinematography by Joseph Ruttenberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

**Gandhi**—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 5-11.)

**Ganga Zumba** (1963)—A young Brazilian director, Carlos Diegues, made this artlessly eloquent movie about the struggle of sugar-cane-plantation slaves in the seventeenth century. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; Aug. 9.)

**The Gracie Allen Murder Case** (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version, and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace McMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)

**The Grey Fox**—With Richard Farnsworth, directed by Phillip Borsos. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

**It Came from Outer Space** (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of sci-fi. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 7.)

**Kennel Murder Case** (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanagh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)

**Lady Sings the Blues** (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor (as Piano Man) and Billy Dee Williams. (New Embassy 49th St.)

**Lolita** (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony, Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 11-13.)

**Man Hunt** (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled for a first-rate entertainment. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Ludwig Stossel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

**Marathon Man** (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, Marthe Keller, William Devane, and Fritz Weaver; cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 10-11.)

**Meetings with Remarkable Men** (1979)—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9-11.)

**Midnight Cowboy** (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, a dishwasher from a small town in Texas who hopes to make a living in New York by servicing rich women, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled petty thief and con man he meets. The director, John Schlesinger, uses fast cutting and tricky camerawork to provide a satirical background as enrichment of the story, but the satire is offensively inaccurate—it cheapens the story and gives it a veneer of almost hysterical cleverness. The point of the movie must be to offer us some insight into the two derelicts—two of the many kinds of dreamers and failures in the city. But Schlesinger keeps pounding away at America, determined to expose how horrible its inhabitants are—he dehumanizes the people Joe Buck and Ratso are part of. If he could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to them, the picture might make better sense. The spray of venom is just about overpowering, yet the two actors and the simple "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of the story save the picture. Hoffman's raspy voice and jumpy walk and Jon Voight's pallor and blue eyes and hurt, bewildered stare give a core of feeling. With Brenda Vaccaro, Sylvia Miles, John McGiver, Barnard Hughes, Ruth White, Gil Rankin, Jennifer Salt, Anthony Holland, Bob Balaban, Viva, Taylor Mead, Paul Morrissey, Ultra Violet, Paul Jabara, and International Velvet. From James Leo Herlihy's novel, adapted by Waldo Salt; cinematography by Adam Holender. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 10-11.)

**Monkey Business** (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman, Will B. Johnstone, and Arthur Sheekman). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7.)

**My Fair Lady** (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. The film seems to go on for about forty-five minutes after the story is finished. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Rex Harrison had already played Higgins more than a bit too often. With Stanley

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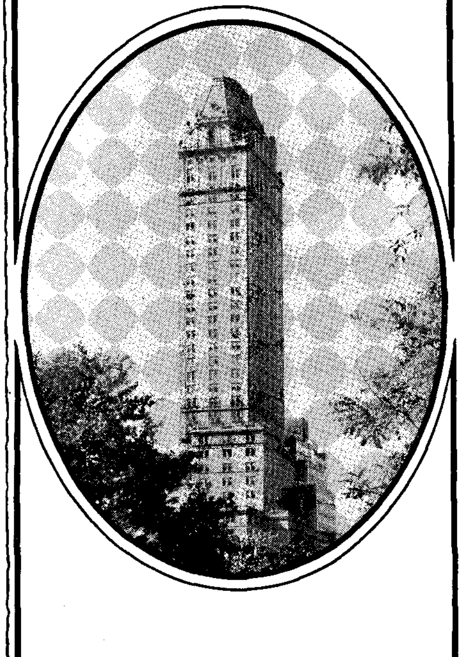

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Holloway, as buoyant as ever, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 11.)

**The Night of the Shooting Stars**—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 4.)

**La Nuit de Varennes**—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Octopussy**—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and New Yorker; through Aug. 4.)

**Performance** (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

**Return of the Jedi**—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (see "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Star Wars") might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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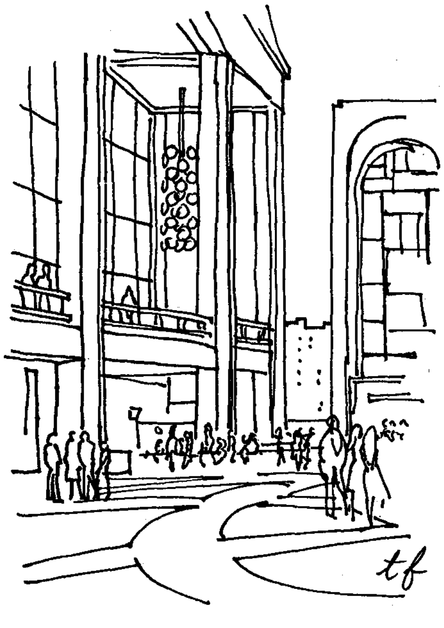
**The Road Warrior** (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 5.)

**Romeo and Juliet** (1966)—Kenneth MacMillan's production for the Royal Ballet, performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the rest of the original cast. Fonteyn and Nureyev were not the dancers the choreography was made for—Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable were—but they were the dancers the public wanted to see most, and they helped make the ballet a hit. Earlier, the Prokofieff score had been choreographed by Ashton, who declared his ballet obsolete when the Bolshoi arrived with a version starring Ulanova; John Cranko made the first of the Soviet-derived Western productions for the Stuttgart Ballet, but it was the MacMillan version that put "Romeo and Juliet" into standard repertory. This color film was shot by Paul Czinner on the stage at Covent Garden. The method is shaky, but when it works the effect is incomparably real. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 7.)



**Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs** (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; through Aug. 11.)

**Star Wars** (1977)—One of the two or three biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (See "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi.") (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 11.)

**Superman III**—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Aug. 11.)

**Trading Places**—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Aug. 4.)

**Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man** (1981)—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on the father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed-out here; there's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing—it's like an old man's movie. Screenplay by Bertolucci. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi; cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian. (3/8/82) (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 10.)

**The Twelve Chairs** (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 5.)

**Twilight Zone—The Movie**—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller (who made "The Road Warrior")—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The first (by Landis) is a painfully blunt sermon on the evils of racism and prejudice, starring Vic Morrow, who, along with two Vietnamese-American children, was killed in a helicopter accident during the filming; it's like an unconscious parody of the old shows, and its straightness is a deadweight on the viewer's head. The second, a lump of ironclad whimsy directed by Spielberg, is about how a group of people in a home for the aged have their minds magically refreshed; it's coy and twinkling, with gloppy rich music—it's horribly slick. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect; it has an insane atmosphere—it's eccentric and unsettling, with startling good things in it. (Among them is the alert, graceful Kathleen Quinlan as a strong-willed schoolteacher.) The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. There are also too many different kinds of spookiness and parody buzzing around in the material. For those people in the audience whose childhood included a TV set that was always going, this half hour may reawaken all sorts of childhood feelings. But even for them it's probably better when they think it over than when they're watching it. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated, squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. The whole episode is about this one passenger's freaking out. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. With his white face all scrunched up, and anxiety burning out his brain, he takes us with him every step of the way, from simple fear to dementia to stupor. This episode is a comic orgy of terror. (7/25/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Sutton; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 11.)

**WarGames**—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 11.)

**West Side Story** (1961)—The film begins with a blast of stereophonic music, and everything about it is supposed to stun you with its newness, its size. The impressive, widely admired opening shots of New York from the air overload the story with values and importance—technological and sociological. And the dance movements are so sudden and huge, so portentously "alive" they're always near the explosion point. Consider the feat: first you take Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and remove all that cumbersome poetry; then you make the Montagues and Capulets modern by turning them into rival street gangs of native-born and Puerto Ricans. (You get rid of the parents, of course; America is a *young* country—and who wants to be bothered by the squabbles of older people?) There is the choreographer Jerome Robbins (who conceived the stage musical) to convert the street rumbles into modern ballet—though he turns out to be too painstaking for high-powered moviemaking and the co-director Robert Wise takes over. The writers include Ernest Lehman who did the script and Arthur Laurents who wrote the Broadway show, and, for the lyrics, Stephen Sondheim. The music is by Leonard Bernstein. The irony of this hyped-up, slam-bang production is that those involved apparently don't really believe that beauty and romance *can* be expressed in modern rhythms, because whenever their Romeo and Juliet enter the scene, the dialogue becomes painfully old-fashioned and mawkish, the dancing turns to simpering, sickly romantic ballet, and sugary old stars hover in the sky. When true love enters the film, Bernstein abandons Gershwin and begins to echo Richard Rodgers, Rudolf Friml, and Victor Herbert. There's even a heavenly choir. When Romeo-Tony meets his Juliet-Maria, everything becomes gauzy and dreamy and he murmurs, "Have we met before?" When Tony, floating on the clouds of romance is asked, "What have you been taking tonight?" he answers, "A trip to the moon." Match *that* for lyric eloquence! (You'd have to go back to Odets.) With Natalie Wood as Maria, Richard Beymer as Tony, and Rita Moreno, George Chakiris, Russ Tamblyn, Eliot Feld, Gus Trikonis, Ned Glass, John Astin, Bill Bramley, and Simon Oakland. Natalie Wood's songs were dubbed by Marni Nixon, Richard Beymer's by Jim Bryant, and Rita Moreno's by Betty Wand. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director (Wise, Robbins), Supporting Actor (Chakiris), Supporting Actress (Moreno), Cinematography (Daniel L. Fapp), Art Direction and Set Direction (Boris Leven and Victor A. Gangelin), Sound, Scoring, Costume Design (Irene Sharaff). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 12-13.)

**Zelig**—With Woody Allen and Mia Farrow, directed by Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 12, tentative.)

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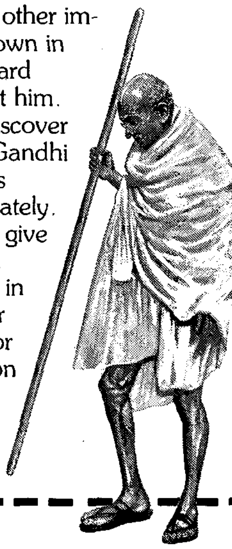

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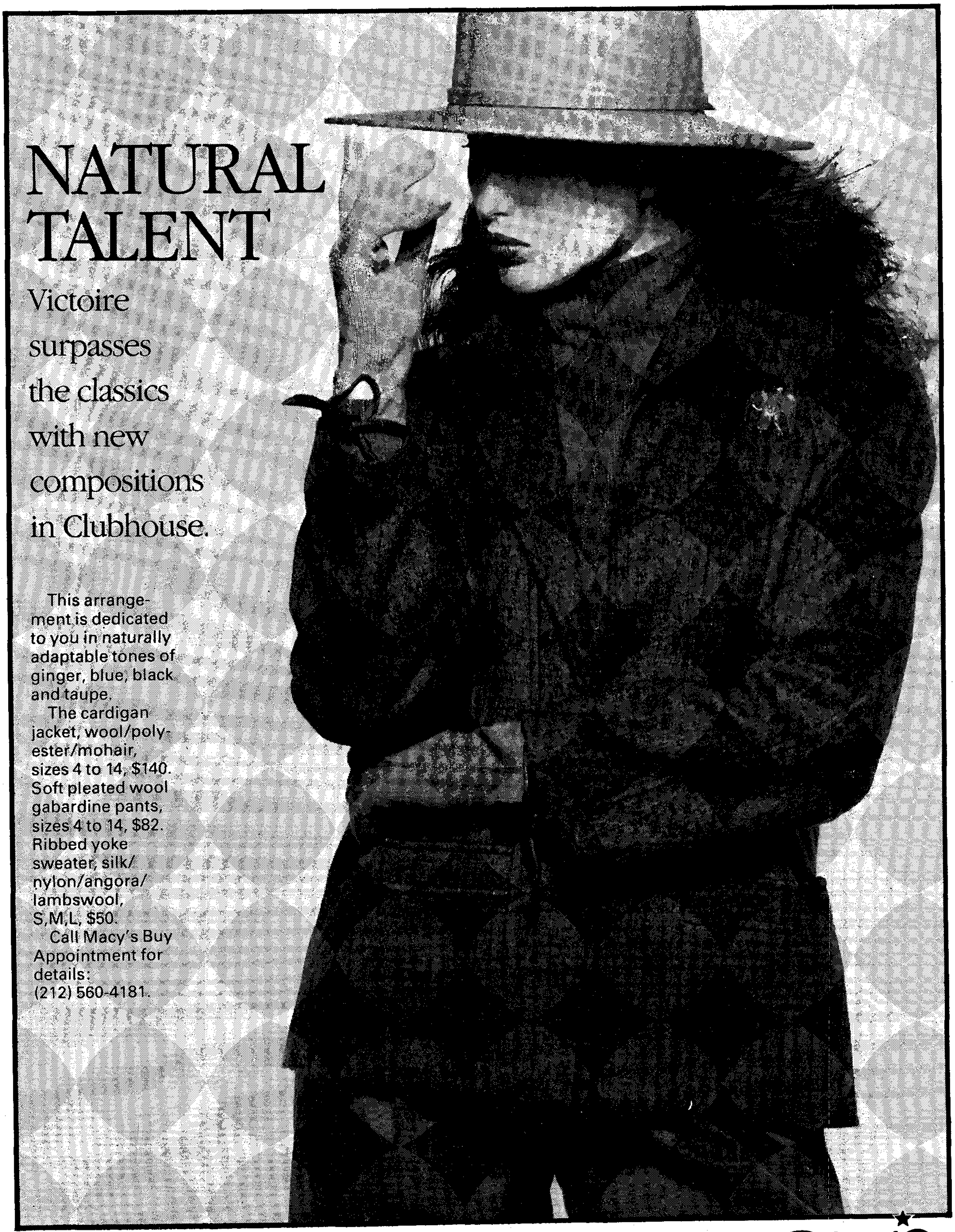

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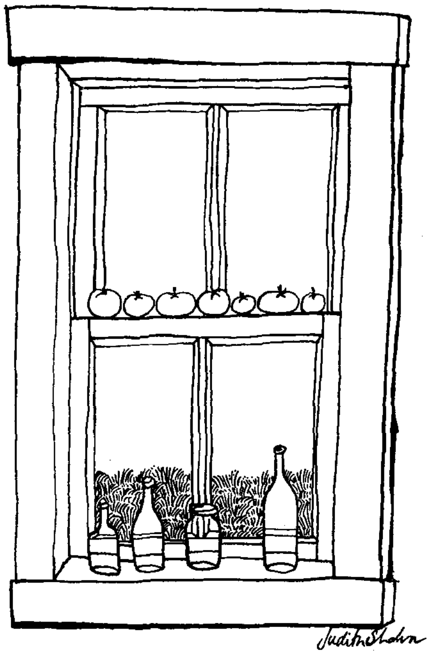
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THERE have been years and years for "moral" arguments against United States involvement in Central America. When the Catholic community at Solentiname was razed on the orders of Anastasio Somoza; when Salvadoran Archbishop Oscar Romero was shot dead while saying Holy Mass; when most mornings for the last few years people checked sites where bodies are often dumped to see what new bodies had accumulated during the night—those were the times. But the period for moral considerations is evidently past, and their uselessness becomes more apparent every day. The United States has not decided to switch sides and stand with the poor people of Central America; our government still backs the same repressive dictatorships, and with more biceps than ever. This morning, the aircraft carrier Ranger swings at sea off Nicaragua's Pacific Coast. The aircraft carrier Coral Sea sails toward that country's Caribbean shore. Four thousand United States combat troops will be deployed one jungle away in Honduras. Upward of seven thousand "rebels," armed and applauded by our government, slip across the Nicaraguan border to kill, harass, interdict, and, they hope, overthrow. The time has evidently come to cease chattering about human rights and malnutrition and thirty thousand civilians dead and other things that should matter but don't. Many in the Reagan Administration look as if they would like to fight in Nicaragua, and they will be dissuaded only by a calculation of the pragmatic political costs of a protracted war in the late twentieth century.

Undoubtedly, should we choose, we could win a military confrontation in Nicaragua, which is to say that we could capture Managua and raise the flag of some provisional government over the capital and take down all the colorful revolutionary posters. For those haunted by our loss in Vietnam, victory—though the cost would be heavy—sounds attractive. But, like the TV game-show contestant who wins a car only to find that the insurance payments take food off the table, we might find that winning was worse than losing. In Vietnam, since we never won, the chance of victory always existed (at least, in some active imaginations), and that prospect forestalled any consideration along the lines of "What then?" After winning in Nicaragua, the Americans who had underwritten the war with their taxes and their sons would expect some payoff—an end to "grave threats to our national security," or smiling campesinos talking with G.I. Joes in pidgin English, or, in any case, a return to the sullen state of affairs that held the region quiet for so long. Those are C.I.A. dreams and Pentagon fantasies. We could depose the Sandinistas but not destroy them; as an underequipped guerrilla band, they ousted Somoza, and it begs credulity to think we could find a more resourceful oppressor than he. And any government we created would bear the fatal stamp of our bloodline; as a bird rejects the babies in her nest if they have been handled by human beings, so would the Nicaraguans spit at our puppets. So we couldn't leave without watching our "victory" collapse, and for an Administration that has talked so eloquently about the boat people of Indo-China cutting and running cannot be a sunny prospect. But we couldn't stay without "taking casualties," which is what the military would call the shooting of our young men drinking beer in Managua taverns, or walking patrol at night, or driving around the countryside in search of hearts and minds. If the American people were not already soured on this adventure, a few yearbook pictures bordered in black on the front pages of home-town papers would do the job. The Israelis, who have to have stronger stomachs in these matters than we do, learned this lesson in the course of the year just past, as each body headed back toward Tel Aviv increased the domestic pressure for a withdrawal from Lebanon. At the same time, each new grave in Arlington National Cemetery will increase the political cost of pulling out, for when we ultimately do pull out it will mean admitting that each life spent was a life squandered.


Judith Shahn

Many a strategist has noted the curious weakening effect of nuclear weapons on the countries that possess them; we can no longer, with carefree hearts, fight any sort of war with another nuclear power, lest it turn into a cataclysm. Other chunks of political kryptonite weaken us when it comes to small, conventional conflicts like the one that would take place in Nicaragua. From 1926 until 1932, without much fuss, our country maintained a sizable Marine expeditionary force in Nicaragua, battling Agusto César Sandino and installing the Somoza clan in power. That we could not do so today results partly from the widespread availability of AK-47 assault rifles, partly from the post-colonial ideologies that have spread across the Third World, and partly from the fact that the Nicaraguan people, having awakened, will not roll over and go back to sleep. It is hard to teach peasants to read, but extremely hard to make them forget how once they know. But all those reasons are only half the story, for America has changed as much as the Third World has, and one of the big causes was Vietnam. That war's lessons about colonial tyrants and human rights faded; such factors won't keep us out of Nicaragua. But the lesson about America's ability to lose a war stuck. It isn't the thought that we supported a despot like Diem that makes people shudder when they recall Vietnam. It was losing—backing out in shame—that made the war in Indo-China bitter and painful. The polls show that Americans know very little about Central America except that they oppose sending our men there. In fact, the expectation of defeat may be enough to keep our planes in their hangars. It will be impossible to summon an American political consensus, or probably even an American political majority, to fight any but the soundest of wars in the immediate future. If anything keeps Ronald Reagan out of Nicaragua, it will be that calculation.

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## *Vacation Days*

EN ROUTE: Traffic stops on the crowded highway; inches forward; stops again. The temperature is in the nineties. Amid the station wagons with bicycles on their roofs, the campers heading for the seashore, the air-conditioned sedans with windows closed and bright summer clothes on hangers, there is an Army truck, painted with drab camouflage, its headlights on: part of a widely separated convoy. Gazing out the open back are three young soldiers in fatigues—a triptych: one an aging waif with shaved head, wide-eyed, bewildered-looking; in the middle a troublemaker, a grinning nudge-and-smirk type; the third a black kid, subdued (he's seen everything, expects nothing). Defenders of the American vacation, they watch the cars.

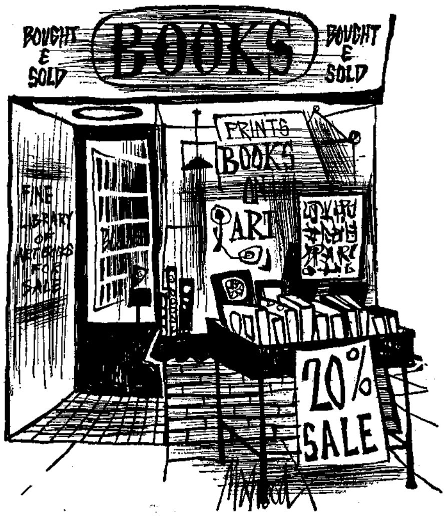
DAWN: In the rented house, packed with sleeping children and adults, a hand dangles from a bunk; a foot protrudes from one end of a sofa; an elbow sticks out of a sleeping bag. Bits and pieces of statuary: the storage wing of a museum.

FAMILY: Brothers and sisters, gathered from different places for a holiday, have grown and changed out of each other's sight. Two go canoeing; a couple play Smashball with paddles on the lawn; another does aikido with a wooden sword, slashing the air just past the hydrangeas. Lots of running and bicycling. One brother, at breakfast, gulps down a spoonful of instant coffee without water. This is his custom, he explains, somewhat apologetically, brushing a bit of the brown powder from his chin. "The caffeine goes directly to your brain," he says, beaming.

BEACH: The sand changes color all the time; sometimes it is Nova Scotia salmon, sometimes manila envelope.

FOG: Early in the morning, the inlet in front of the rented house is invisible. Suddenly, from the direction of the water, comes the sound of applause. A person wearing heavy gloves? The clapping gets faster and more fervent, then stops, and a white swan, having managed to heft its bulk from the water, comes flapping out of the mist and flies away between blue trees.

A HARBOR FULL OF SAILBOATS: At the end of a crowded dock, picnic boxes and coolers are being lowered to waiting boats. Sails flap; bare feet thump as passengers jump down onto the decks. Boats shove off; booms are hauled in; sails catch the breeze, and the boats, leaning, veer seaward. Back near the shore, in the shallows, surrounded by bathers, a large young man with Down's syndrome stands in the water. He wears a white bathing suit. He turns this way and that slowly, raising his arms, watching the water fall from his hands.



## *Postcard*

A YOUNG Manhattan friend writes:

I spent one Friday evening looking through boxes and boxes of postcards set out on tables that had been spread around the ballroom of the Prince George Hotel, on East Twenty-eighth Street. I was browsing my way through the Metropolitan Post Card Collectors' monthly meeting, searching for weird postcards. I really have this thing for weird postcards—unusual postcards—and for something between ten and twenty-five cents a card I was able to buy plenty that fit into that category. Like "The Famous Sinking Farm" and "The College of Auctioneering" and "The Unique Paper House, Made of Old Newspapers" and "The Singing River." And how about "The Skin Magnified 250 Times"?

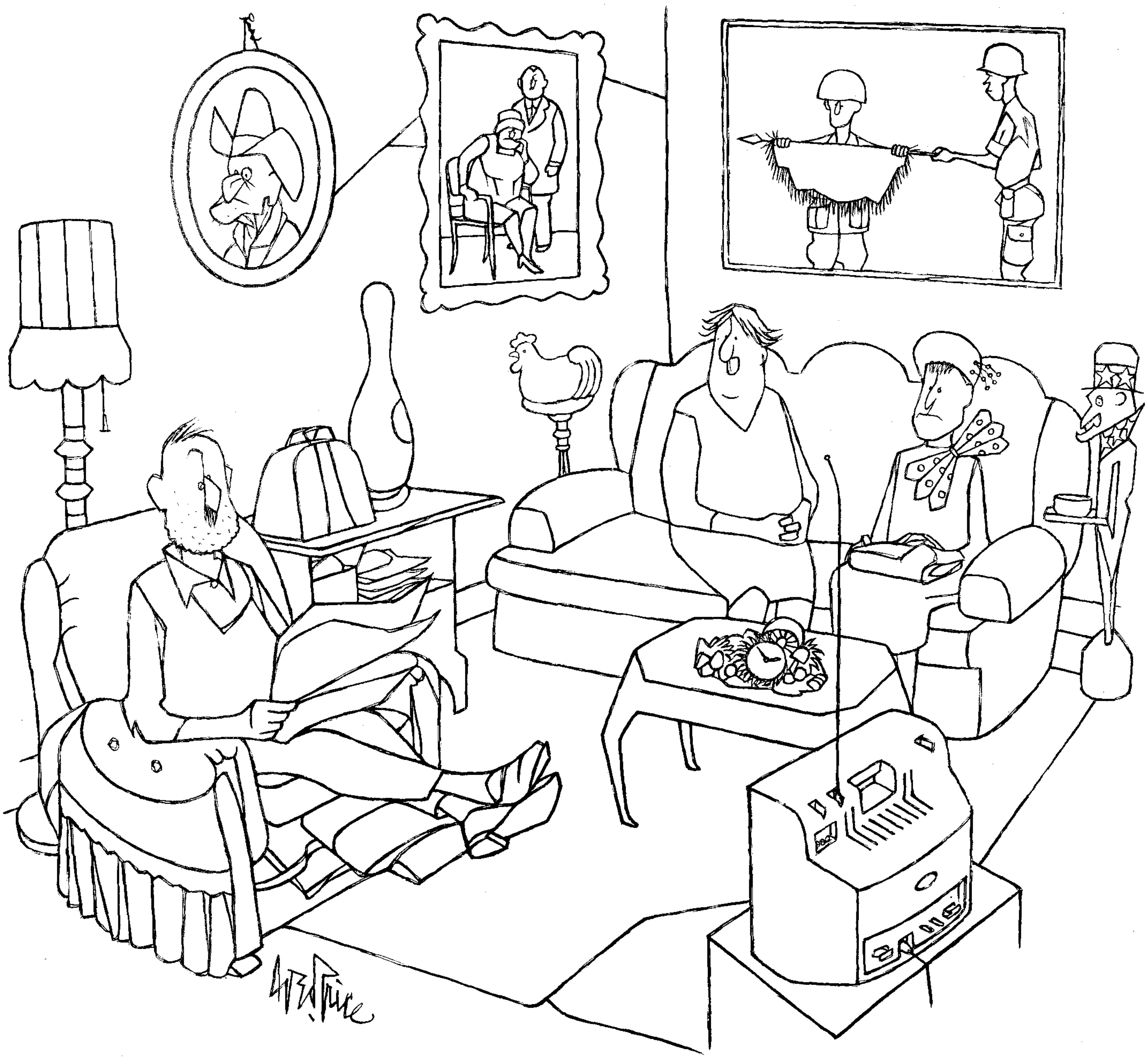
One of the postcards I bought that evening was titled "Bear Dance." It showed a man in a bear costume dancing while two men and a woman sat cross-legged on the ground at his feet. The explanation on the back of the card went like this:

> The Ojibwa Medicine Ceremony in which the bear spirit was believed to have come down from the sun, and given life to the Original Man. Photographed at Totem Village, 11 miles west of St. Ignace, Michigan.

But what really made this postcard different from the others was that this one had been used. From the postmark, I could see that it had been sent from St. Ignace, Michigan, on January 23, 1956. It was addressed to the John Cunningham family in Wilmington, Delaware, and the message was

> "HI" EVERYONE,
>
> I'm on a prisoner pick-up and am some 500 miles north of Detroit. Hope all are well.
>
> Love, JOHN FRANK

On Sunday night, I decided to call long-distance information. An operator had the number for a "J. Cunningham" who lived in Wilmington. I dialled the number, and after a couple of rings a man answered. I asked him if his name was Cunningham, and he said it was. Then I told him all about finding the "Bear Dance" postcard and read to him the



*"Edward has an Aunt Fiona who is neither fish nor fowl, haven't you, dear?"*

• •

information on it. After some initial surprise, he told me he was James Cunningham, John Frank's younger brother by twelve years. He said that John was in the Air Force in 1956, and that that winter he'd been escorting some military prisoners to someplace or other. After the Air Force, James said, John had lived on a small farm in Skaneateles, New York, and worked nearby in Auburn, in the public-relations department of the Dunn & McCarthy shoe company. One day in 1975, John was killed in a car accident while driving to work. James had no idea how the postcard had turned up where it did, and asked me if he could please see the card. He told me it would remind him of his brother, and that it would really mean a lot to him.

I'm sending the "Bear Dance" postcard to James Cunningham tomorrow; it's his to keep. For some time to come, I'm going to keep the *idea* of a postcard that's being mailed home a second time, twenty-seven years later.

## *Preview*

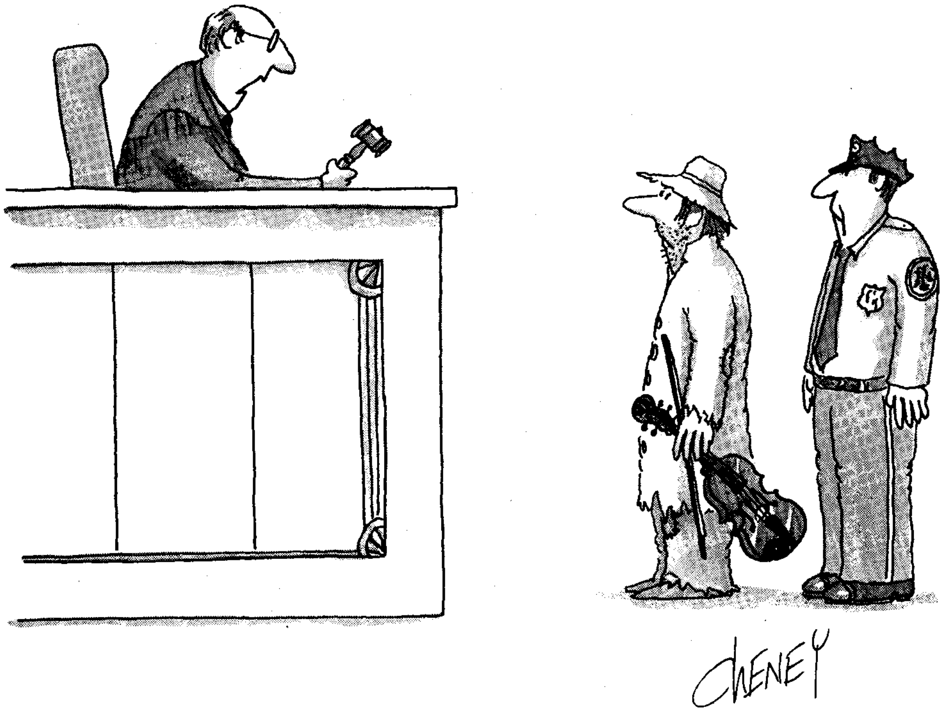
LAST Tuesday night, a day before the First Tier Press Event for thirty-five people, the two Previews of the Trans-Lux Theatre for six hundred, the Museum Benefit Gala Cocktails and Dinner for six hundred and fifty, and the Preview Party for ten thousand, and two days before the Museum Breakfast for two thousand, the Press Breakfast and Briefing for three hundred, and the Dedication Day parade and speeches for all comers—every event heralding the completion, or at least the close-enough-to-completion-to-be-happy-about-it, of the Rouse Company's new Fulton Market at the South Street Seaport (the Preview Party invitation was the most urgently coveted: there were rumors that municipal employees had offered others as much as a hundred dollars for a chance to get in)—we attended the first preview event of all, and turned out to be almost the only member of the press present for the Transportation Preview Event, for cabdrivers and bus drivers and their families only. It was the least hectic of all the previews. The next night, pins bearing the likeness of Brooke Astor, one of the Seaport Museum's principal benefactors, were distributed to guests at the Gala Cocktails, so that bartenders could distinguish them from the thousands arriving for the Preview Party. "I'm sorry, Madam," one woman without a pin was told, "but I can't serve you unless you show me a pin with a picture of Mrs. Astor."

"But I *am* Mrs. Astor," said Mrs. Astor, and got the drink.

From seven to about ten Tuesday night, we walked slowly up and down the Seaport blocks of Fulton Street and Front Street, now permanently closed to traffic, on freshly laid Belgian blocks—those gray paving stones about the size and shape of a small loaf of bread that New Yorkers prefer to call cobblestones. We listened to bands dressed in the "Seaport look": burgundy-and-khaki Rugby shirts and khaki slacks for the men, and khaki dresses with khaki-and-green epaulets for the women. ("I think," said one of the cabdrivers' wives, "that the red is supposed to show that they're real people with real feelings, not Disney robots, and the khaki is supposed to show that they are able to restrain their emotions and not get in your way while you're having a good time.")

We watched workmen quietly and purposefully applying nearly final touches to the Market and to the new shops in the restored buildings of Schermerhorn Row and the Museum Block. We ate hot dogs in pita, and Cocobolls (they're not bad—sort of like Swedish health-food Sno Balls—and they're low-calorie, sixty-five to a Coboboll, and kosher). We watched evening come and a large moon slowly rise over the four masts of the 1911 steel bark Peking, and we talked to taxi owner-drivers—from the League of Mutual Taxi Owners and the United Taxi Owners Guild—and to bus drivers, and to South Street Seaport employees. The Seaport people said they had been warned by friends who had worked to get the Museum of Transportation in Boston ready for opening that they would feel depressed when outsiders—people, the public, all of us—began to use the place that had felt like theirs up until that moment. The cabdrivers and their wives and families said that the cabdriving profession had changed more in the last twenty years than the Seaport, now that so many Russians, Chinese, Israelis, and Greeks have started hacking in New York. They also said that the Seaport felt bigger when you were standing in it than when you were driving by it on the F.D.R. Drive, that the old buildings, now that they were clean, looked well designed, and that they themselves would probably come back and spend the evening there once the place was open for business. Joelyn DeRosa, who had come to the party with a young Manhattan cabdriver, Lance Mack, said that it was satisfying that the whole place was right there on the street. "Now you can be out for a stroll and you can be in a special place without having to do something special to get there," she said. "You can just be walking along and then all of a sudden be in a little bit of heaven."

And a young driver said, "I want to come back a year from today, because I have an idea that the feeling of this place is going to be determined by how the people around here get along with each other during this coming year. It's not just that the mix of people here is a new one—shopkeepers and restaurateurs and tourists joining museum people and upbeat mall promoters and fish merchants. It's that what a particular part of New York feels like during a particular period depends not so much on what each one of us has to offer as on what each one of us decides to accept from the others. I mean, the place looks friendly. A little street feels huge without buses in it—even without taxis. And the street lights they've put in—I guess they're supposed to look like gaslights—make everything twinkle. So everybody feels friendly. But we've still got to go ahead and make friends."



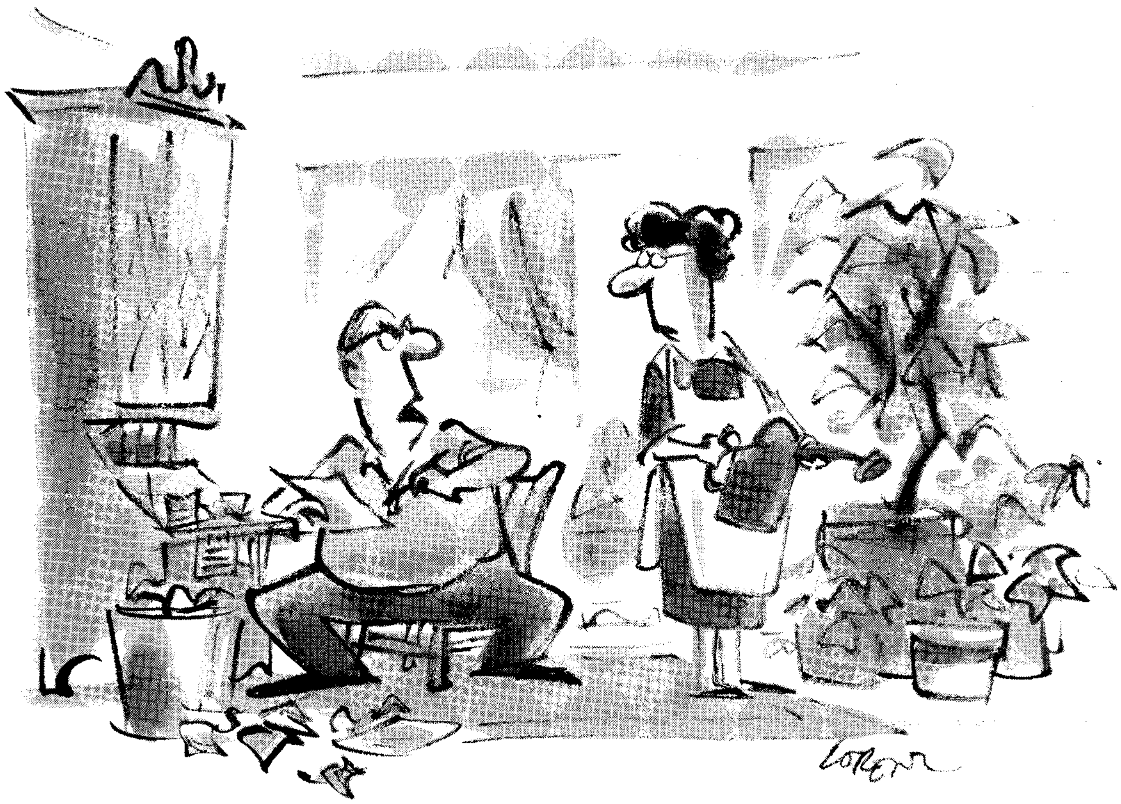
*"Thirty days. And, by the way, that was a very nice rendition of 'Feelings.'"*

### *Names*

THE entryway of the Third Avenue offices of Anspach Grossman Portugal looks dramatic and tantalizing; what with the tiled floor and walls, the diffuse light, the soft colors, and the high-tech reception desk, it resembles the locker room of a twenty-first-century Y.M.C.A., though there are no lockers. Since Anspach Grossman Portugal is in the business of advising other business companies how to upgrade their image and identity, we guessed that the distinctive décor was the result of careful conceptualization, and not simply a good buy on ceramic tile. "Correct!" Russell Anspach, a founder of the firm, told us. "It is inviting, and it's supposed to say we're contemporary, and also that we have planned our offices consistent with the disciplined approach we take to the world around us. And I really like it, too."

More companies than in any other six-month period—five hundred and thirty-eight—changed their names in the first six months of this year, which is why we went to see Mr. Anspach, whose firm helps corporations with just such identity problems. "It all goes back to World War II, which really galvanized industry," Mr. Anspach told us. "After the war, you found a lot more companies becoming a lot more complex, and they had to project that. They had to communicate. They had to get their visual act together. Then in the nineteen-sixties conglomerates emerged, and there were new problems—how to communicate everything you are if you're everything from soup to nuts." The current jump in name changes results largely from a growing recognition on the part of business chieftains that image counts, said Mr. Anspach, whose company handled, for example, the recent metamorphosis of Southern Natural Resources into SONAT. "There are some general rules for names," said Mr. Anspach, who has a staff of about forty. "A short name is better than a long name. One that sounds good, that has a good euphony, is desirable. And since there are a lot of names out there, you try to get something distinctive." One problem, Mr. Anspach said, has been the tremendous growth of computer and advanced-engineering companies with similar names. "By now, you have companies saying, '*Please*—don't give me an "Ex" or a "Tech" in my name.' To find a distinctive high-tech name is a very difficult job." Actual human names are one of the best kinds of company names, Mr. Anspach said. "Chase, Mellon, Dow—those are all super names. They're memorable. They have built-in character. Unfortunately, though, such names are good because of history. We don't generate them." Another approach for the company desiring a new moniker is simply to invent a brand-new word. "The problem there is that you begin as an empty vessel and have to build the value into the name. That's all very well and good for an Exxon, since they have the dollars to do it, but it may not be right for others." Esmark, which once was Swift, is one of Mr. Anspach's top accomplishments. "Objectively speaking, Esmark may not be the most attractive name in all its dimensions, but it has been well established and we're quite happy with that. We're quite proud," Mr. Anspach said. He stressed that not just any name will do. "Some years back, Continental Illinois National Bank decided to become Conill," he told us, a look of compassion mixed with horror crossing his face. The name has since been changed to Continental Illinois Corporation.

Right up there next to names, and in some cases intertwined with them, are logos, which Anspach Grossman Portugal also devises. Though Stephen Downey, an Anspach executive who was giving us a tour, opened the door to the design room only a crack ("We have some secret stuff in here," he said), we later learned that as many as twenty designers at a time will work there. "We're invited in by a company to take a look at their identity," Mr. Anspach explained. "Sometimes they are just saying to themselves, 'We haven't changed in years. Maybe we should take a long, hard look.' And from that might come the recognition of a need for a new visual system. It flows out of the whole process—it's not just drawing a pretty picture. The logotype is your natural first step, and around the logotype you build your other visual systems—your ruled lines, your boxes, your colors, what have you. Just as with names, it's very hard to come up with a distinctive new logo. There's very little new under the sun." Though not, as it turns out, under the Sun Company, for which Anspach Grossman Portugal recently designed a spiffy new logo. "It was a word with concepts and connotations that can be easily expressed. You know—the sun," Mr. Anspach said. "It's a short word, which is good, but unfortunately it's also a common word. So you have to do something distinctive to make it sit in people's minds." What Anspach Grossman Portugal did was to design sunbeams radiating from the center of the company name. "For logos in general," said Mr. Anspach, "one important trend is typography. Ten years ago, the hot typeface was Helvetica. Everyone was using it—so much so that it became common. It was very nice, though. There are other fad orientations, too. Ruled lines. Putting a ruled line under a logo, or over it, was a characteristic of a particular period of time, until designers finally said, 'Heck! No more ruled lines!' "



*"If debt is a measure of consumer confidence, we have become very confident indeed."*

• •

# LOFTY

Kate could think of nothing but how she had cheated when she and Philip lived in this house. She had put little daubs of glue on the back of peeling wallpaper and pushed it back into place; she had stuffed the big aqua urns at the back door with rags—they were deep enough to hold twenty pounds of earth—and then poured a foot of soil on top. The pansies, pounded deep into the urns by summer rain, had shot up and cascaded over the rims anyway.

The house belonged to Philip's Great-Aunt Beatrice, and she had come in person every month for the rent check, but all Kate's worrying about their tenancy had been for nothing. The woman rarely looked closely at anything; in fact, in winter she often kept her car running in the driveway while she made the call, and wouldn't even come inside for coffee. In the summer, she stayed a few minutes to cut roses or peonies to take back to the city. She was a tall old lady, who wore flowered dresses, and by the time she headed for her ancient Cadillac she herself often looked like a gigantic flower in motion, refracted through a kaleidoscope.

In retrospect, Kate realized that the house must have looked perfectly presentable. When she and Philip first moved in and were in love with each other, they were in love with the place, and when they were no longer in love the house seemed to sink in sympathy. The sagging front step made her sad; a shutter fell from the second story one night, frightening them into each other's arms.

When the two of them decided to part, they agreed that it was silly not to stay on until the lease was up at the end of summer. Philip's young daughter was visiting just then, and she was having a wonderful time. The house was three stories high—there was certainly room enough to avoid each other. He was being transferred to Germany by his firm in September. Kate planned to move to New York, and this way she could take her time looking for a place. Wadding newspaper to stuff into the urns for another summer, she had been shocked at how tightly she crushed it—as if by directing her energy into her hands she could fight back tears.

Today, ten years later, Kate was back at the house. Philip's daughter, Monica, was eighteen now, and a friend of Monica's was renting the house. Today was Monica's engagement party. Kate sat in a lawn chair. The lawn was nicely mowed. The ugly urns were gone, and a fuchsia plant hung from the lamppost beside the back door. A fuzz of green spread over a part of the lawn plot that had been newly plowed for a garden. The big maple tree that encroached on the kitchen had grown huge; she wondered if any light could penetrate that room now.

She knew that the spike in the maple tree would still be there. It had been there, mysteriously in place, when they first moved in. She walked up to the tree and put her hand on it. It was rusted, but still the height to allow a person to get a foot up, so that he could pull himself up into the nearest overhead branches.

Before the party, Philip had sent Monica a note that Monica showed to Kate with a sneer. He said that he was not going to attend the celebration of a mistake; she was too young to marry, and he would have nothing to do with the event. Kate thought that his not being there had less to do with his daughter and more to do with Kate and him. Either he still loved her or else he hated her. She closed her hand around the spike in the tree.

"Climb up so I can look up your skirt," her husband said.

And then he was surprised when she did.

Ignoring the finger she'd scraped on the bark pulling herself up, she stood on the first high branch and reached behind to tug her skirt free, laughing and letting the skirt drift away from her body. She went one branch higher, carefully, and leaned out to look down. She turned and leaned against a higher branch, facing him, and raised her skirt.

120
R. Davidson

"O.K.," he said, laughing, too. "Be careful."

She realized that she had never looked down on him before—not out of a window, not in any situation she could think of. She was twelve or fifteen feet off the ground. She went one branch higher. She looked down again and saw him move closer to the tree, as quickly as a magnet. He was smaller.

"Birds used to peck birdseed from a seeded bell that dangled from there," she said, pointing to the branch her husband could almost touch. "This tree used to be filled with birds in the morning. They were so loud that you could hear them over the bacon sputtering."

"Come down," he said.

She felt a little frightened when she saw how small his raised hand was. Her body felt light, and she held on tighter.

"Sweetheart," he said.

A young man in a white jacket was coming toward her husband, carrying two drinks. "Whoa, up there!" he called. She smiled down. In a second, a little girl began to run toward the man. She was about two years old, and not steady on her feet where the lawn began to slope and the tree's roots pushed out of the ground. The man quickly handed the drinks to her husband and turned to swoop up the child as she stumbled. Kate, braced for the child's cry, exhaled when nothing happened.

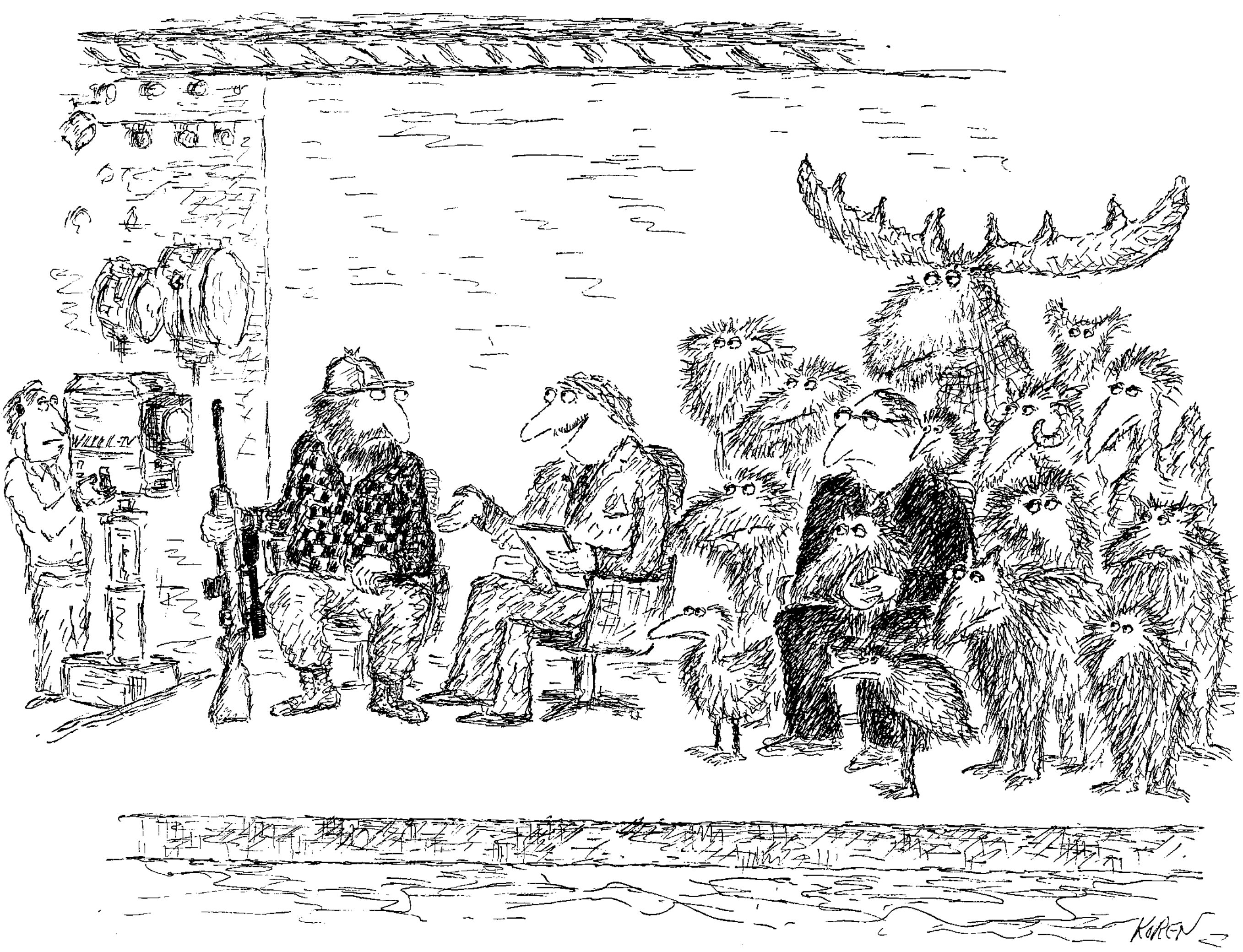
"There used to be a tree house," Kate said. "We hung paper lanterns from it when we had a party."

"I know," her husband said. He was still reaching up, a drink in each hand. The man standing with him frowned. He reclaimed his drink and began to edge away, talking to the little girl. Her husband put his drink on the grass.

"Up in the tree!" the little girl squealed. She turned to look over her shoulder.

"That's right," the man said. "Somebody's up in the tree."

The glass at her husband's feet had tipped over.



*"And on my right is Joe Nast, representing an opposing viewpoint."*

• •

"We didn't," Kate said. "I made it up."

He said, "Shall I come up and get you?" He touched his hand to the spike. Or else she thought he did; she couldn't lean far enough forward to see.

"You're so nice to me," she said.

He moved back and stretched up his arms.

She had never been daring when she was young, and she wanted to stand her ground now. It made her giddy to realize how odd a thought that was—the contradiction between "standing your ground" and being balanced in a tree. There could have been a tree house. And who else but she and Philip would have lived in such a place and not had lawn parties? She didn't think Monica was wrong about getting married; her fiancé was charming and silly and energetic. Her own husband was very charming—demonstrative only in private, surprised by her pranks to such an extent that she often thought he subtly encouraged her to act up because he admired people who could do such things. He was modest. It wasn't like him to say, "Climb up so I can look up your skirt."

"I'll fly," she said.

He dropped his hands to his sides. "A walk in the woods," he said.

At the back of the lawn, where the lawn tapered into woods, the man and his daughter were crouched, looking at something in the grass. Kate could hear piano music coming from inside the house.

"A drive," her husband said. "We'll walk out on the celebration for a few minutes."

She shook her head no. Then her ribs felt like a tourniquet, and she decided to start down before she was in more pain. She was embarrassed that there was nothing courageous about her careful, gingerly descent. She felt the sweat above her lip and noticed, for the first time, a streak of blood along the side of her hand—the cut on her finger that had now stopped bleeding. She put her finger to her lips, and the salty taste brought tears to her eyes. She put her feet on the ground and faced her husband, then made the dramatic gesture of raising her arms and fanning them open for a second, as wide as a trellis, before they closed around him.

—ANN BEATTIE

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### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Mary McGrory in the Washington Post*]

Democrats, who think that the affair could represent a light at the end of the tunnel of public esteem that is Reagan's political home, were astonished and dismayed to see their leader throw out the lifeline to the president, who would rather talk about the economy than about a strategy book that he is sure none of his people ever saw.

# THE RED GIRL

I ALWAYS slammed the gate to our yard behind me when I was up to something. If I was leaving the house—we lived on the island of Antigua—the slam was to let my mother know that I had left, so she could stop worrying about me and put her mind on something else. Then, after a proper time had passed, I would quietly unlatch the gate, creep back into the yard, and dive under the house to extract or hide some object that was forbidden me—usually some object that had come into my possession through my expert stealing. If I was returning home, I would reverse this procedure, first being very quiet, checking my things under the house, making sure that everything was still in place, often adding a new treasure; then the loud bang of the gate to announce to my mother that I had only just then returned home. My mother would usually say, "How many times do I have to tell you not to slam the gate?"

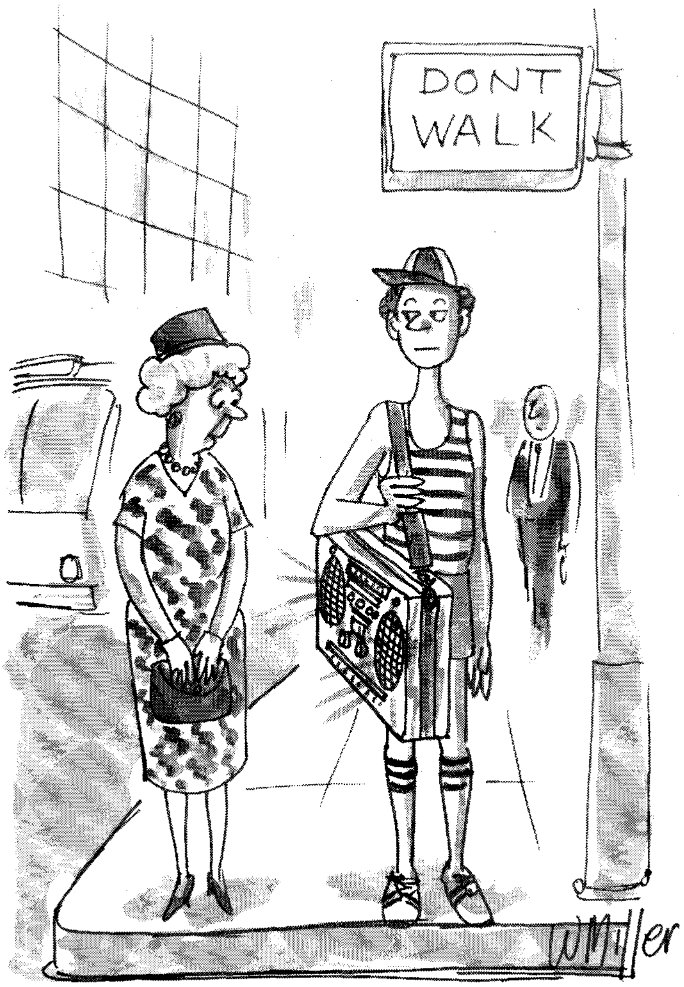
I had under the house almost all the books I had ever read. After reading a book, whether I liked it or not, I couldn't bear to part with it. I would then steal it. I was always successful, because casting suspicion away from me and putting on an innocent face had become a specialty of mine. I had a few books that I had received in the usual straightforward way, for birthdays and Christmas, and as prizes in school; these were all displayed on a little shelf my father had built for me, and whenever I felt I was falling out of my mother's good graces I would let her see me absorbed in these books. She would come over and caress my forehead, kiss me, and say, "I know how you like to read, but you mustn't strain your eyes." Feeling the slate wiped clean, I would then plot something new.

It was my mother who gave me my first marbles. They had come, a pair of them, as a bonus in a box of oats, and she thought that their unusual size—they were as big as plums—and their color would amuse me. One was white with blue, the other white with a brownish yellow. They looked to me like miniature globes, the white representing the seas, the colors representing land masses. I didn't think very much of them as I rolled them around in my palms, but my mother, taking the brownish-yellow one in her hand and holding it up in the air, said, "What a nice color! Amber." Amber! Needless to say, when I showed the marbles to my friends at school I said, "Such a nice color, amber," causing the desired effect among them, for on hearing me say the word "amber" they widened their eyes and shaped their mouths into tiny "o"s.

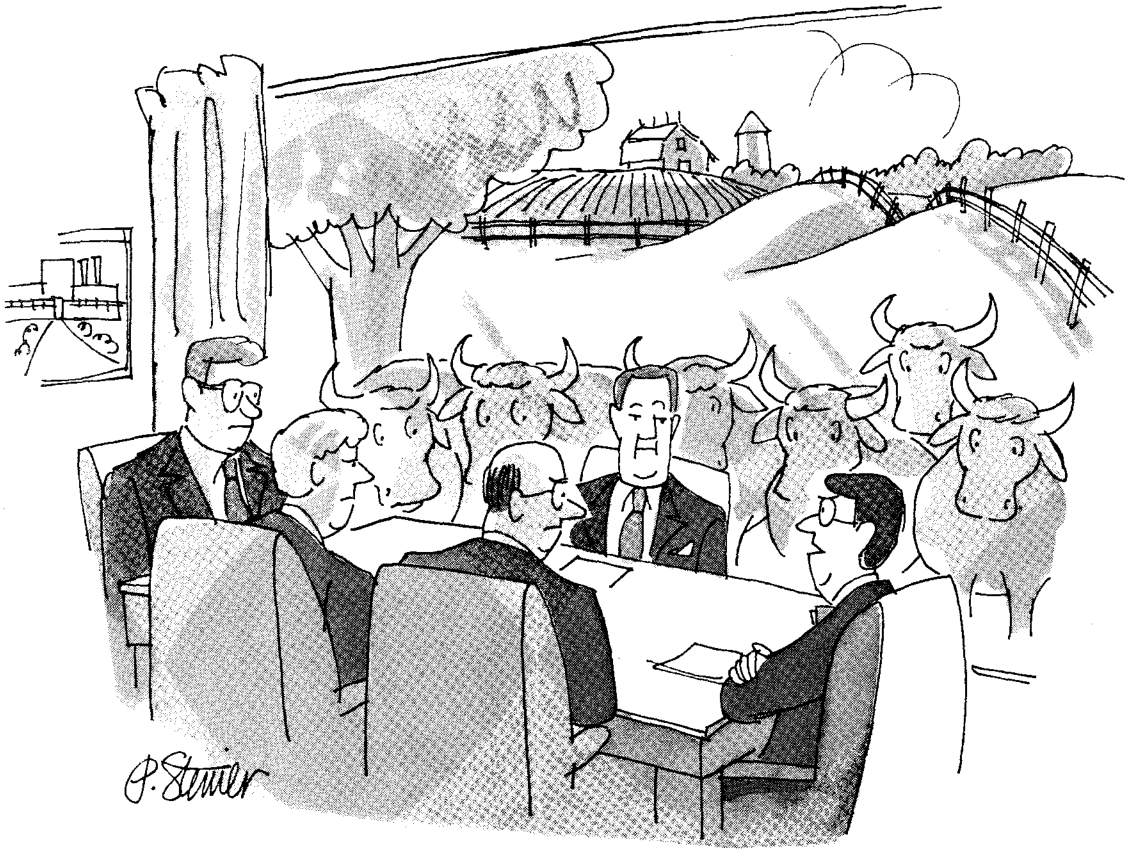
One day, I was throwing stones at the guava tree, trying to knock down a ripe guava, when the Red Girl came along and said, "Which one do you want?" After I pointed it out, she climbed up the tree, picked the one I wanted off its branch, climbed down, and presented it to me. How my eyes did widen and my mouth form an "o" at this. I had never seen a girl do this before. All the boys climbed trees for the fruit they wanted, and all the girls threw stones to knock the fruit off the trees. But look at the way she climbed that tree: better than any boy.

Polishing off the delicious ripe-to-perfection guava in two bites, I took a good look at the Red Girl. How right I had been to take some special notice of her the first time I had seen her. She was holding on to her mother's skirt; I was holding on to my mother's. Our mothers waved to each other as they passed, calling out the usual greetings, making the usual inquiries. I noticed that the girl's hair was the color of a penny fresh from the mint, and that it was so unruly it had to be forcibly twisted into corkscrews, the ends tied tightly with white thread. The corkscrews didn't lie flat on her head, they stood straight up, and when she walked they bounced up and down as if they were something amphibian and alive. Right away to myself I called her the Red Girl. For as she passed, in my mind's eye I could see her surrounded by flames, the house she lived in on fire, and she could not escape. I rescued her, and after that she followed me around worshipfully and took with great forbearance any and every abuse I heaped on her. I would have gone on like that for a while, but my mother tugged at me, claiming my attention; I heard her say, "Such a nice woman, to keep that girl so dirty."

The Red Girl and I stood under the guava tree looking each other up and down. What a beautiful thing I saw standing before me. Her face was big and round and red, like a moon—a red moon. She had big, broad, flat feet, and they were naked to the bare ground; her dress was



*"Good heavens, young man, I didn't know Mozart could come out of one of those things."*



*"It has been moved and seconded that we transfer our headquarters back to the city. All in favor?"*

• •

dirty, the skirt and blouse tearing away from each other at one side; the red hair that I had first seen standing up on her head was matted and tangled; her hands were big and fat, and her fingernails held at least ten anthills of dirt under them. And on top of that she had such an unbelievable, wonderful smell, as if she had never taken a bath in her whole life.

I soon learned this about her: She took a bath only once a week, and that was only so that she could be admitted to her grandmother's presence. She didn't like to bathe, and her mother didn't force her. She changed her dress once a week for the same reason. She preferred to wear a dress until it just couldn't be worn anymore. Her mother didn't mind that, either. She didn't like to comb her hair, though on the first day of school she could put herself out for that. She didn't like to go to Sunday school, and her mother didn't force her. She didn't like to brush her teeth, but occasionally her mother said it was necessary. She loved to play marbles, and was so good that only Skerritt boys now played against her. Oh, what an angel she was, and what a heaven she lived in! I, on the other hand, took a full bath every morning and a sponge bath every night. I could hardly go out on my doorstep without putting my shoes on. I was not allowed to play in the sun without a hat on my head. My mother paid a woman who lived five houses away from us sevenpence a week—a penny for each school day and twopence for Sunday—to comb my hair. On Saturday, my mother washed my hair. Before I went to sleep at night, I had to make sure my uniform was clean and creaseless and all laid out for the next day. I had to make sure that my shoes were clean and polished to a nice shine. I went to Sunday school every Sunday unless I was sick. I was not allowed to play marbles, and, as for Skerritt boys, that was hardly mentionable.

By the time the Red Girl and I had told each other all this, we had walked to the top of the hill behind my house. At the top of the hill was an old lighthouse. It must have been a useful lighthouse at one time, but now it was just there for mothers to say to their children, "Don't play at the lighthouse," my own mother leading the chorus, I am sure. Whenever I did go to the lighthouse behind my mother's back, I would have to gather up all my courage to go to the top, the height made me so dizzy. But now I marched boldly up behind the Red Girl as if at the top were my own room, with all my familiar comforts waiting for me. At the top, we stood on the balcony and looked out toward the sea. We could see some boats coming and going; we could see some children our own age coming home from games; we could see some sheep being driven home from pasture; we could see my father coming home from work.

It went without saying between us that my mother should never know that we had become friends, that we planned to meet at the lighthouse in this way every day for the rest of our lives and beyond, that I now worshipped the ground her unwashed feet walked on. Just before we parted, she gave me three marbles; they were an ordinary kind, the kind you could buy three for a penny—glass orbs with a tear-shaped drop suspended in the center. Another secret to keep from my mother!

AND now I started a new series of betrayals of people and things I would have sworn only minutes before to die for. There was Gweneth, whom I loved so, and who was my dearest friend in spite of the fact that she met with my mother's complete approval, but she had such slyness and so many pleasing, to me, ways that my mother could never have imagined. There she was, waiting for me in our usual spot behind the cistern. "Oh, Gwen, wait until I tell you this," I would begin after we had embraced and exchanged kisses. We would then bring each other up to date on all our latest triumphs and disappointments. But

# THE RETURN: INTENSIVE CARE

I felt for the button . . .
There's a circle of perpetual
occultation
at the depressed pole,
within which stars never rise,
and, at the elevated one,
one of apparition,
from which they never fall.
I used these facts
to figure the limits of my situation
—mine? or was it yours?—
as again I came back.

Where was I?
I thumbed the button for your floor.
It lit.
Suddenly, I thought,
everywhere there are circles,
as in some new weather or fashion:
the breasts both of a young farm girl
and, sadder, of a fat old orderly
riding up beside me;
the elevator's orbicular lamp bulbs;

and, colored like linen,
each drop of snow the night before,
big and round as a saucer—
a night such as we persist in
calling a freak, though it isn't
anything more than the cycling
back of things
too cursedly familiar.
Yes, though it was spring,
though it was April,
the moon had worn a great wet halo.

Signifying what?
Why look up
the facts on charts?
How often in history
has everything happened!
The nurse again wheeled away
your tray with its apple, untouched,
and two dark plums,
which precisely matched,
in color and conformation,

the raccoon rounds
of valor and exhaustion
through which your eyes peered,
brighter, still, than any planet.
*O Jesus Jesus Jesus Jesus Jesus!*
inwardly I cried,
to me the word
recurring like any old habit.
Poor stately Jew, forgive the
helplessness
that enforced my genteel outward
mode

as you lay there,
my small-talk Yankee palaver
of mercilessness in Mother Nature—
buds in remission,
pathetic birds
spiralling up from the sheeted roads
as if, I surmised, nothing now
remained
but vertical migration.
I dropped my eyes. All else, anything
that I might have been moved
to say,

anything that might have reached
to the heart
of what we may or may not be
here on earth
to do or serve, dismayed
and frightened me.
O David, I couldn't speak
of anything beyond the trivial,
by horror of risk held back,
by horror of saying something
even more banal.

You were on morphine.
You who for the length of this evil
illness
had never complained
but had made for yourself a figure—
*Look to the light,*
or *Don't try to cling . . .*
Shy of prayer,
desperate with my own feckless
impulse to speech, at length I hung
as if in midair

as the dark outside
began again its round.
All so cursedly dignified!
At length, in the distilled absence
of sound,
I recalled my *why why why why why!*
at the death of my small terrier.
What a petty thing to remember!
And yet perhaps those yelps
when I was so young
were the only eloquence possible.

As was perhaps the gentle rejoinder
(she had seen more than I)
of my mother's mother:
*Revelation helps.*
There in the hospital,
lacking for words to tender,
I had recourse to fashion.
Forgive me, I nattered;
then left, once more depressing
the button;
then lifted my eyes,

searching a sign of perpetuation.
Would it do any good to tell you that
I cried?
There were stars, or there were none,
from wherever it was I stood.
There was, or there wasn't, a moon.

—Sydney Lea

• •

now, as my head rested on her shoulder, I thought how dull was the fresh pressedness of her uniform, the cleanness of her neck, the neatness of her just combed plaits. We walked into our classroom in the usual way, arm in arm—her head on *my* shoulder, since I was the taller—identical smiles on our faces. The Little Lovebirds, our friends called us. Who could have guessed that I no longer felt the same? Certainly not Gwen. For, of course, in bringing her up to date I never mentioned the Red Girl.

As for the marbles! Quite by accident, in a moment when I was just fooling about, I discovered that I had a talent for playing marbles. I played a game and I won. I played another game and I won. I took winning for a sign of the perfection of my new union with the Red Girl. I devoted my spare time to playing and winning marbles. No longer could I head a side for a game of rounders; no longer could I, during a break for recess, walk over from our schoolyard into the neighboring churchyard to sit on tombstones and gather important information from the other girls on what exactly it was I should do to make my breasts begin growing. We were at that moment in the stage where we regarded our breasts as treasured shrubs, needing only the proper combination of water and sunlight to make them delicately sprout. All my free time was devoted to games of marbles. And how I won! From the day I went to school with the three gifts from the Red Girl and came home that same day with twenty—enough to fill an old one-pound tin. Everyone attributed my talent to my long arms and my steady gaze. What a surprise it was to me—something about myself I had not known. Perhaps it had stuck in my

*"Hail to thee, Frederick Law Olmsted!"*

• •

mind that once my mother said to me, "I am so glad you are not one of those girls who like to play marbles." I soon had so many marbles that I had to store them in old containers, hiding them under the house in places where they would not be readily visible if my mother should just one day stoop down and make a sweeping search with her ever-inquisitive, ever-sharp eyes. If I had not yet come up with the trick of slamming the gate, I would surely have come up with it now. Sometimes I slammed the gate so hard that even I began to be afraid it would come off its hinges.

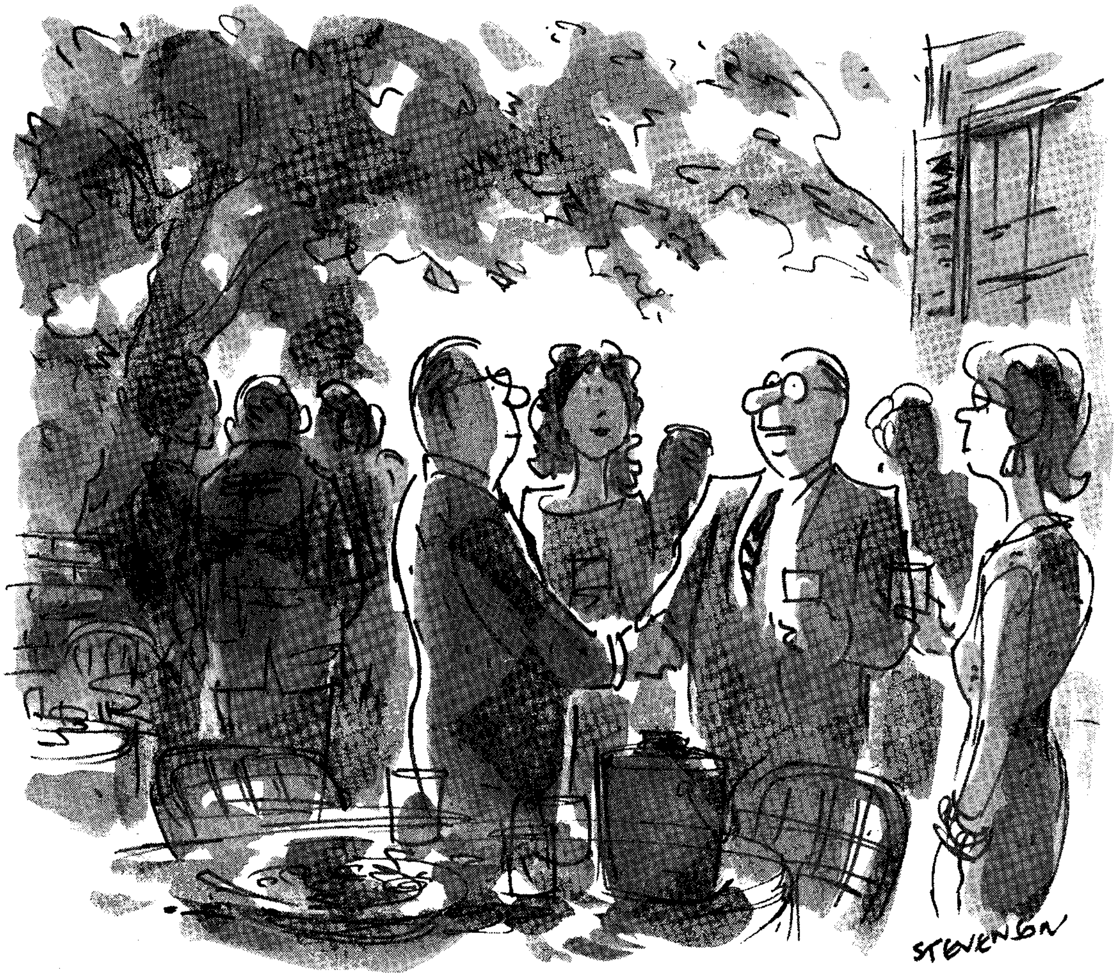
At first, the Red Girl and I met every day. Every day after I finished my chores, each chore being a small rehearsal for that faraway day, thank God, when I would be the mistress of my own house, that faraway day when I would have to abandon Gwen, the Red Girl, meetings behind cistern and at lighthouse, marbles, places under the house, and every other secret pleasure. I would say to my mother, "I think I will just go and stretch my legs a bit." It didn't take her very long to wonder why, after all my daily activities, I should suddenly have an urge to stretch my legs. She said to me, "Why, after all the things you do every day, the sudden urge to have your legs stretched?" I had always been extremely lazy, enjoying nothing so much as lying under the house, my legs sticking out to catch the hot sun, reading one of my stolen books or just toying with another stolen treasure. After my mother said this, I stopped going to the lighthouse for a few days, and I worried about how to explain this interference to the Red Girl. How convenient for me it would be, I thought, to have a mother to whom I was not a prime interest. But I found a new tack. A few days later, I told my mother that for my drawing class I had been asked to observe a field at sunset, so that in class I could reproduce it in watercolors; would it be all right, then, if I just went for a small walk up and over the hill? The question was framed in just the way it would appeal to her, so eager was she to contribute to my scholarship. Of course she agreed. My feet must have had wings; in minutes, I was at the top of the lighthouse.

All the time I had been kept prisoner by the watchful gaze of my mother, the Red Girl had faithfully gone to our meeting place every day. Every day, she went and waited for me, and every day I failed to show up. What could I say to her now? "My mother, the Nosy Parker, would kill me—or, worse, not speak to me for at least a few hours—if she knew that I met you in a secret place," I said. For a while after that, we said nothing, only staring out to sea, watching the boats coming and going, watching the children our own age coming home from games, watching the sheep being driven home from pasture. Then, still without saying a word, the Red Girl began to pinch me. She pinched hard, picking up pieces of my almost nonexistent flesh and twisting it around. At first, I vowed not to cry, but it went on for so long that tears I could not control streamed down my face. I cried so much that my small chest began to heave, and then, as if my heaving chest caused her to have some pity on me, she stopped pinching and began to kiss me on the same spots where shortly before I felt the pain of her pinch. Oh, the sensation was delicious—the combination of pinches and kisses. And so wonderful we found it that, almost every time we met, pinching by her, followed by tears from me, followed by kisses from her were the order of the day. I stopped wondering why all the girls whom I had mistreated and abandoned followed me around with looks of love and adoration on their faces.

I NOW quite regularly had to observe a field or something for drawing class; collect specimens of leaves, flowers, or whole plants for botany class; gather specimens of rocks for geology class. In other words, my untruthfulness apparatus was now in full gear. My mother, keeping the usual close tabs, marvelled at my industriousness and ambition. I was already first in my class, and I was first without ever really trying hard, so I had nothing much to worry about. I was such a good liar that, almost as if to prove all too true my mother's saying "Where there's a liar, there's a thief," I began to steal. But how could I not? I had no money of my own. And what a pleasure it was to bring a gift and see that red face, on receiving it, grow even redder in the light of the setting sun on the balcony at the top of the lighthouse. Reaching into my mother's purse for the odd penny or so was easy enough to do, I had had so much practice at it. But that wasn't enough to buy two yards of multicolored grosgrain ribbon, or a pair of ring combs studded with rhinestones, or a pair of artificial rosebuds suitable for wearing at the waist of a nice dress. I hardly asked myself what use the Red Girl could really have for these gifts; I hardly cared that she only glanced at them for a moment and then placed them in a pocket of her dirty dress. I simply loved giving her things. But where did I get the money for them? I knew where my parents stored a key to a safe in which they kept what was to me a lot of money. It wasn't long before I could get the key, unlock the safe, and remove some money, and I am sure I could have done this blindfolded. If they missed it, they must have chalked it up to a mistake. It was a pleasure to see that they didn't know everything.

One afternoon, after making some outlandish claim of devotion to my work at school, I told my mother that I was going off to observe or collect—it was all the same to me—one ridiculous thing or other. I was off to see the Red Girl, of course, and I was especially happy to be going on that day because my gift was an unusually beautiful marble—a marble of blue porcelain. I had never seen a marble like it before, and from the time I first saw it I wanted very much to possess it. I had played against the girl to whom it belonged for three days in a row until finally I won all her marbles—thirty-three—except for that one. Then I had to play her and win six games in a row to get the prize—the marble made of blue porcelain. Using the usual slamming-the-gate-and-quietly-creeping-back technique, I dived under the house to retrieve the marble from the special place where I had hidden it. As I came out from under the house, what should I see before me but my mother's two enormous, canvas-clad feet. From the look on my face, she guessed immediately that I was up to something; from the look on her face, I guessed immediately that everything was over. "What do you have in your hand?" she asked, and I had no choice but to open my hand, revealing the hard-earned prize to her angrier and angrier eyes.

My mother said, "Marbles? I had heard you played marbles, but



*"How do you do? I'm an unnamed government official."*

I just couldn't believe it. You were not off to look for plants at all, you were off to play marbles."

"Oh, no," I said. "Oh, no."

"Where are your other marbles?" said my mother. "If you have one, you have many."

"Oh, no," I said. "Oh, no. I don't have marbles, because I don't play marbles."

"You keep them under the house," said my mother, completely ignoring everything I said.

"Oh, no."

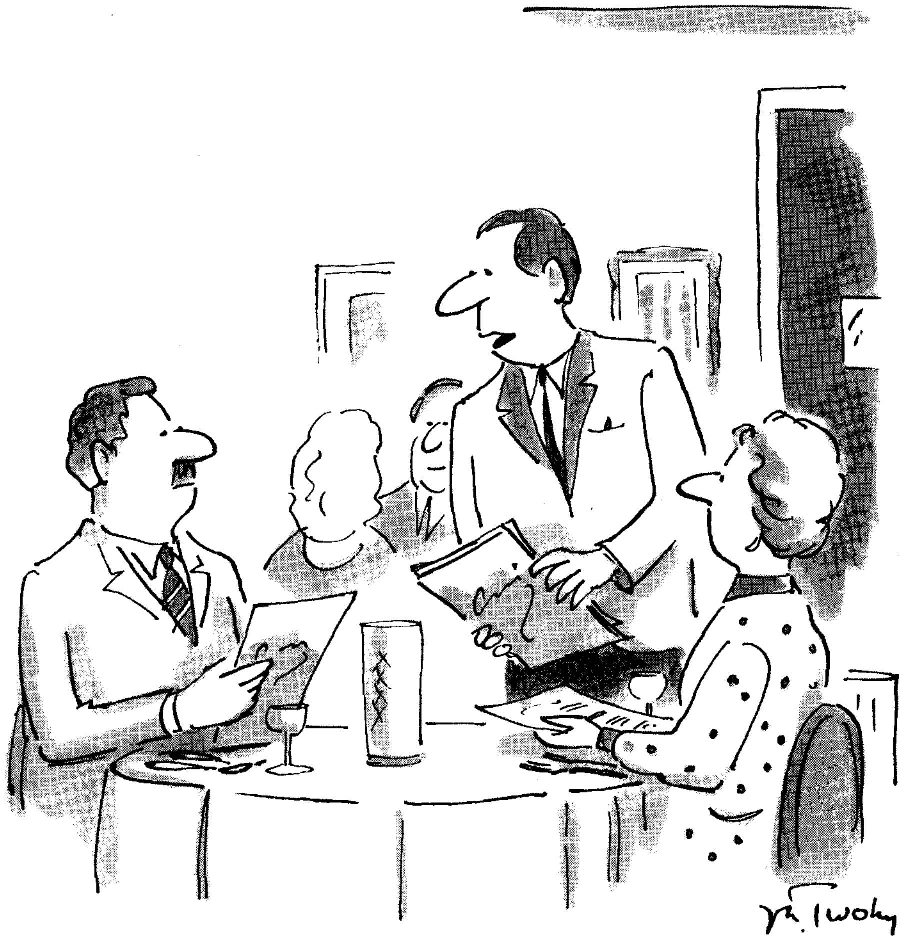
"I am going to find them and throw them into the bottom of the sea," she said.

My mother now crawled under the house and began a furious and incredible search for my marbles. If she and I had been taking a walk in the Amazon forest, two of my steps equalling one of her strides, and after a while she noticed that I was no longer at her side, her search for me then would have equalled her search for my marbles now. On and on went her search—behind some planks my father had stored years ago for some long-forgotten use; behind some hatboxes that held old Christmas and birthday cards and old letters from my mother's family; tearing apart my neat pile of books, which, if she had opened any one of them, would have revealed to her, stamped on the title page, these words: "Public Library, Antigua." Of course, that would have been a whole other story, and I can't say which would have been worse, the stolen books or playing marbles. On it went.

"Where are the marbles?" she asked.

"I don't have any marbles," I would reply. "Only this one I found one day as I was crossing the street to school."

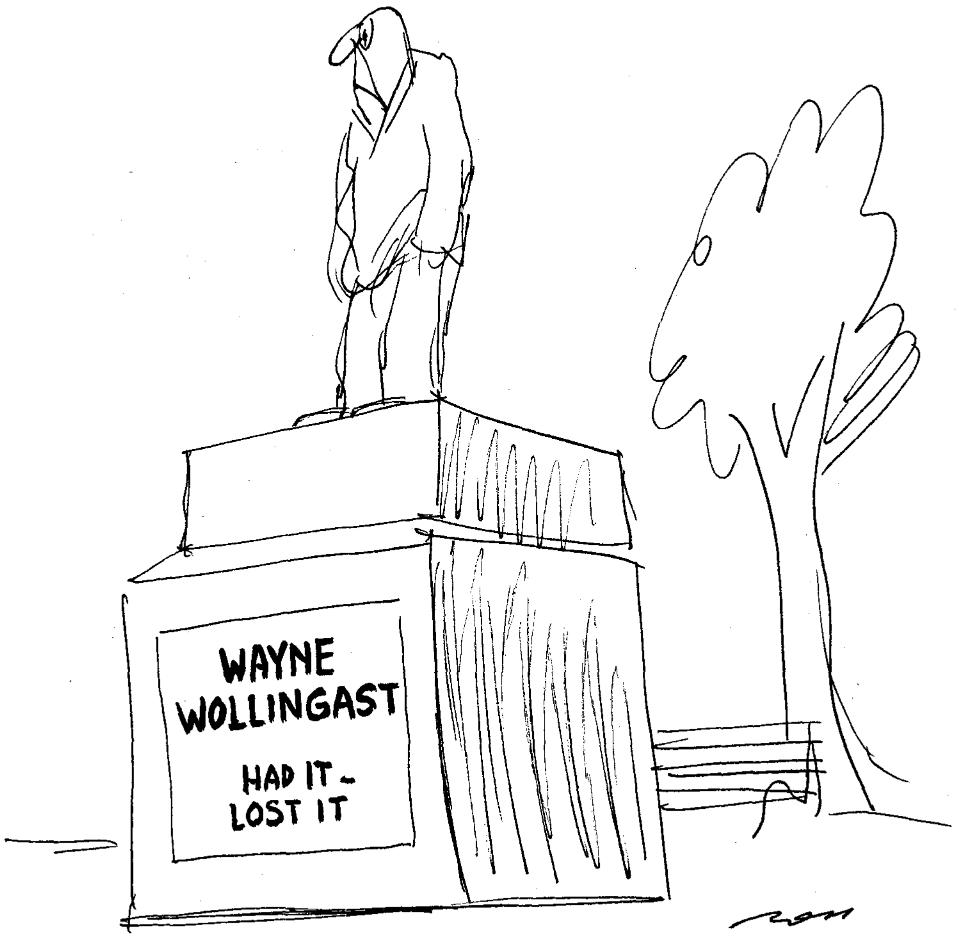
Of course I thought, At any minute I am going to die. For there were the marbles staring right at me, staring right at her. Sometimes her hand was actually resting on them. I had stored them in old cans, though my most valued ones were in an old red leather handbag of hers. There they were at her feet, as she rested for a moment, her heel actually digging into the handbag. My heart could have stopped.



*"I wouldn't normally recommend the coquilles Saint-Jacques, but our chef is on a roll."*

My father came home. My mother postponed the rest of the search. Over supper, which, in spite of everything, I was allowed to eat with them, she told him about the marbles, adding a list of things that seemed as long as two chapters from the Old Testament. I could hardly recognize myself from this list—how horrible I was—though all of it was true. But still. They talked about me as if I weren't there sitting in front of them, as if I had boarded a boat for South America without so much as a goodbye. I couldn't remember my mother's being so angry with me ever before; in the meantime all thoughts of the Red Girl vanished from my mind. Trying then to swallow a piece of bread that I had first softened in my gravy, I thought, Well, that's the end of that; if tomorrow I saw that girl on the street, I would just act as if we had never met before, as if her very presence at any time was only an annoyance. As my mother went on to my father in her angry vein, I rearranged my life: Thank God I hadn't abandoned Gwen completely, thank God I was so good at rounders that the girls would be glad to have me head a side again, thank God my breasts hadn't grown and I still needed some tips about them.

DAYS went by. My mother kept up the search for the marbles. How she would torment me! When I left for school, she saw me out the gate, then watched me until I was a pin on the horizon. When I came home, there she was waiting for me. Of course, there was no longer any question of going off in the late afternoon for observations and gatherings. Not that I wanted to anyway—all that was finished. But on it would go. She would ask me for the marbles, and in my sweetest voice I would say I didn't have any. Each of us must have secretly vowed to herself not to give in to the other. But then she tried this new tack. She told me this: When she was a girl, it was her duty to accompany her father up to ground on Saturdays. When they got there, her father would check on the plantain and banana trees, the grapefruit and



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lime and lemon trees, and check the mongoose traps. Before returning, they would harvest some food for the family to eat in the coming week: plantains, green figs, grapefruit, limes, lemons, coffee beans, cocoa beans, almonds, nutmegs, cloves, dasheen, cassavas, all depending on what was ripe to be harvested. On one particular day, after they had loaded up the donkeys with the provisions, there was an extra bunch of green figs, and my mother was to carry it on her head. She and her father started off for their home, and as they walked my mother noticed that the bunch of figs grew heavier and heavier—much heavier than any bunch of figs she had ever carried before. She ached, from the top of her neck to the base of her spine. The weight of the green figs caused her to walk slowly, and sometimes she lost sight of her father. She was all alone on the road, and she heard all sorts of sounds that she had never heard before and sounds that she could not account for. Full of fright and in pain, she walked into her yard, very glad to get rid of the green figs. She no sooner had taken the load from her head when out of it crawled a very long black snake. She didn't have time to shout, it crawled away so quickly into the bushes. Perhaps from fright, perhaps from the weight of the load she had just gotten rid of, she collapsed.

When my mother came to the end of this story, I thought my heart would break. Here was my mother, a girl then, certainly no older than I, travelling up that road from the ground to her house with a snake on her head. I had seen pictures of her at that age. What a beautiful girl she was! So tall and thin. Long, thick black hair, which she wore in two plaits that hung down past her shoulders. Her back was already curved from not ever standing up straight, even though she got repeated warnings. She was so shy that she never smiled enough for you to see her teeth, and if she ever burst out laughing she would instantly cover her mouth with her hands. She always obeyed her mother, and her sister worshipped her. She, in turn, worshipped her brother, Joseph, and when he died of something the doctor knew nothing about, of something the obeah woman knew everything about, my mother refused food for a week. Oh, to think of a dangerous, horrible black snake on top of that beautiful head; to think of those beautifully arched, pink-soled feet (the feet of which mine were an exact replica, as hers were an exact replica of her mother's) stumbling on the stony, uneven road, the weight of snake and green figs too much for that small back. If only I had been there, I would not have hesitated for even a part of a second to take her place. How I would have loved my mother if I had known her then. To have been the same age as someone so beautiful, someone who even then loved books, someone who threw stones at monkeys in the forest! What I wouldn't have done for her. Nothing would ever be too much. And so, feeling such love and such pity for this girl standing in front of me, I was on the verge of giving to my mother my entire collection of marbles. She wanted them so badly. What could some marbles matter? Already a snake had sat on her head for miles. The words "The marbles are in the corner over there" were on the very tip of my tongue, when I heard my mother, her voice warm and soft and treacherous, say to me, "Well, Little Miss, where are your marbles?" Summoning my own warm, soft, and newly acquired treacherous voice, I said, "I don't have any marbles. I have never played marbles, you know."

SOON after, I started to menstruate, and I stopped playing marbles. I was ashamed to be menstruating. It meant the end of everything. My mother even said so. On giving me my little cloths and the instructions on how to use them, she laughed her triumphant laugh and said, "You are just like me. I was your age when I started."

I never saw the Red Girl again. For a reason not having to do with me, she had been sent to Anguilla to live with her grandparents and finish her schooling. The night of the day I heard about it, I dreamt of her. I dreamt that the boat on which she had been travelling suddenly splintered in the middle of the sea, causing all the passengers to drown except for her, whom I rescued in a small boat. I took her to an island, where we lived together forever, I suppose, and fed on wild pigs and sea grapes. At night, we would sit on the sand and watch ships filled with people on a cruise steam by. We sent confusing signals to the ships, causing them to crash on some nearby rocks. We laughed as their cries of joy turned to cries of sorrow.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

# OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

## FRIMBO'S PEAK

Francis Whitaker, who has been a blacksmith for sixty-one years, invited me out to Colorado a while back to help him fasten a brass plaque he had made in honor of his brother Rogers to a railroad tie ten thousand and fifteen feet above sea level. The plaque, fourteen and a half inches long and six inches high, says:

E. M. Frimbo
World's Greatest Railroad Buff
Rogers E. M. Whitaker
January 15, 1900—May 11, 1981
Travelled 2,748,674.73 Miles
on Railroads . . . . July 19, 1981

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My first thought when I saw this plaque was that Rogers Whitaker, who for many years was my friend, colleague, and officemate at *The New Yorker* (where he had been nicknamed Frimbo), and whose rail trips I had occasionally chronicled in The Talk of the Town, had been even more extraordinary than the inscription indicated, because I knew that his Frimbo mileage—which can be divided out to more than fifty thousand miles a year for more than fifty years—was all done on nights, holidays, vacations, and weekends away from his work editing manuscripts, reviewing nightclub acts, and writing a football column for this magazine. It was after I had spent a few days with Francis Whitaker that I began to discover how many different stories, each one as remarkable or as commonplace as Rogers' own story, come together in the plaque that honors him. Since then, back in New York, I have also been thinking about how much has had to survive and remain available during the last half century for even a small plaque with Frimbo's name on it to be exactly where it now is.

Frimbo's plaque is in Cumbres Pass, a narrow gap in the San Juan Mountains, a range of jagged peaks, nine to fourteen thousand feet high, in the southern Rockies. The range is about a hundred and fifty miles long and runs gradually downhill to the southeast into New Mexico. It is empty country and poor country, for the most part, and very beautiful. The mountains are thirty-five-million-year-old volcanoes, scraped by glaciers that disappeared twelve thousand years ago. Cumbres Pass, a couple of miles north of the New Mexico border, is a small meadow with a few tall, straight Engelmann spruce trees which is crossed by three paths: State Highway 17, a two-lane road that was paved about twenty years ago; the ghost of an old dirt road used by miners and homesteaders in the eighteen-seventies; and a single narrow-gauge railroad track, now over a hundred years old and only about twice the width of a cow path.

There are four seasons in the high mountains, Coloradans say—winter, spring, fall, and winter. Early in the last week of September, the aspen groves on the slopes below Cumbres turn a pale gold. A couple of weeks later, the trees drop their leaves. During the double winter, from late October until about the last week in May, Cumbres—except for the state highway, which is regularly plowed—is entirely covered with the dry, light, blowing, drifting snow that falls at altitudes of eight thousand feet and higher. There are generally eight or nine feet of snow on Cumbres all winter. One winter, a total of forty-one feet fell; the largest single snowstorm on record left three and a half feet in less than twenty-four hours. In the Cumbres spring, when the winds are gentle, Black Angus and red-and-white Hereford cattle crop lush green grass; towering thunderheads form a white line of mock mountains along the peaks in the clear blue afternoon sky; and, near Frimbo's plaque, purple, blue, bright-red, yellow, and white wild flowers—asters, lupine, fireweed, miniature sunflowers, and Indian paintbrush, which is usually fiery red but paled here by the subalpine altitude—bloom among gray-black cinders cast aside by panting little fifty-eight-year-old steam locomotives that clamber up and down the railroad track over the pass.

Driving through Cumbres Pass—the first and less spectacular of two passes on an hour-long trip over an empty road between the small town of Chama, New Mexico, and the equally small town of Antonito, Colorado—is an experience that barely gets into short-term memory. At Cumbres, there's a sensation that a slight rise in the road has just become a slight dip in the road, and there's a road sign that says "Cumbres Pass, Elev. 10022 Feet" (the highway climbs seven feet higher up the pass than the railroad), but there aren't any vistas or panoramas. Cumbres is hemmed in by hills, so you don't think about braking to a stop and rolling down the window, and if it occurred to you to look over your shoulder you'd be gone before you had even turned around. There are a hundred and thirty-six named passes in Colorado, and a car can get over half of them without strain, at least in the summer.

An arrival at Cumbres at a speed of ten miles an hour behind one of the

*Flower-Picking Wife*

*I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can* steam engines of the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad is, however, an achievement. It's not something you can do all the time—the trains run only from the first week in June through the second week of October. When they do run, there's one train a day for Cumbres; it leaves Chama at ten in the morning. Standard-gauge railroad track is four feet eight and a half inches wide—an arbitrary but substantial figure that some say is based on the distance between the ruts worn by chariots and wagons in the stones of the old Roman roads of Britain. The rails on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic track are only three feet apart, and the ground has been cleared for only a few feet on either side of the track. A ride over track of this width is fascinating: it has as much immediacy as a bicycle ride, but you seem to be gliding just above the ground in a dream. Cumbres is an hour away from Chama by train, and it's generally ten degrees colder. The whole trip, twisting through mountain valleys, past stands of pine, cottonwood, and aspen, along ledges cut into the bulging sides of mountains, is up a grade so steep that the engine repeatedly throws off roiling columns of gray-black coal smoke sixty feet high, like a bottle releasing a different genie every second. The engine is often as much as sixteen feet higher than the final car on the train it pulls. When the train gets to Cumbres, the first level place it has encountered in an hour, it has to stop, so that the engine can absorb several thousand gallons of water. And when it gets there it has reached what just happens to be the highest point in the country traversed by passenger trains. So there it is—Cumbres. Frimbo's peak.

Cumbres was certainly never planned to be the highest point railroad passengers could reach, and the experience of Cumbres was not thought by most travellers to have anything to do with their purpose in travelling. Cumbres was just one more thing to put behind you. The sixty-four-mile track between Antonito and Chama was installed in the early eighteen-eighties and was only a small segment of a much longer line, now mostly gone, that linked Denver with the towns of Durango and Silverton, way west in the San Juans, where in the eighteen-seventies gold and silver had been discovered. There was a small station at Cumbres—there still is. There was even a post office there until 1937, which was really just for railroad workers—the grade up from Chama was so steep that sometimes as many as three extra engines had to be added on in Chama and cut out at Cumbres. But the miners' race to the mining camps was not the only race across Cumbres: the railroad itself, the Denver & Rio Grande, was racing to reach Durango before its rival, the Santa Fe Railroad, could run tracks there. Thus, for a long time, Cumbres wasn't the highest point for passengers, because there were several thousand miles of narrow-gauge track all over the Colorado Rockies, reaching many parts higher than Cumbres (narrow-gauge track was cheaper to build than standard-gauge, and could make sharper turns through the mountains). Then for a time, after all the narrow-gauge track that reached points higher than Cumbres had passed out of use, Cumbres was only *potentially* the highest point for passengers, because only freight trains ran over the line. In 1951, Alfred E. Perlman, the general manager of the Denver & Rio Grande Western, who wished to close down the line to Durango altogether, had discontinued passenger service on it—service that had included, daily, an open-platform observation car and a buffet-parlor car, beloved of Frimbo, where you could get a steak dinner for a dollar and fifteen cents—because without the daily passenger trains snow would accumulate more often at Cumbres and it would cost more to clear it away, and this increase in cost would make it easier for the railroad to apply to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to abandon the whole Durango line as a losing venture. (Perlman, who later became the president of the New York Central Railroad, used similar tricks—except when foiled by Frimbo and some of his friends—to close Eastern branch lines.) But after the passenger trains had been withdrawn the Durango line

## THE GARDEN ON THE CAMPAGNA

Noon—and the shadows of the trees
have fallen from the branches. The frail
blue butterflies still flutter hungrily
among the weeds, and a few pale flowers
climb up the yellow hill and fade away.
The scarred brown lizards lie immobile
in the dust. A line of ants
picks clean the carcass of a frog.

Only the smallest things survive
in this exhausted land the gods
so long ago abandoned. Time
and rain have washed the hero's face
from off the statue. The sundial
stands perpetually in shade.

The bankrupt palace still remains
beyond the wall that summer builds,
doors bolted shut, the roof caved in,
the ancient family without heirs,
and one half-blind old man who sits
each day beside the empty pond
mumbling to himself in dialect.
The village boys throw stones at him,
but he will never leave, and there
is no one left who knows if he
was once the servant or the sire.

—Dana Gioia

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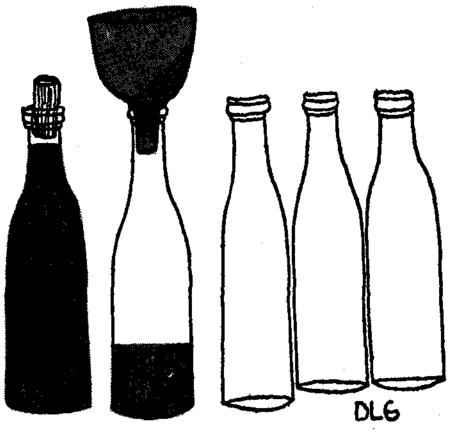

started making money again. In the nineteen-fifties, there was a huge discovery of oil and gas at the far end of the line, near Farmington, New Mexico, and the pipes needed to bring them out of the ground had to be brought in on railroad flatcars.

Cumbres finally became the highest point for passengers only thirteen years ago, when the track from Antonito to Chama, no longer needed to supply the oil and gas fields, was saved by preservationists from Colorado and New Mexico, who persuaded the two states to set up the only two-state-owned railroad in the country: the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic, a tourist railroad that would inherit much of the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gauge freight equipment, thus preserving the most spectacular part of a working narrow-gauge mountain railroad. No one knows how long Cumbres will go on being the highest point, because the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic is expensive to operate and, although registered as a National Historic Landmark, hard to publicize in the middle of mostly uninhabited country, and a great many people have never heard of it. Kyle Railways, Inc., the private operating company for the line, is hoping to put things on a stable basis by tapping the vast market of Texans who could drive to the railroad's two terminuses on their vacations. (There are eleven Texans for every New Mexican or for every two Coloradans.) But there it is, for now—Cumbres. And you can get there on a train—part of the time, at least. Even if you have to drive to get to the train.

I HAD Frimbo's plaque on my lap when I heard most of this information about the high pass. It was the morning of the day that the plaque was going to be put in place, and I was sitting on the train to Cumbres, between Francis Whitaker and his wife, Portia. I had already had a day with the Whitakers, meeting them in Santa Fe, then driving to Chama early the next morning—the Whitakers get up at six. Now there were seven of us in the group that was to install the plaque. Besides the Whitakers and myself, there were two other people from New York, and a couple from California. We were all sitting in the lead car of a twelve-car train made up of eighty-year-old boxcars with windows chopped out of their wooden sides and comfortable-enough molded-plastic seats bolted to their floors. There were two hundred and fifty people on the train. Francis was wearing a Tyrolian hat and an old Burberry of his brother's—a coat Rogers had had with him for at least a million miles of his train travels. Francis had a picnic hamper on his lap. Portia was wearing a large straw hat and carrying a Polaroid. She told me the names of the wild flowers we were passing. The conductor, talking over a loudspeaker, told an unknown passenger to "put your child's legs back inside the train."

When no one else was talking, Francis, in a quiet, measured voice, told me about people who had climbed over Cumbres through the years. The mountain sun poured in the open windows on all aboard, and the mountain air swirled through the cars and set the coattails of Francis's Burberry flapping. I was very conscious of holding tightly to the plaque. Utes and Apaches, Francis began, were probably the first people to find Cumbres. After them came Spanish explorers from Mexico, who named both the mountains and the pass—"Cumbres" is Spanish for "summits," "highlights," "culminations." After them came mountain men and beaver trappers, and then Missouri soldiers hunting Indians, and then miners, and then homesteaders, with their cattle and covered wagons. But more memorable than any of these, to Francis's way of thinking, were the railroad builders, a gang of Irish and French-Canadian workers, who, using only dynamite and hand tools, graded the

line, blasted a curving tunnel three hundred and sixty-six feet long out of solid rock, built two wooden trestles more than a hundred feet high, and then, skirting a six-hundred-foot drop into Toltec Gorge and cresting Cumbres itself, put down the sixty-four miles of track between Antonito and Chama—and did all this work in just one month more than a year. The first rails on the Chama side of Cumbres, along the grade we were now ascending, were spiked to hand-hewn ties during the snows of November and December, 1880. "They were rugged men," Francis said. "Is their work still visible? Can we look at the track here now and see how much effort, how much ingenuity, how much firmness of purpose went into it? I often think if we could look at a house or a fence or a garden and see the presence of these things within, then there couldn't be any vandalism, because we would have too much respect."

While Francis Whitaker was passing on these stories and reflections, I found myself thinking, for the first time, of how this expedition had come about. Rogers Whitaker had travelled over every mile of passenger track in North America. But it was Francis Whitaker who had decided on this spot to remember him in. And it was Francis Whitaker who had made the plaque, who had arranged with officials in Colorado and New Mexico to let him place it on their railroad, and who had gathered our group together and put us on the train. I began by thinking, What a remarkable pair of brothers! And it also seemed to me—although I couldn't really explain it—that in getting to know Francis I was getting close to something in Frimbo himself that I hadn't known in all my years with him.

Francis Whitaker is seventy-six, and lives and works in Aspen, Colorado, when he isn't out on the road. He moved to Aspen from Carmel, California, in 1963—even though he was a member of the Carmel City Council at the time—because he thought Carmel was getting too stodgy. He has his own forge, the Mountain Forge, in downtown Aspen, where, either alone or with a student, he hand-forges wrought-iron gates, ornamental fences, railings, tables, lamps, candlesticks, fireplace tools, and what is called door hardware, meaning latches, hinges, and handles. Wrought iron means worked iron, as distinguished from cast iron, which gets its shape in a mold. People who do this kind of handwork are nowadays often called artist-blacksmiths, to differentiate them from farriers—the blacksmiths who shoe horses—but Francis says he was always happy just to be known as a dirty old blacksmith. For fifty years, Francis has had as much work as he can handle, but he is also now in constant demand as a teacher, and he and Portia regularly travel to schools and forges all over the country, where Francis holds workshops for groups of up to twenty master and apprentice blacksmiths and also gives demonstrations for audiences of several hundred people. Every year, a couple of dozen of his students write him thank-you notes. A recent one said, "I find that your direct blacksmithing approach, supported by your highly de-

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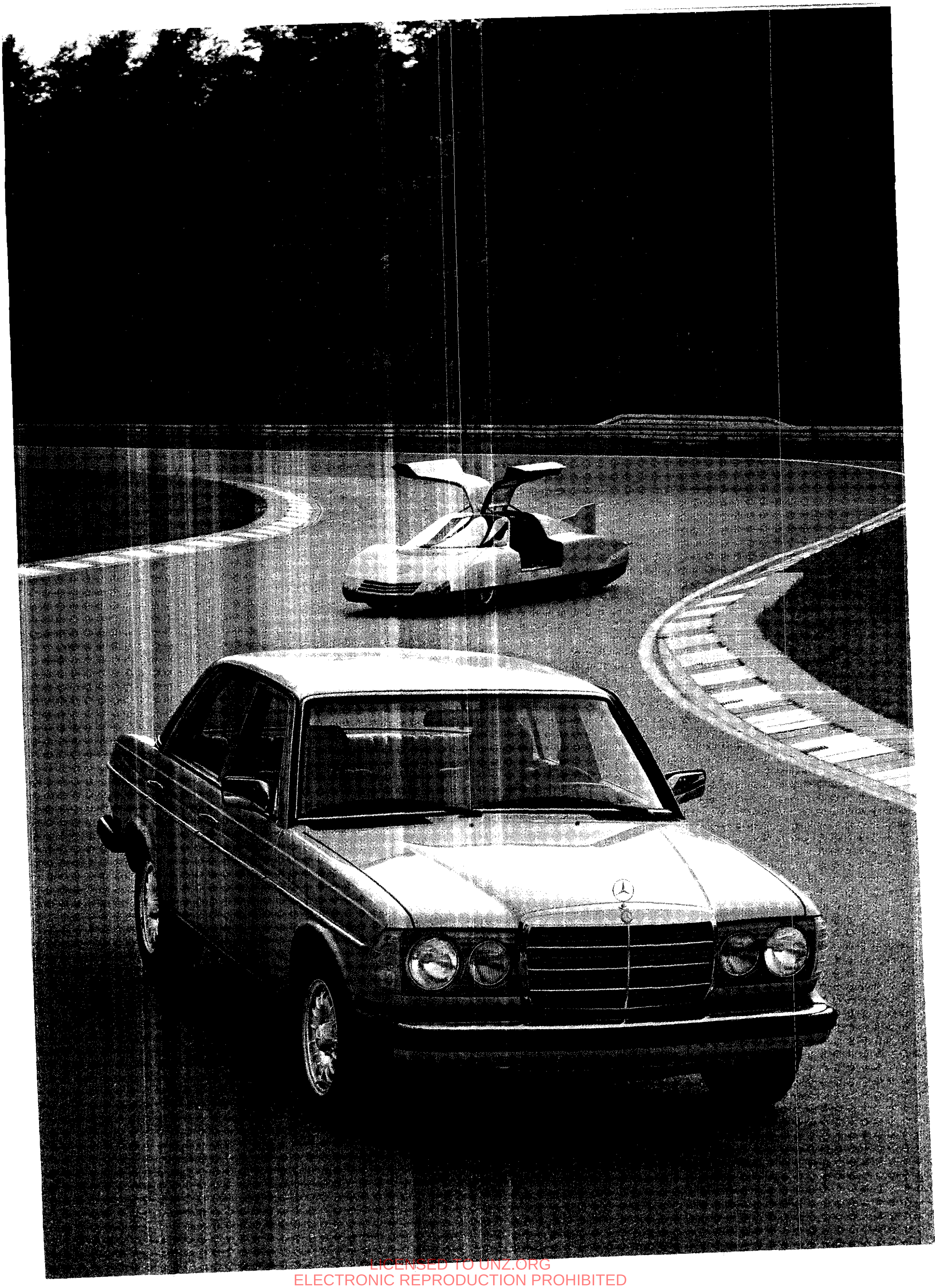

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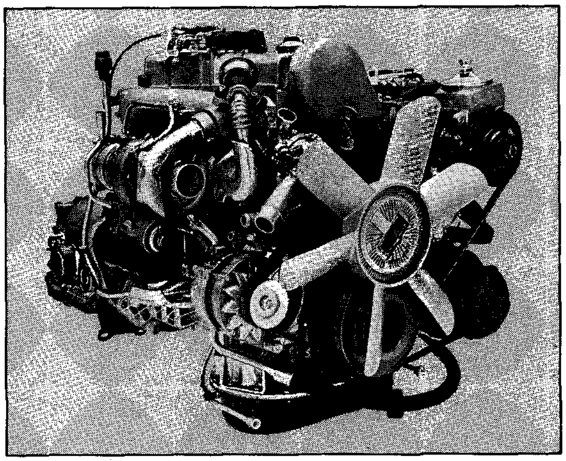
**Mercedes-Benz transferred the best-performing engine in diesel annals from the record books to the production line–creating the best-performing diesel automobile in America, if not the world: the swift, smooth, highly civilized 300D Turbodiesel Sedan.**



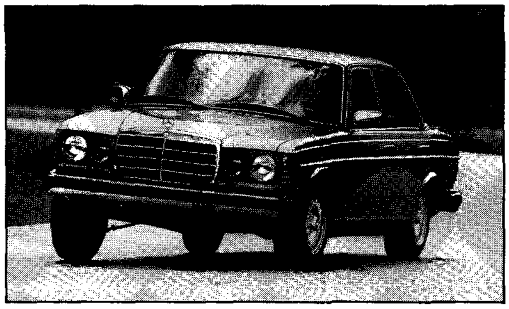
*Powerful 3-liter, 5-cylinder turbodiesel engine lends the 300 D unrivaled performance.*

Five cylinders, turbocharged, so intent on high performance that its pistons would be constantly cooled by automatic injections of oil–it was a radical new breed of diesel engine that Mercedes-Benz designed.

But instead of rushing it into production, the engineers first raced it around the high-speed Nardò circuit in Italy–mounted in the C-111/3 research vehicle shown in the background at left.

Circulating for 12 continuous hours at an *average* of 195 mph, the C-111/3 and its amazing new power plant proceeded to establish nine new world speed and endurance records. No diesel had ever gone this far, this fast before. And perhaps no record-setter had ever run so frugally before. The C-111/3's fuel mileage for 12 hours at almost 200 mph: 14.7 mpg.

The point had been made. The performance diesel engine was proven. Sufficiently so that its design was then carried over to the production line virtually intact. And is now found beneath the hood of the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan shown here.



The result is the best-performing production diesel automobile in America, if not the world.

Generating vivid acceleration and muscular passing power; cruising ease all but indistinguishable from gasoline-powered cars; and EPA fuel mileage figures of 27 mpg city est. and 33 hwy.*

### Chassis to match

The 300D's engine performance is complemented by its over-the-road performance.

"The 300D's success in striking a balance between ride, comfort and handling response is equaled by less than a handful of other cars in the world," reports one American automotive journal.

That highlights one key difference between the 300D and common luxury sedans. Another is driving pleasure; this must be one of the *nimblest* 1½-ton automobiles afoot. Its highly refined fully independent suspension system means that you can cover ground quickly in this car–even if the ground is full of chuckholes, sudden curves, or other rude surprises.

The cabin meanwhile affords civilized comfort for five persons. This is more than a matter of trappings and gadgetry. The 300D is a *solid* machine, secure-feeling even in extremes. Careful aerodynamic detailing of the exterior helps keep it almost eerily free of wind noise. Your body is rested in carefully contoured, heavily padded seats specifically designed to cope with the physical stress of prolonged driving.

Amenities are plentiful. Automatic climate control, electronic AM/FM stereo radio and cassette player, electric window lifts–few if any reasonable creature comforts are *not* fitted as standard.

The 300D incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment as well.

### Proven on paper and on the road

Proof of the 300D's worth can be found on any road in America. It is amplified on paper–in the record that this car has compiled for retaining its value.

After the first three years, in fact, the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan has been shown to retain an average of 80 percent of original value, at retail. Proof, indeed.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

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**Engineered like no other car in the world**

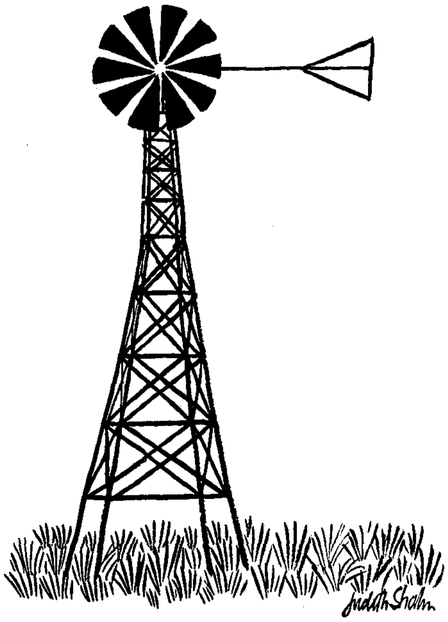
veloped skills, has proved to me that productivity lies in the hands of the smith, not in an arc welder or machine tools, etc."

The skills that Francis acquired as a young man—shaping and putting together pieces of iron by heating them, setting them on an anvil, and then striking them with a hammer while the iron is still hot—had been developed and improved by a succession of blacksmiths over the last four thousand years. A smith is a smiter, someone who knows how to hit metal; and iron is the black metal: blacksmith. Two thousand years before blacksmiths, there were redsmiths—people who shaped the soft red metal, copper. The techniques of the blacksmiths, the product of perhaps a hundred and fifty generations of human effort, observation, and intelligence, almost disappeared in this country during the Second World War, with the adoption of two new tools that almost anyone could master in short order: the acetylene torch, which made cutting a piece of iron nearly as easy as cutting a piece of wood with a jigsaw, and the arc welder, which made sticking together two pieces of iron nearly as simple as gluing them together.

Francis Whitaker taught welding at a San Francisco shipyard during the Second World War. Then he returned to his forge and went back to work with a hammer. In the late nineteen-sixties, there was a revival of interest in traditional blacksmithing in this country, and, in March of 1973, twenty-seven smiths and would-be smiths attended a meeting in Lumpkin, Georgia, and formed an international organization, the Artist-Blacksmiths' Association of North America (ABANA)—something blacksmiths in this country had never thought of doing before. Three years later, Francis, who had worked by himself since 1945, and had never exhibited his work except at county fairs, was discovered by ABANA, which by then had six hundred members, and he was invited to demonstrate his methods at an ABANA conference in Carbondale, Illinois. In 1978, Francis served a term as president of ABANA, and since then he has been founding president of the Southwest Artist Blacksmith Association and has been made an honorary life-member of the Upper Midwest Blacksmiths' Association, the California Blacksmiths Association, the Arizona Artist Blacksmith Association, the Southern Ohio Forge & Anvil, and the Appalachian chapter of ABANA. ABANA itself now has more than two thousand members, most of them under forty. ABANA, says Francis, "caught on like a combination of wildfire and snowballs."

Francis Whitaker today is the most sought-after teacher of blacksmithing in the country. His 1983 itinerary has so far included workshops in New Mexico, Alabama, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, where he has helped the Campbell Folk School, in Brasstown, set up a forge with eleven hearths and eleven anvils. He was also head demonstrator at the ABANA tenth-anniversary conference, in Madison, Georgia. In between trips, he completed some thirty jobs at his forge, including a four-and-a-half-foot by six-and-a-half-foot gate, a railing to go around the forge, and a hundred and six door handles for a house in Breckenridge, Colorado.

In July of 1981, Francis and Portia added a three-day trip to Cumbres to their 1981 itinerary. They drove down to Chama through Cumbres, spent the night in a motel, and then got on a train for Cumbres the next morning. Francis had Rogers' ashes with him. He had decided to scatter them at Cumbres, but he wanted to bring them there on the train so he could add a final 37.92 miles to Frimbo's millions. Last year, Francis cut the plate for Frimbo's plaque, wrote out the inscription for it, and hammered in the words with letter punches at his forge. Then he set about getting permission from the Colorado and New Mexico authorities to add this piece of hardware to their railroad line and gathered the seven of us together to take the plaque to Cumbres on the train. He told us on the train that he'd had a good time making the plaque, because a brass plaque was one thing he had never made before, and that the timing of this train trip had worked out well for him, because he had been able to fit it in between holding a workshop near Santa Fe, where he had made a railing for a circular staircase, and finishing an ornamental fence for a new house in Aspen. (Aspen is by now something of a museum of Whitaker ironwork.) He had already arranged to have the workshop coincide with his annual trip to the Santa Fe Opera with Portia and some friends he has known for fifty years.



"MY kid brother has a busy schedule" was what Rogers Whitaker usually said whenever he had a piece of news about Francis to pass on. As a result, when I finally met Francis—two years ago, when he was in New York to visit Rogers in the hospital—I already knew about many of the things he had done. I knew that three years after Francis moved to Aspen he became chairman of the Aspen Planning and Zoning Commission and persuaded the city to adopt a new master plan that put strict limits on future growth in central Aspen. And I knew that Francis had forged a set of iron gates for Leon Uris's house in Aspen, using a figure of a Haganah freedom fighter as the center of the design; that Francis had been elected and reëlected to the Aspen City Council; that Leon Uris had modelled Conor Larkin, the blacksmith hero of "Trinity," after Francis; that Francis had designed two fireplaces for John Denver's house in Aspen; that Francis had been awarded an honorary doctorate of humane letters by the University of Colorado; that Francis was known as the dean of American blacksmiths. After Frimbo's last visit to Francis and Portia in Aspen, he had reported that when Francis works in his forge he wears steel-rimmed spectacles and a flat black cloth cap; that Francis likes to get to work at seven or seven-thirty in the morning; that he likes to take a break at three in the afternoon and sit on a little bench in front of the forge and drink a can of Coors; that a friend of Francis's caught him doing chores around the house and helping Portia in her garden, and accused him of being a "wife pleaser;" that when Francis had been awarded his honorary degree and was seated in academic robes among his fellow-honorees, including a former mayor of Denver and

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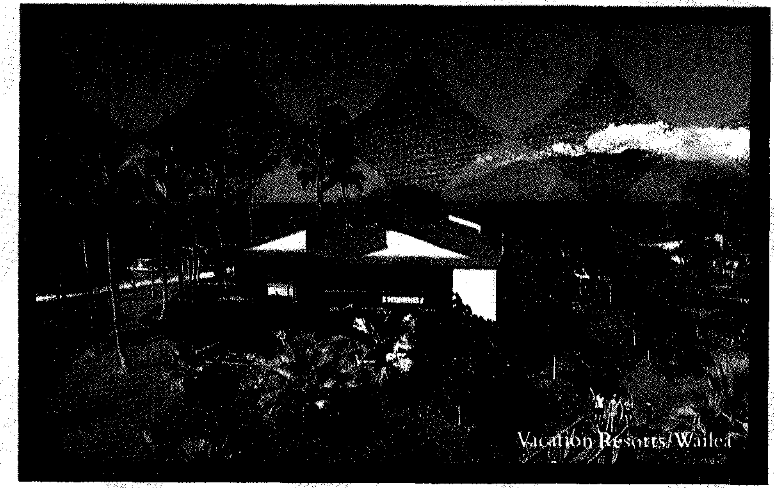
the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, he began waving his arms, trying to attract the attention of his son, Dr. Stephen Whitaker, a professor of chemical engineering at the University of California at Davis, who was in the audience taking photographs and hadn't noticed that he had forgotten to remove his lens cap.

I also knew a few personal details about Francis and Portia. I knew that after Francis met Portia, who is his second wife, seventeen years ago, they got married in two months. (Portia was living in Sterling, Colorado, and Francis told her they were going to get married because their phone bills were higher than either one of them could afford.) That Portia's mother was the first woman to graduate from North Carolina Medical College, married a Russian agronomist, and went off to Russia with him. That Portia was born in Turkestan and that her family had to flee Russia during the Revolution. That she wound up in Colorado, where she married a building contractor, raised four sons, helped to run the contracting business after her husband died, and learned to ski when she was fifty (Francis can ski two miles down Aspen Mountain in seven minutes flat). That when Francis and Portia got married they didn't know if they wanted a honeymoon, because although they were sure they wanted to live together they weren't sure whether they would make compatible travelling companions. In the end, they went on a trial honeymoon, driving to one state park, two national parks, and four national monuments in seven days; and when they found that they liked this trip they chartered a sailboat with a captain and a cook and a crew of deckhands for a week in the Grenadines, having first made sure that on their final night, when they planned to have steak and champagne in the Tobago keys, there would be a full moon. Francis is good at planning this kind of moment. He carries in his wallet a picture of himself and two friends taken one morning in California in 1963, at sunrise, on the top of Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the lower forty-eight states. The three friends had climbed all night by moonlight in order to see the sun rise over the edge of the world.

WHEN I first met Francis and Portia, he was busy dealing with Rogers' affairs, and I really had a chance for only a brief look at him. My first impression was of his



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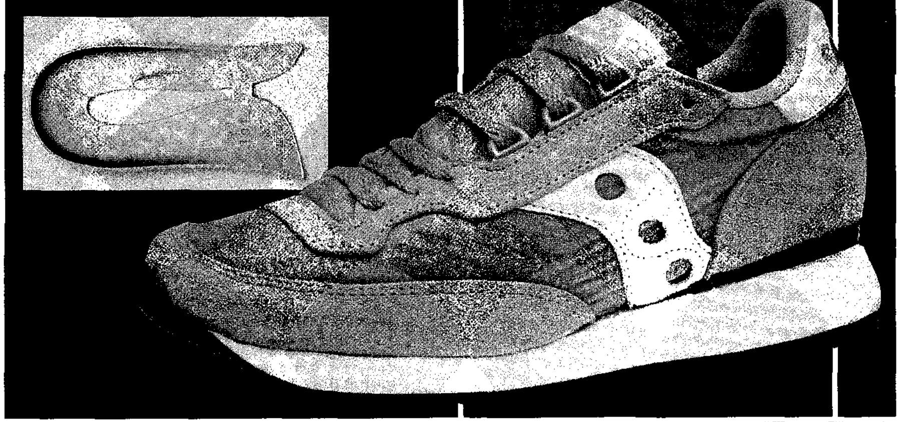

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*Whitakerness*. There was no doubt that he and Rogers were brothers—they had the same big frame and big head and high forehead and prominent nose. Francis is taller and leaner, but the impression was: So this is what Rogers would have looked like if he had spent more time outdoors, if he had spent more time standing up, if he had used a hammer instead of a pen. Francis wears glasses, whereas Rogers didn't, and he has a softer voice and a much milder look; but there was something familiar about the strength inside the voice and the attentiveness behind the look. After Rogers' death, Francis went back to Aspen before I had time to get to know him, and as the year went on my sense of Rogers himself—strengths and weaknesses both—seemed to be beginning to slip away.

That summer, Rogers' books and papers and personal effects were packed up and shipped to the American Heritage Center of the University of Wyoming, at Laramie, and most of his railroad-magazine subscriptions started to expire. It seemed as though I had just about finished saying goodbye. But it turned out that the good part of the goodbye came a little later, when I began hearing unexpectedly from a few people who had decided to make some kind of memorial tribute to him. John L. Haber, a young New York theatre director who conceived and directed "Frimbo," a musical that played in Grand Central Terminal in 1980, began preparing a documentary about Rogers' life. Haber has so far videotaped interviews with forty-six of Frimbo's friends, including nightclub singers, two Amtrak presidents, a couple of peers, and Harvard's football coach. Robert Lewis, who is the publisher of *Railway Age*, *Railway Track & Structures*, and *International Railway Journal*, and who had been a travelling companion of Frimbo's since the late nineteen-thirties, called up to say that he had somehow persuaded New Jersey Transit to put back in service, for one day only, an old, open-platform observation car that Frimbo had ridden in on its very first run, more than fifty-five years before, and that the car would be used for an E. M. Frimbo Memorial Trip. (Last August, twenty people, including a timetable publisher and the special-projects director of Amtrak, showed up for an early-evening run across New Jersey from Newark to Phillipsburg, on the Delaware River.) And Lewis said I might want to know

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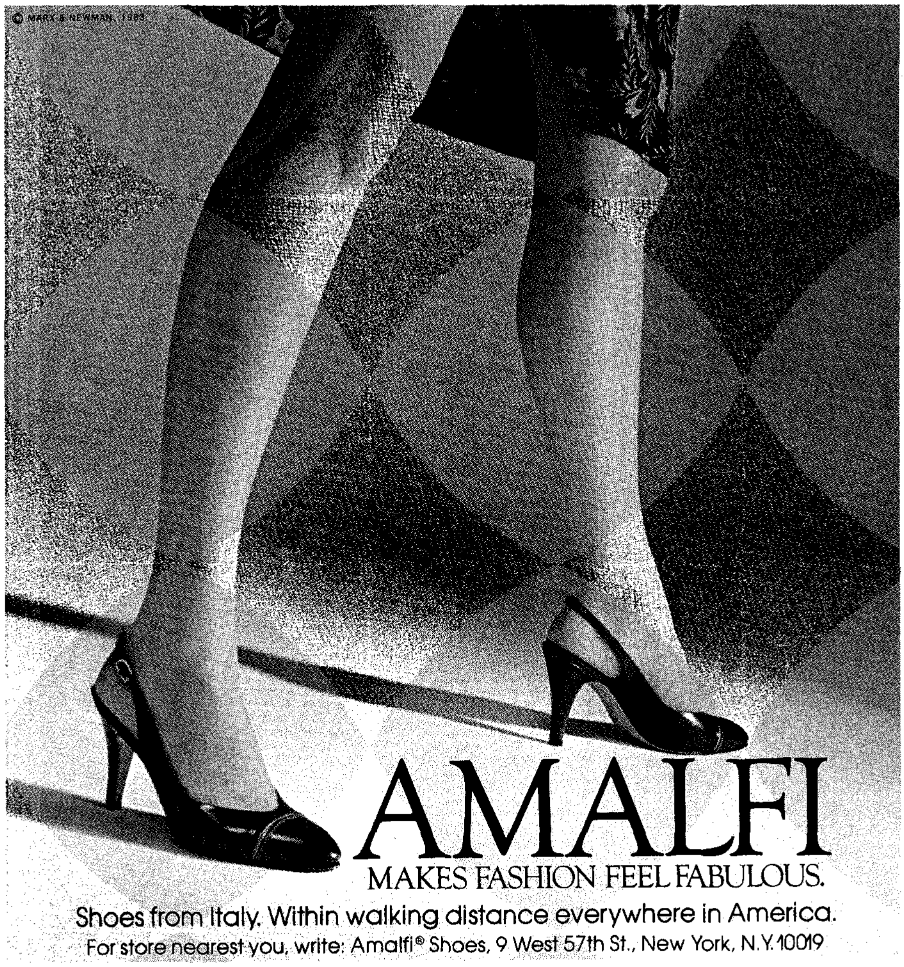

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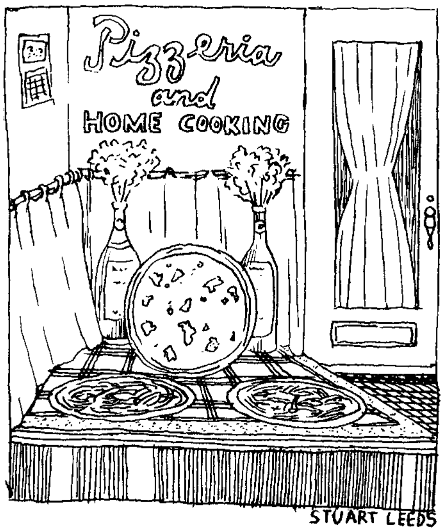
how many things had been happening in *passenger-train operations* since Frimbo's last ride—things that showed that the world might be catching up with Frimbo, that Frimbo had been right never to lose interest in train travel. For one thing, Lewis said, Amtrak had scotched an attempt by the Reagan Administration to reduce it from a nationwide system to a short-haul corridor service between Boston, New York, and Washington. And Amtrak had turned itself into a good railroad, with very modern equipment, trains that ran on time, and a new president—W. Graham Claytor, Jr.—who promised to restore fresh food cooked on board to his dining cars and to replace the plastic knives and forks with stainless steel. (Claytor has fulfilled these promises, has added Häagen-Dazs ice cream to the menu, and has even restored overnight shoe-shine service to the sleeping cars of the Florida trains. He has also said that when track work allowing trains from Penn Station to go north via the West Side of Manhattan is completed in a few years, he will name the first train on the new track the Rogers Whitaker Special.) There was talk, Lewis continued, of starting high-speed rail service for the first time in this country—maybe in California, maybe in Florida. (Since then, there has been even more talk—of high-speed service between Dallas and Houston, between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and between New York and Montreal, and of high-speed magnetic-levitation trains between Chicago and Milwaukee.) Overseas, there were the second-generation high-speed trains in France, the restoration of the Orient Express between London and Venice, and the inauguration of a touring train from Delhi, made up of twelve eighty-year-old state coaches, with chandeliers, carpets, separate dining cars for Continental and subcontinental cuisine, and an observation car with an open veranda and solid-brass pillars.

And I had a visit that fall from Dr. Gene M. Gressley, of the University of Wyoming, who is one of the country's great hunters of archival material, having in the last twenty-seven years obtained the books, papers, and files of eight thousand people for the university's American Heritage Center. It was Gressley who had arranged to have Frimbo's papers and effects from both his office and his apartment—they filled a truck—sent there, and he wanted to tell me that the material now formed the Rogers E. M. Whitaker Collection and would enrich the Center's holdings in both transportation and journalism. A few months later, Gressley called me to say that a catalogue of the Whitaker Collection—running to three hundred and ninety-four pages—had been prepared, and that thousands of Frimbo's timetables, from six continents and many decades, and twenty thousand of his railroad postcards, together with his correspondence, fourteen bottles of wine, four Bobby Short albums, two homburgs, and a full-dress suit are now available for scholarly inspection in the same building that houses the papers of Ada Louise Huxtable, James Beard, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Everett Horton.

And then I heard from Francis Whitaker. Flying out to New Mexico to meet the Whitakers, I had a sudden sense that Frimbo's memory was being dispersed—to New Jersey, to Wyoming, to Colorado—and I was disheartened. It seemed to risk obliterating a man I had always felt to be all of a piece and one of a kind. The thought disappeared when I met the Whitakers, who gave me a Margarita; treated me to a Mexican dinner in a former convent; took me to the Santa Fe Opera; showed me, on the drive to Chama, one of the oldest irrigation ditches in the United States, which is half a mile long and was dug by Indians seven or eight hundred years ago and has been in continuous use ever since, having deposited many feet of topsoil on the otherwise barren land it waters; and introduced me to a rodeo cowboy who had constructed a machine that swung two drainpipes, like pendulums, in parallel arcs a few inches above the ground. The cowboy was lassoing the pipes in order to practice his steer roping—the pipes moving something like the hind legs of an escaping steer. The cowboy said he had broken his wrist and as a consequence had to relearn his throw, using different arm muscles. It took a lot of practice, because first he had to unlearn his old throw—he said that Pavlov had discovered that it takes twenty-nine times as long to break a habit as it does to inculcate one. Francis looked at the pipe-swinging machine and suggested that it would move more smoothly if he added a flywheel to his gear drive. "Oh, Portia," said Francis when we were all back in the car, "I'd forgotten what a beautiful ride this is."

It was on the train to Cumbres, as I said, that I first began to put the two brothers, Rogers and Francis, side by side in my mind. When I did this, instead of seeing two hardworking, strong-minded, unique, and unrepeatable people, I seemed to see the pair of them at once, moving in tandem across a long stretch of time. It was as if I had just doubled my memories of Rogers. When I thought of Rogers at his desk in his shirtsleeves and braces, or at a football game with his enormous binoculars, or sitting on a train with his Burberry on his lap, the question came to me: And what was Francis doing then? After I had spent some time with Francis, he no longer looked to me extraordinarily like his brother, but in his company I felt the same quality of mind at work. I seemed to be noticing not the Whitakerness of Francis but the Frimboness of both Rogers and Francis. I seemed to be seeing, that is, not two sets of lifework but one worker making two different series of choices. Or maybe it was one endowment distributed between two different people. So the particular actions of Rogers were just Rogers' way of using something inside him. It seemed that such a something could appear in different people, and in people with different interests. But how was such an endowment formed?

THE train reached Cumbres, but it was not time for installing the plaque. This was only a quick stop to take on water. The train was heading for a lunch stop at a station called Osier, twelve miles down the other side of the pass. There we would meet the daily train from Antonito, which would pull up alongside us on a short stretch of parallel track. A buffet lunch, choice of American (barbequed beef) or Mexican (enchilada and tamale), would be served to both sets of passengers. After lunch, the two trains would switch engines, and we would get on the Chama-bound train and come back up to Cumbres, where there would be a twenty minute stop and time for the installation.



On the slight downgrade into Osier, the engine doesn't work so hard and puts out less smoke, and the trip is quieter, and talking is a simpler matter. I asked Francis if he knew what had led him to forge work, and he told me that the quick answer was his father, and the slow answer was both his parents. He said that his father, an architectural critic who was the first editor of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, in Washington, D.C., was always known in the family as the Skipper, and went on, "In 1922, when I was fifteen and at the end of my junior year of high school, at the School of Organic Education, in Fairhope, Alabama, I came home for the summer and told the Skipper, 'I can figure out how many yards of ditch a man can dig in a day if he can dig so many cubic feet an hour, but I know nothing about his experience, or his life.' The Skipper didn't necessarily see that I had a blacksmith in me, but he was wise enough to steer me in the direction of handwork; and because he knew everyone in the field of building he got me a place that fall as a helper under Samuel Yellin, of Philadelphia, who made great decorative ironworks for architects, and who was probably America's greatest smith. And the first time I got ahold of a piece of hot iron and a hammer—and I have heard other smiths say the same thing—I knew this was for me. I never went back to school.

"The fascination was this, and remains this: iron has a strength no other material has, and yet it has in it at the same time a capacity for being light, graceful, and beautiful. It has this capacity—but no desire. It will do nothing by itself, except sit there and resist you. Even when it's heated, it remains stubborn and has, at best, the consistency of lead—sort of mushy and sticky or spongy. All the desire, and all the knowledge of how to impart this desire to the iron, must come from the smith. He needs quite a bit of strength, but not an abnormal amount. It is largely upper-body strength, and this is the only reason almost all smiths are men. He has about thirty seconds to work after each heating of the iron—time enough for forty or

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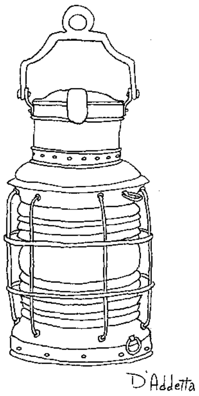
fifty swings of a two-and-a-half-pound hammer. Each blow is doubled, because the anvil underneath exerts an equal and opposite force, but each blow of the hammer affects only the area directly hit. So every blow must tell, and to make it do so a smith must concentrate all his attention, and be completely relaxed, and not think at all when he swings his hammer. When he swings, he will use his whole body and swing from his heels. And if he gets a drop of molten metal between his hammer-handle and his palm while making a forge weld he must let it burn and dig it out afterward. The time to think and plan is while the metal is heating. When the iron comes out of the fire, the smith becomes deaf and dumb. Striking is executing what you've planned. I lose myself in my work and get a lot done. Because, when you know how to handle it, iron is very flexible: you can twist it, stretch it, bend it, split it, pierce it, or upset it—which means thicken it, swell it out. Nothing comes naturally with iron. But when a great smith, like Samuel Yellin, works it, the iron looks as if it could have taken that shape by itself.

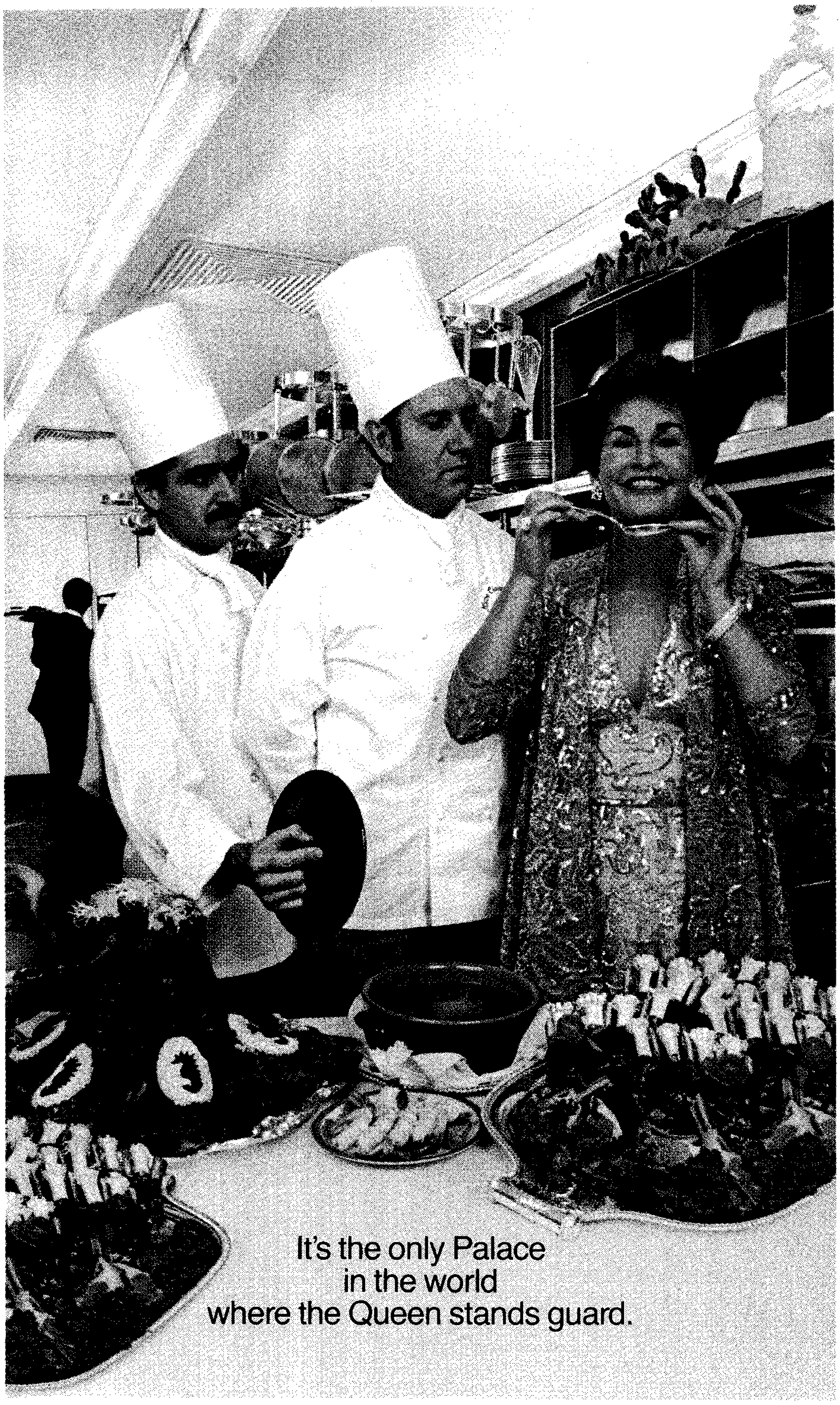


"Forge work is a very good combination of the use of the eye, the hand, and the mind—and it's creative. And iron itself is an extremely educational material—it can teach you how to deal with resistant things in yourself, in architects and clients, in life. I think now that at fifteen I was starting late—that the human nervous system matures at a rate that makes ten to twelve the right time to begin learning eye-hand-mind coördination. The smiths of the old European workshops knew this intuitively, which is why apprentices were started at this age—to help them, not to exploit them. But even at fifteen I could see that there was more than a lifetime of learning here, and I still get such a kick out of it. In sixty years, I've mastered practically every technique that has to do with working iron, but my students teach me things I don't know, and some days I'll figure out a new way of doing something and wonder: Why didn't I think of that ten years ago?

"But I began to tell you how both my parents led me to forge work. Before I went to Yellin's shop, I had learned from them how to work. My mother taught us how to cook, darn socks, wash dishes—skills she thought every human being ought to know. She made most of our clothes—even after I left home she made shirts for me for years. She was a dedicated suffragette and got her head cracked once in a demonstration in Washington. Both my parents were perfectionists, in a real way, as long as you were working toward something that was attainable. I've never quite got there with my work, but I can still keep trying, and I have some reason for satisfaction. They gave both Rogers and me a tremendous vocabulary. I think of Rogers as an example of a marvellously trained mind. Rogers always resented the Skipper for yanking him out of Princeton at the end of his sophomore year and sending him off to New York with nothing more than three letters of introduction to New York publishers, where he found his work. But my mother and the Skipper really had already given us the same thing—they made learning interesting for us, and they made work a pleasure. And when I found my work I had good teachers; in my contact with them I had enough real, thorough, basic training to be able to go on and develop my skills. Personal contact—that is the real requirement, the only way things get passed on, whether you are an ironworker or a weaver or a storyteller. I did know a doctor once who taught himself to ski from a book, but when I see someone trying to master something without the benefit of personal instruction I think, Lord, he'll never make it. And sometimes I think, Lord pity us when we come to have an absolutely perfect substitute for that kind of experience. Then we'll have nothing and think we have everything, and that'll be the absolute end."

FRANCIS's training was a seven-year apprenticeship that was compressed into three years. The first year was with Samuel Yellin, who had created a kind of university of blacksmithing unlike anything else in the history of metalwork in this country. Yellin's name is becoming well known again; Jack Andrews, a Philadelphia smith and writer, has prepared a major retrospective of Yellin's work, and is also writing a monograph on him. The show opened in Philadelphia last March. It will move to the Berkshire

Museum, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on August 5th, and on October 11th it will come to New York, to the Federal Reserve Bank, on Liberty Street. Next January, it will travel to Albany, then down to Wheeling, West Virginia, then back to upstate New York to Glens Falls and Utica. When Yellin, who was Polish, got to the United States, in 1906, he was already a master of both the techniques and the designs evolved by a hundred and fifty generations of blacksmiths. The traditional designs of the craft are based not only on the smiths' discoveries of what iron can be made to look as if it wanted to do but also on the shapes—usually bars, rods, or sheets—in which the metal came to the smiths from the ironmakers. The finished product often remains essentially bars, rods, and sheets, but if the smith knows how to bring out what is hidden inside these shapes, then his work looks alive. There is quite a lot of Yellin's work in New York City which anyone can go and see, and after I got back to the city from my trip to Colorado I went and looked at some of it. This was a very interesting thing to do at a moment when its creator was just being rediscovered. All the work I saw looked very much alive, and there are two pieces that even seem to be growing. A pair of massive tripartite lanterns flanking the front entrance to the Federal Reserve Bank and decorated with leaves, spikes, acorns, and small dragons' heads with tongues or teeth, look like elegant, giant, triple-flowered plants that have just burst through the heavy stone blocks of the front wall. At the bank, a vice-president showed me around and took me to the original banking hall, a two-story-high room on the executive floor, so that I could see the fireplace screen and hood that Yellin had forged for the huge stone fireplace, where a fire is lighted once a year for the bank's Christmas dinner. But while the Yellin work in that building is cared for with the respect we accord to a masterpiece, in a second building work just as good or better is treated like secondhand furniture. At the old Central Savings Bank building, at Broadway and Seventy-third Street, which has recently become a branch of the Apple Bank for Savings, Yellin's work has had to take its chances. Bank employees say they love the ornamental-ironwork front of the hundred-foot-long tellers' cage, but much of it has been removed to give the banking lines a better look at the tellers; and (at least the day



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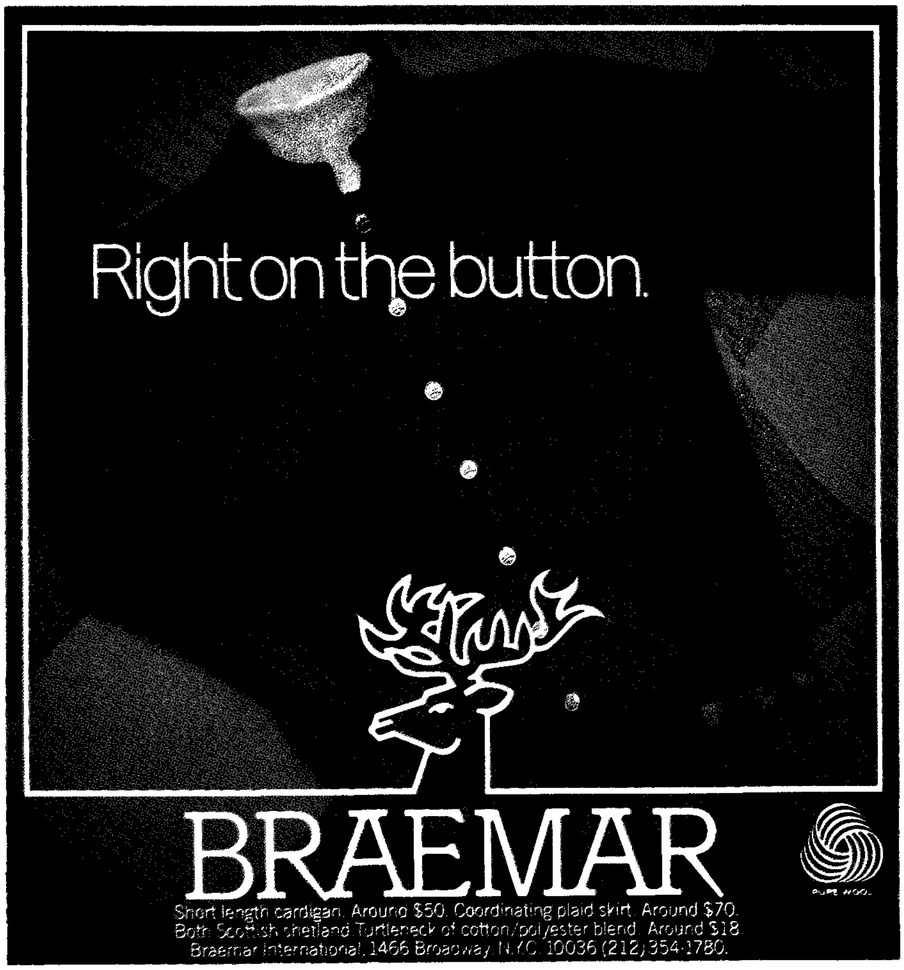

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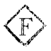
I was there) the delicate little iron roses and flower baskets on top of the cage are dusty and hung with cobwebs.

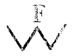
When Francis Whitaker went to work for Yellin, his shop had sixty forges and two hundred men. Yellin had been awarded the Federal Reserve Bank contract two years earlier; it called for a total of four hundred thousand pounds of wrought iron—the largest single order for ornamental ironwork ever placed with an American blacksmith. To fill his orders, Yellin had taken to meeting immigrant boats and hiring master smiths as they disembarked. He had more smiths than helpers, and their common language was work—eight hours a day, without coffee breaks. In a single year, which Francis says was the equivalent of three years' work nowadays, he worked with smiths from Italy, Germany, England, France, Spain, Poland, Switzerland, and the Virgin Islands. Many of them stayed with Yellin until his death, in 1940. His big commissions had disappeared when construction stopped in the Depression, but he kept his men on salary, paying them with his own money, hoping to set up a permanent school of blacksmithing. He was never able to get this school started. Yellin had had a serious heart attack in 1930; he was fifty-five years old when he died.

In 1923, Francis went to Berlin and served a two-year apprenticeship with a German smith, Julius Schramm, who, like Yellin, was famous for his large ornamental pieces. Almost all of Schramm's work was destroyed by bombing during the Second World War. Francis worked nine hours a day, six days a week at Schramm's forge. He says that two years with Schramm was the equivalent of four years' work nowadays. Francis went from Berlin to Carmel, where he worked for seven years for a contractor who needed a lot of ironwork because he was building in the Spanish Revival style, which had become popular during the rebuilding of Santa Barbara after an earthquake there in 1925.

In 1932, in the depths of the Depression, Francis decided to go into business for himself. For six months, he welded fenders, sharpened plows, and did whatever work came his way. But by the end of that time he had begun getting enough decorative ironwork commissions to see him through, and it's been that way ever since. It has always been his aim to be his own boss, so that he can meet the people who will be using what he creates; and he has always made it a point to live in a place where work, day-to-day living, and vacations are all a pleasure. He signs everything he makes:



This is an ironworker's design. Open up the diamond and it becomes:



BACK on the train after lunch, I was again holding Frimbo's plaque on my lap, and we were slowing down—we were almost at Cumbres again. Then we stopped, and in the silence we heard cows and birds. We saw a cowboy on horseback rounding up seventeen head of Black Angus and also saw two finches chasing each other in front of the train. It was time to install the plaque. Our party of seven got off the train, and Francis found a brand-new tie about twenty-five yards in front of the engine, near the place where Frimbo's ashes had been scattered. A brand-new tie won't have to be replaced for some thirty years. Francis rolled up one leg of his pants above the knee, knelt down and took a small drill, eight screws, and a screwdriver out of his pocket, and drilled eight holes in the tie; and then we all gave the screwdriver a few turns. This was just for now; the railroad people had promised Francis that they would bolt the plaque down in a few days. Then we got back on the train, and Francis opened the picnic hamper he had had on his lap during the morning. Inside were plastic champagne glasses, ice cubes, a cocktail shaker, heavy cream, brandy, and crème de cacao. He and Portia had decided the day before that the only fitting way to close the ceremonies was to drink a toast to Rogers in his favorite cocktail—a brandy Alexander. So that's how the trip ended—with brandy Alexanders.

It has been said that in the midst of all our confusion today Americans are trying to choose the best elements from our culture and set aside less useful things. If we still have a wide range of things to choose from, this is in part thanks to various Frimbos. In the case of the Whitakers, Rogers continued to ride trains and Francis continued to work iron long after most Americans considered both activities irrelevant. When another generation arrived, and wanted to know about such things, the information was still available. And so was the idea that learning can be interesting and work itself a pleasure.

—Tony Hiss

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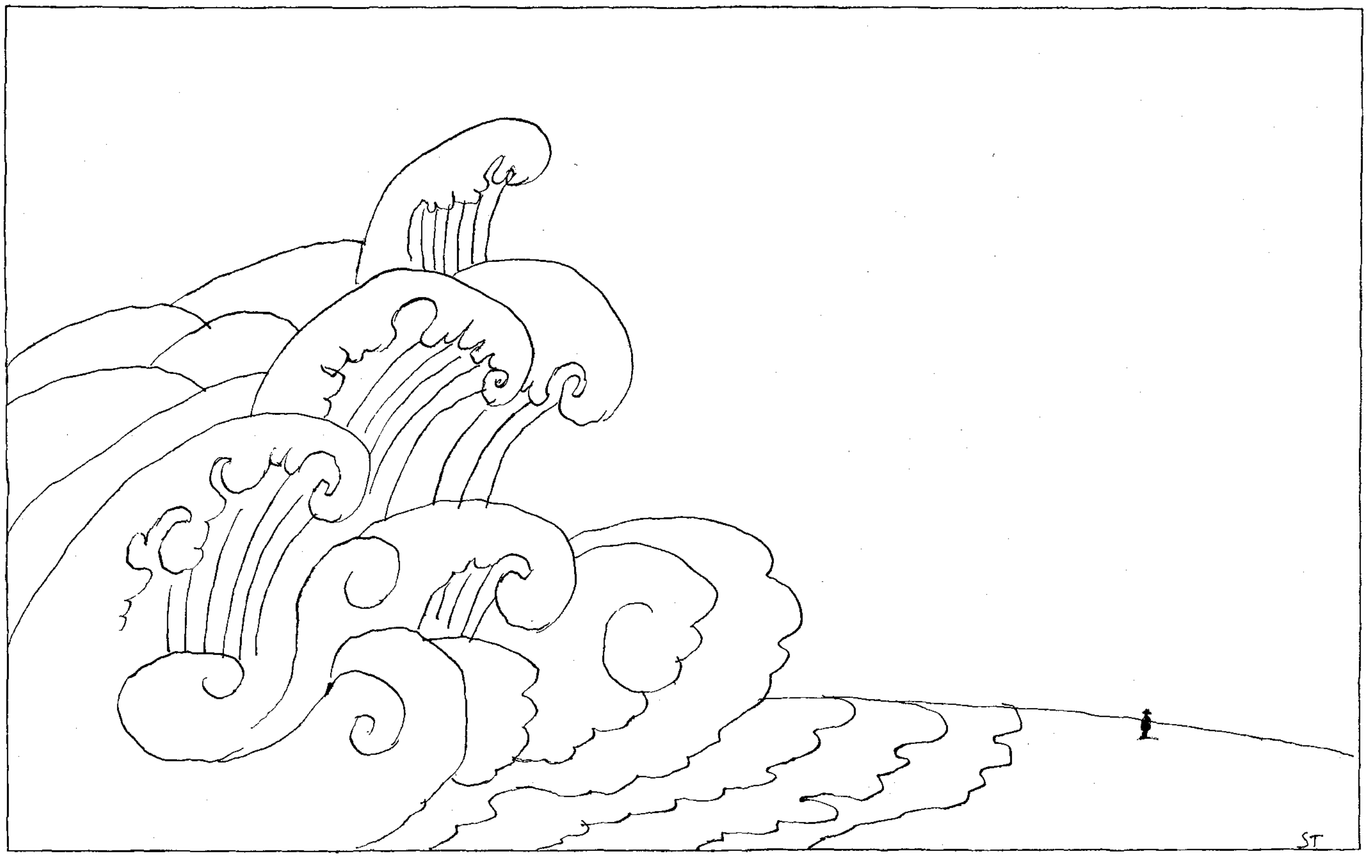
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE LAW OF THE SEA—II

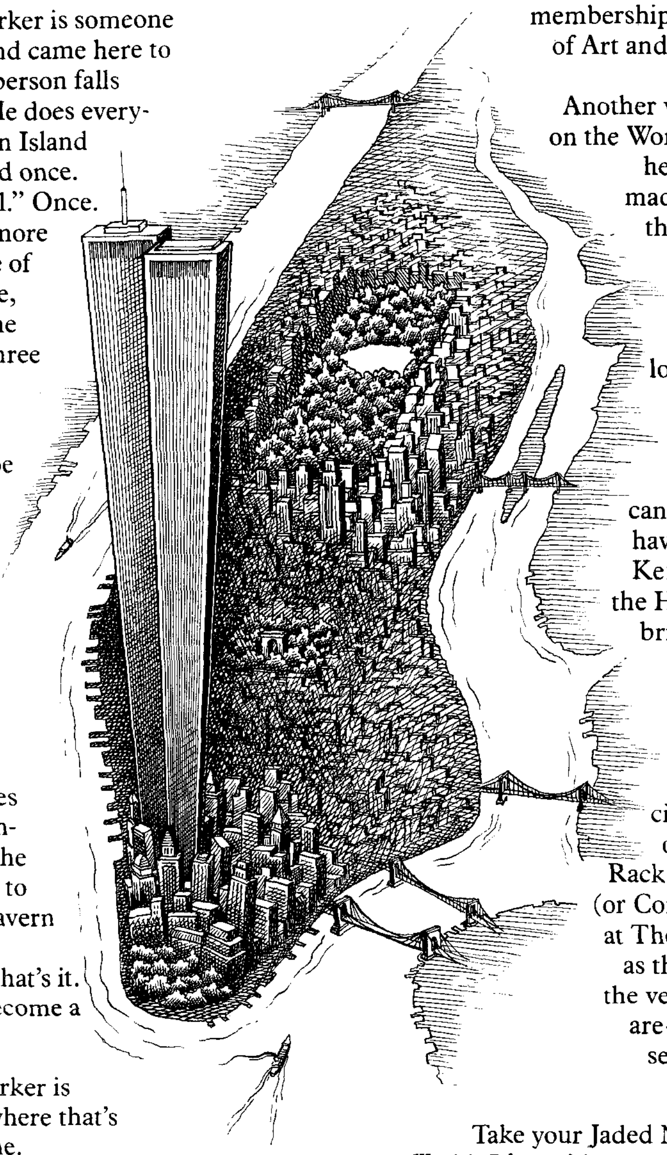


LAST December, there drew to a close a conclave that had accomplished the most complex and most inclusive redrafting of worldwide regulations ever undertaken. The treaty produced by the Third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea was sometimes called a "constitution for the oceans," and it covers all peaceful human uses of them. Among the new concepts and entities the conference shaped over the nine years of its deliberations is an International Seabed Authority, which is expected by most delegates who attended the conference to be, when or if it comes into existence, a unique world organization. Provided that the formal signing of the Law of the Sea treaty, which took place on December 10, 1982, is followed by ratification by sixty of the hundred and fifty countries participating in the conference, the Authority and its subsidiary, the Enterprise—an international body for mining metals in the seabed—will come into being. The Authority will regulate the extraction of nickel, copper, cobalt, and manganese, and, eventually, other minerals, from the floor of the deep sea, a feat that several major corporations believe to be technically, and—in better times—economically, feasible. The Authority will be the first coöperative international venture in developing, managing, regulating, and producing resources from a domain covering more than half the earth's surface, an area larger than the surface of the moon. It will be able to raise its own revenues—something that the United Nations, for example, cannot do—from taxes and royalties on the activities it oversees. It will have the power to establish its own rules and regulations, subject to the approval of participating countries; to mete out (subject to appeal) penalties to offenders against them or against the prescriptions of the treaty; and to try disputes in its own courts. Some delegates expect it to be at least an experiment in world government, if not the prototype or embryo of one. "The Authority is a very interesting experiment in supranational or international government, a move toward something many idealists have talked about," an international lawyer said during one session of the conference. "It will supervise a large area and its resources, and in that it is like a government. It differs from the United Nations in that it will deal with things that are real—commodities and sales. It may reflect the present situation of the world; unquestionably, it's another example of how small the world has become."

Whether or not the Seabed Authority represents a realistic approach to dealing with the world's resources, its advent has been viewed by the Reagan Administration with extreme distrust and aversion, as an alarming threat to the principles of free enterprise. So strong is the Administration's disapproval, in fact, that the United States government, which had been a leading participant in the negotiations, announced in July, 1982, to the considerable dismay of its principal allies, that it was rejecting the entire nine-year effort of the Third Law of the Sea Conference by refusing to sign the resulting treaty, with its manifold provisions concerning navigation, fisheries, pollution, oil and gas, and scientific research. Meanwhile, a hundred and twenty-seven of the participants in the conference have signed the treaty—the first legal step to accepting its provisions, including those for the Seabed Authority.

BECAUSE the Authority has been given powers that no other international body has had, and because there has never been anything like it,

# HOW TO MAKE A JADED NEW YORKER BECOME A NATIVE NEW YORKER AGAIN



By definition, a Native New Yorker is someone who grew up somewhere else and came here to go to work. Once arrived, this person falls seriously in love with the city. He does everything. Once. He rides the Staten Island Ferry once. He goes to Roseland once. And he saves up and goes to "21." Once. Then he starts becoming a bit more selective. He settles on a couple of Italian restaurants in the Village, a particular Chinese place on the Upper West Side, and two or three music places. He is now an official Native New Yorker.

Then the change begins. Maybe it's inertia, maybe familiarity, maybe the difficulty of getting around New York. He starts pulling back. He goes only to places in his neighborhood. If he is an Upper East Side New Yorker, he never goes to Macy's. If he's a Downtown New Yorker or a West-of-the-Hudson New Yorker, he never goes to Bloomingdale's. He goes to Balducci's or Zabar's. Whichever is in his territory. One or the other, but never both. He goes to Melon's or Clarke's or Pete's Tavern a couple of times a week. And maybe two other places. And that's it. The Native New Yorker has become a Jaded New Yorker.

By definition, a Jaded New Yorker is someone who rarely goes anywhere that's more than 15 blocks from home.

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the debate over its powers occupied the conference more than any other issue or group of issues. Largely at the insistence of the United States, the Soviet Union, and other industrial countries, the functions of the Authority have been carefully defined and circumscribed. The Authority's charter denies it powers that it is not explicitly granted; for example, though it has jurisdiction over the resources of the seabed, it has none over the waters above, except that it is responsible for preventing pollution by activities under its control. A governing council, which is to make important decisions for the Authority, will determine its success, and that of seabed-mining projects as well. The council is to have thirty-six members—four representing seabed-mining states, four representing the largest importers or consumers of seabed metals, four representing the traditional exporters of seabed metals, six representing developing countries, and eighteen chosen at large but with regard for geographical distribution. How the thirty-six would reach decisions at all was the touchiest of the conference's seabed problems. The developing countries—which acted in a bloc known as the Group of Seventy-seven—and the industrial countries both had expectations concerning seabed decisions which appeared very close to irreconcilable.

By mid-1980, four sessions on this subject had left the delegates deadlocked. Several compromise proposals had been made, examined, and rejected by one side or the other. The developing countries were committed to the council's having a democratic system of one country, one vote—a proposal whose apparent altruism was somewhat obscured by the fact that it would guarantee the Seventy-seven a majority. The United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Japan, the major industrial countries, also wanted guaranteed control of the council—in their case, through a veto of some kind—claiming that they could always be overpowered in a vote. The developing countries could expect, in addition to their six seats on the council, at least ten of the seats allotted by geography and three of the four seats for metal-exporting countries. (The fourth was certain to be Canada.) The five industrial countries would be eligible for more seats than they could occupy: three of the four seabed-mining seats, three of the four for major consumers, and two or three of the geographical-distribution seats—the balance of three or four seats going to other Western countries with investments in seabed mining, like the Netherlands and Italy. Canada would presumably vote against the five when its mining industry was affected, and with them at other times. Though the Soviet Union has ample reserves of the minerals concerned, it, too, has announced its intention to get involved in seabed mining in the future. The Soviet Union and its satellites were expected to get three seats—one of the seabed-mining seats, one of the metal consumers' seats, and one geographical-distribution seat. In 1977, when the allotments were negotiated, the Russians complained that they were so disliked they would not be elected to any seats at all—an argument that Paul Bamela Engo, of Cameroon, the chairman of the conference's Committee One, the body dealing with the seabed, judged to be justified.

Conversely, the three Soviet-bloc seats have been cited among anti-treaty partisans in Washington as an instance of the anti-American content of the entire treaty, even though the West would have at least nine seats. Although delegates from the industrial countries conceded privately that they could muster more than five votes in the council, they argued that because they had the greatest investments—of both money and equipment—in seabed mining they should also have power to block decisions in the Authority, in case some decisions should be capricious or politically motivated and harmful to their interests. Developing countries argued that seabed resources belonged equally to all countries and should be managed accordingly. "The dream of the young countries is a little different," Engo said. "They are frustrated by the United Nations and its vetoes. The young countries want no Security Councils ruling the Seabed Authority. The Authority is for all. But the United States should not be afraid: it will be ready [to start mining] before all the rest, and the Authority will be glad of some revenues."

Engo and some moderate leaders of the developing countries had agreed that companies with large seabed-mining investments needed some protection, and had attempted compromises aimed at giving the industrial countries the effect of a veto without an actual veto. Scheme after scheme failed. In March of 1980, at the ninth session, in New York, Engo had introduced an elaborate proposal, dividing the council into seabed miners, major consumers, land-based producers, and developing countries in general, with another group comprising representatives of

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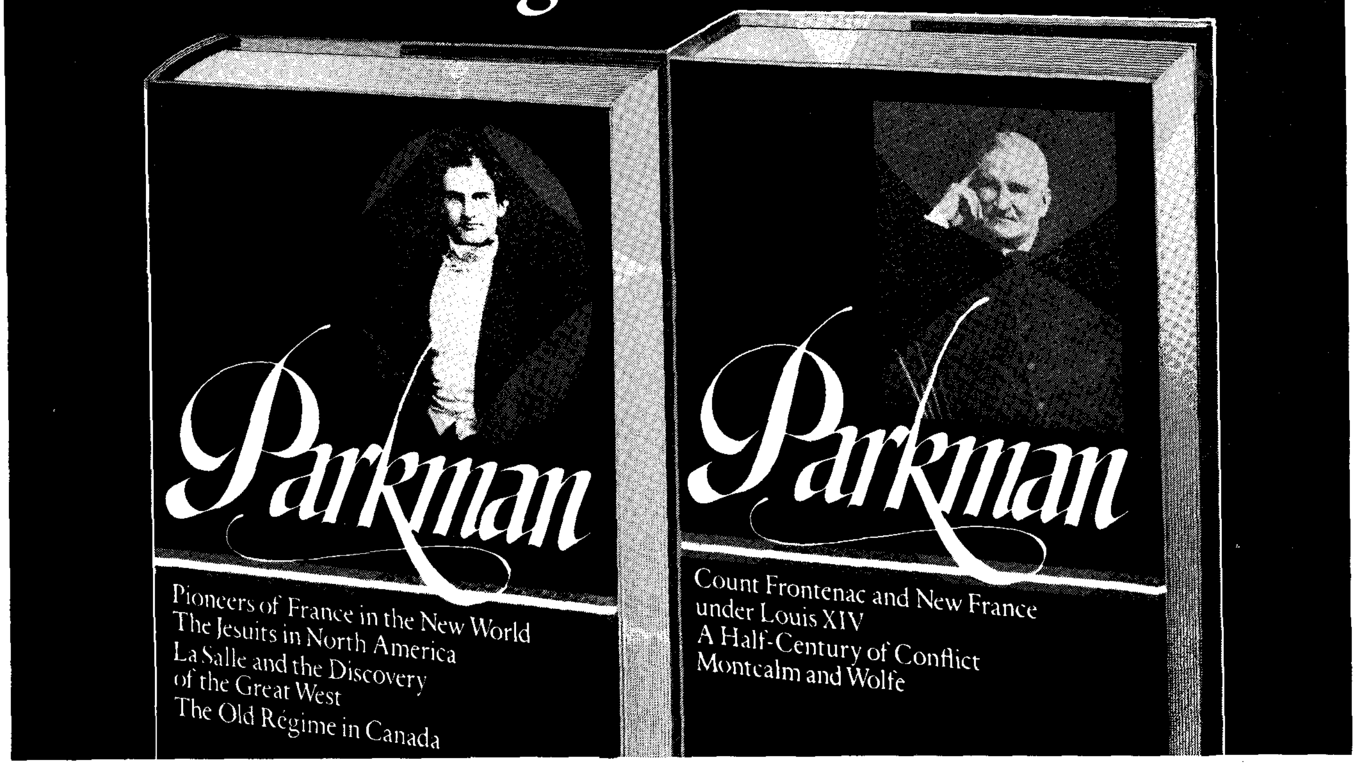
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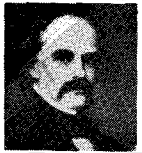

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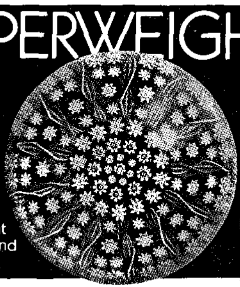
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geographical regions; it would take the approval of four of the five groups to carry a proposal. Engo's suggestion was rejected by the very countries for which he was considered a spokesman (because they feared that their votes would have had less weight than the industrial countries'), and the problem was postponed once more, to the session scheduled for that summer. On all other vital issues, agreement had been reached—or, in one case, maritime boundaries, seemed close at hand—and the conference recessed in a hopeful mood.

For negotiations of such complexity to succeed, somehow the conviction has to prevail that the necessary hard choices can be postponed no longer. Delegates often talk of "negotiating atmospheres." Each negotiation has its own atmosphere, which is carefully nurtured or modified by the negotiation's leaders to secure the effort's success. A few charges of "selling out" will poison any atmosphere. Before concessions are made, the opposition's argument must seem compelling. Some delegates complain loudly, in the certainty that what they complain of will prevail anyhow. In Geneva, a single issue was the focus of all attention. Even the heads of delegations were entirely preoccupied with it. Everything else that the delegates had agreed on in the conference, including provisions concerning straits, pollution, and navigation, rested on their now reaching agreement on the council, because of what had been called the "package deal" concept, which governed all agreements.

IN Geneva, the delegates gathered at the Palais des Nations. A model negotiation followed. As the conference seemed to teeter on the edge of failure, the problem of voting in the Seabed Authority's council was reformulated, making more room for bargaining. As negotiations began, a score or so of delegation heads met almost continually in small groups—usually for dinner and lunch, since it was impossible to keep a small private meeting small and private at the Palais; a lakeside restaurant called Perle du Lac was especially popular.

Even before the session started, different interest groups had held private meetings, and some had retreated to intransigent positions—perhaps in the hope of acquiring more leverage in the negotiations, but, in any case, reducing room for compromise. The Organization of African Unity, which was influential within the conference's African caucus, had issued a declaration saying that it would never approve a compromise that included a veto, or that established chambered voting or weighted voting, or that otherwise diluted the purity of the one-nation, one-vote principle. During a meeting of the so-called Group of Five—the Soviet Union, the United States, Japan, Britain, and France—the Russians rejected the compromise Engo had devised and returned to their original regional formula, lobbying for it energetically. (It was coyly referred to as "a proposal in which the Soviet Union is interested"—a standard formula for Soviet proposals.) The Russians also announced that they were having difficulty with several issues that had been agreed upon in the previous session, and insisted that these be reopened for negotiation, to the intense irritation of some delegates from the other industrial nations, who felt that this was a ploy to gain advantage in the main negotiation.

The depth of the anti-Soviet feeling that emerged during this session was striking. Toward the middle of the session, one of the leading delegates from the developing countries confided apologetically to a delegate from an industrial country, "We may have to be a little harder on you than we like just to stop *them*." Another recalled with a mixture of amusement and scorn a conversation in which a Russian delegate urged him not to be ill-disposed toward vetoes, because the Soviet Union would always use its veto to defend the developing countries from the Western industrial countries.

The actions of the Russians and of the African countries were clearly on the mind of the president of the conference, Hamilton Shirley Amerasinghe, of Sri Lanka, when he formally opened the session, on the twenty-eighth of July. "I would remind you, distinguished delegates, that the patience of governments is not inexhaustible," he admonished the assembled diplomats. The deadline for a conference like this one, a delegate said later, is when governments are no longer willing to wait to be given what they want, and decide to take it by unilateral action. Amerasinghe, sounding at times like a headmaster speaking to his staff and senior boys about the upcoming school year, urged the delegates to find terms of agreement, and adjured them not to become locked into positions that could not succeed. (Amerasinghe, who died of a stroke during that fall, led the conference with splendid assurance through its periods of squabbling and aimlessness. Possessing an infallible political instinct and, at most times, the complete trust of the other delegates, he was able to make acceptable compromises in tense situations when others could not do so. The most immediate problem at the next session of the conference, in March, 1981, was electing a worthy successor to Amerasinghe; the delegates found one in Ambassador Tommy T. B. Koh, of Singapore.)

On the second day of the session, the Working Group of Twenty-one, a subcommittee of the conference's Committee One, promptly took up the subject of voting in the Seabed Authority's council. Engo opened the meeting with the observation (echoing Amerasinghe) that the conference was in its final stages and delegates could no longer put off decisions on difficult issues. He reviewed the solutions that had been proposed, and attempted to narrow the range of possible compromises by requesting a delegate to introduce the position of the African regional group (of which he himself was, of course, a member). Compromises based on procedures that had been rejected in the African declaration, Engo said, should be considered "non-starters." Immediately, Alvaro de Soto, of Peru, said that it was premature to call any suggestion a "non-starter," even though the Group of Seventy-seven did have grave reservations about some of them. De Soto was the Seventy-seven's coördinator for the seabed and, as spokesman for all the developing countries on seabed matters, wielded considerable influence in the conference. He was one of the most articulate men at the conference—speaking in five languages with wit and humor. As a negotiator, he was both reasonable and tough; opponents called him a master at selling the same concession twice. Without polemics, he had won much for his constituency while quelling unreasonable demands from some of its members. Ambassador George Aldrich, the deputy head of the American delegation, now spoke for the United States; countries with substantial investments in the seabed, he said, must be able to avoid being overridden by others in decisions affecting those investments. A Soviet delegate, Igor Yakovlev (who, while not a senior member of his delegation, often talked like one), spoke at length in favor of a three-quarters-majority vote; the socialist countries, he said, could not accept any variation on this, except one that gave veto power on a regional basis. (Both the proposal and the variation were considered by the Group of Seventy-seven to be ways of putting the balance of power in the Seabed Authority in the hands of the Soviet Union.)

In addition to the more formal meetings, there were impromptu discussions—at breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and in huddles in the delegates' lounge—where delegates could speak less guardedly and more speculatively. Looking over a draft proposal, one delegate said to his chief of staff, "How can we present this as something we can consent to only with the greatest reluctance?" By the end of the second week, there had been no progress on the essential issue, and the conference seemed nearly paralyzed. Discussions of other matters came to a halt. A dozen or so leaders were almost constantly closeted in small meetings, from which the reports were both vague and negative; even members of the delegations involved often had scant idea what was happening until considerably later. The optimism with which the previous session had ended was turning to gloom and frustration; the trust, built up over years, by which delegates had been able to make agreements was being displaced by suspicion. The chief Soviet delegate, Semyon Kozyrev, accused the head of the United States delegation, Elliot Richardson, of sabotage, and there were other ugly incidents.

In several of the private meetings, delegates considered adjustments that some countries wanted on agreements made during the previous session. A number of changes were made in the system of seabed exploitation, most of them at the request of the United States; Ambassador Richardson negotiated changes in the financing of the Enterprise directly with Ambassador Koh; and, largely at the insistence of Canada, a group met to consider lowering production limits on seabed-mining projects. The Canadian delegation argued heatedly that the existing limit on mineral production from the seabed imposed unfair sacrifices on dry-land producers—like

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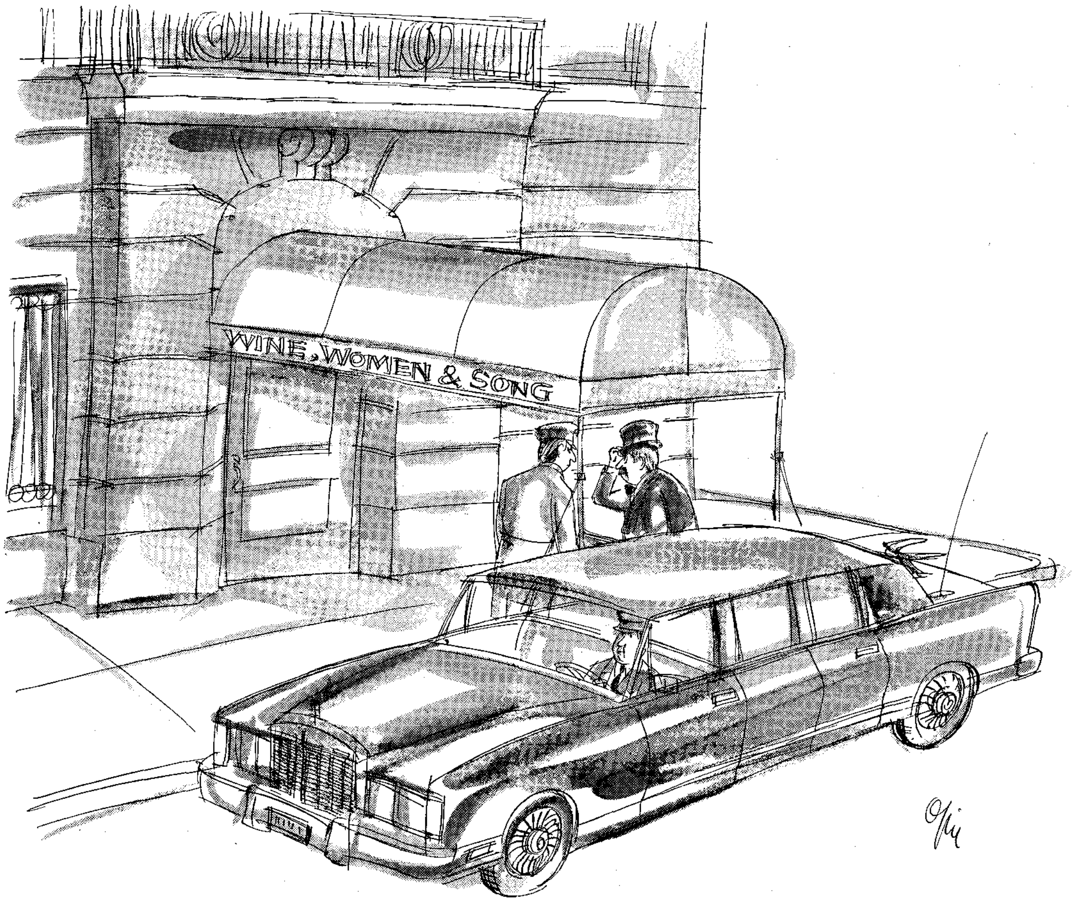
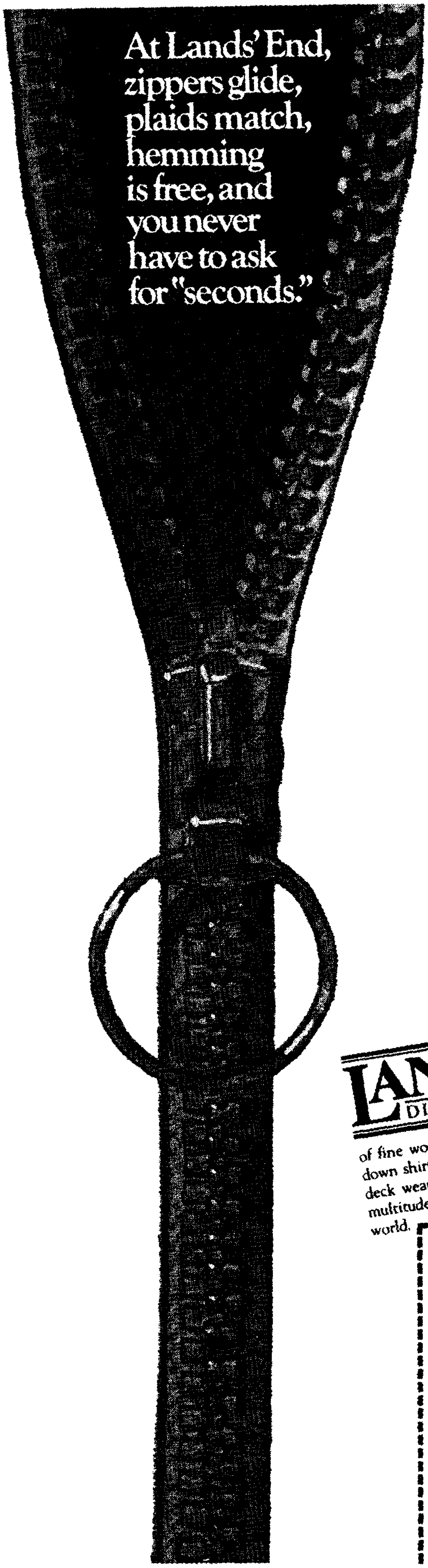
Canada—and urged a stiffer one. The Canadians complained that the limit was for appearances only and was too high to ever actually restrict production. (The same point was made by the United States delegation when it had to persuade conservatives at home to accept any limit at all.) The chairman of the negotiations on the production limit, Ambassador Satya Nandan, of Fiji, announced after several weeks of meetings that he was making no changes in a compromise he had previously offered on the subject.

The conference's Committee Two, which dealt with traditional matters of maritime law, like navigation, fisheries, and rights of free passage, and its Committee Three, which dealt with pollution and scientific research, had both finished work during the spring session. Their chairmen—Andrés Aguilar, of Venezuela, and Alexander Yankov, of Bulgaria—were faced with the problem of keeping intact the agreements that had been made against what those who wanted further changes called "adjustments" and what those who didn't want changes called "tampering." In the work done by Committee Two, especially, there were so many delicately balanced agreements that Ambassador Aguilar resisted demands for more discussions, scheduling only one meeting during the five weeks of the session; at this he arrived late, and, after introducing a number of trivial items, he adjourned it early. Ambassador Yankov presented his committee with a six-page list of minor semantic and grammatical changes. President Amerasinghe was holding meetings on a number of important subsidiary and procedural matters, including the writing of a preamble, the question of how many signatories should be required to ratify the treaty, and the sensitive question of whether to allow countries to dissent from specific points of agreement when signing the treaty—a legal form of keeping their fingers crossed under the table.

A NEW round of small, private meetings on the seabed issue began during the third week of the session. They were held by Ambassador Koh, at the request of Chairman Engo. Engo had been urged to give this job to Koh, who was considered by many to be the ablest person at the conference, and his emergence in the seabed negotiation was a source of considerable hope to many delegates, for Engo was regarded as less than fully effective in his conduct of negotiations and was not thought to be given to pursuing the issues in much depth. Some delegates had discussed ways in which Koh could be given a greater role in the negotiation despite the presence of Engo, who, sensitive about his authority and seeing himself, some delegates thought, in the role of savior of the conference, had several times held up agreements when he did not think he was receiving proper credit. Koh had conducted some difficult negotiations with great intelligence. Where Engo would exhort, Koh would analyze, and where Engo had at times been swayed by one side or the other, Koh would pursue a problem to the end impartially; in fact, he was sometimes called too impartial. Koh is small and youthful-looking, with a shock of dark hair that falls over his forehead; he speaks softly and rapidly, and he was likely to be better informed than most others in a negotiation. His style was to analyze a problem to its smallest details while steadily reducing the size of the negotiating group. He was the head of a subcommittee determining financial regulations for the Authority, and his negotiations were begun in the context of a cumbersome full committee, which shrank to an intermediate-sized "group of financial experts," and, finally, despite considerable unhappiness among those left out, to five principals (Ambassador Richardson; Anil Gayan, of Mauritius; Inam-ul-Huq, of Pakistan; Alfredo Boucher, of Argentina; and Koh himself), whom all the others would trust in the end. Until the last stage, meetings were open; delegates who were not in command of the details, though, tended to stay away rather than be exposed to Koh's polite but searching questions. Koh also met privately with leading delegates, who sometimes suggested concessions they would ultimately accept, after a show of opposition, if Koh or his staff proposed them.

The current negotiation strained everyone's patience and tact. Koh wrote a pessimistic report to Engo, stating baldly that he believed that not one of the voting procedures the delegates were considering, or the variations and compromises on them, had a chance of being accepted. In the third week of the session, Koh wrote a one-

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page letter to Engo suggesting a new idea on voting, and that afternoon Engo called a meeting in his office, at which, speaking entirely in the first person, he outlined the new plan to a few select delegates. Like many other plans in the conference, this was one that both sides publicly opposed. The idea for it had arisen in Koh's conversations with both the Group of Seventy-seven and the United States, and it proposed that the most ticklish of the Authority's decisions be made by consensus—the system by which the conference itself had made all but procedural decisions since it began.

Consensus would give the industrial countries the protection that they had insisted on but, at the same time, was not a veto, which the Group of Seventy-seven would not accept—at least, it was not a veto within the group's careful definition of a veto as, among other things, a power held by some and not by others. It was immediately pointed out by some of the Seventy-seven that consensus amounted to a veto for everyone instead of for just a few. Less touchy issues would be decided by three-quarters or two-thirds majorities. A majority adjusted to the sensitivity of the issue was a new concept in decision-making. Consensus had been proposed before as an alternative or as a backup to voting in the Authority, and had been briefly debated during the spring session, in New York. Delegates from the Seventy-seven had complained that it was so cumbersome that no business enterprise could use it and hope to function efficiently. (In refutation, it had been said that some Japanese corporations are managed with a system something like consensus.) None of the delegates had objected on the basis of national interest, however, and during Koh's consultations the previous week the only two suggestions he had found at all promising—one from India and one from Australia—involved consensus in some way. As the details of Koh's proposal spread through the conference, delegates joked that it would be necessary now to define by consensus what consensus actually was. According to one informal definition, when a chairman could say, "If there are no objections, it is so decided," and strike his gavel before anyone could say, "Objection," a consensus had prevailed. Consensus, as it was practiced at the conference and at other international gatherings, allows a measure to pass if delegates are resigned to the measure's being the best alternative available, and it does not require them to endorse that measure with a vote; it is not unanimity but, in the words of the draft treaty, the "absence of formal objection." It has proved an effective way of reaching working agreements where interests are too sharply divided for anything to pass by vote, and it does give minorities a measure of protection against being constantly overwhelmed by a majority.

Some delegates had anticipated something like what Koh proposed, and they were surprised when the United States declared itself opposed. On Tuesday, the day after Engo expounded Koh's idea, a group of delegates met in his office. They were Richardson and Aldrich, of the United States; Alvaro de Soto; Sergio Martins Thompson-Flores, of Brazil; Joseph Y. Warioba, of Tanzania; S. P. Jagota, of India; and Kenneth Rattray, of Jamaica.

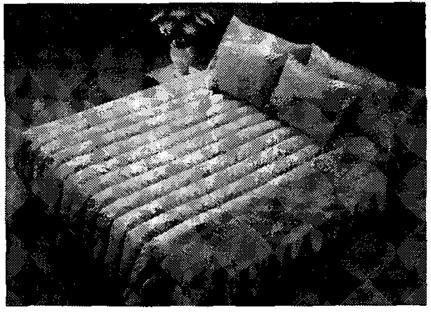
AS Ambassador, Richardson was outgoing, friendly, and helpful, and had made efforts to help resolve problems in which the United States was not directly concerned. He was said to have had a transforming influence on the conference, and was held in sufficiently high respect that other delegates would work to bring about compromises proposed by the United States. Richardson had made proposals, often through other delegates, that had broken stalemates and led to some of the conference's most important agreements; some delegates felt that since 1977, when he was appointed, he had had, particularly by overcoming distrust for the United States, more influence on the conference than any other delegate. Aldrich, a more reserved man than Richardson, was also trusted; as a result, when he said he needed a provision other delegates would accept the need as a real one, not a peremptory demand, and would look for possible accommodations. Richardson and Aldrich were regarded as among the most creative negotiators in the conference, who would not cling to old positions but had the courage to propose and explore alternatives. Now, in Engo's office, they faced five of the most intelligent and toughest negotiators in the Seventy-seven. De Soto had chosen Warioba, Jagota, and Rattray to help rally the Seventy-seven on whatever agreement might finally be made. Warioba was Tanzania's attorney general and its chief delegate; he had been one of the most radical speakers at the conference since it began, but he had always acted to preserve it. He was the most widely respected of the African leaders, and the only one who might be able to carry the whole bloc on the strength of his own approval of an agreement. Jagota, an effective advocate of Third World positions, was stubborn where Warioba was mercurial, and was not given to outbursts. Rattray, the solicitor general of Jamaica, had, since the first days of the conference, made proposals and summations on the seabed which influenced many other delegates.

That Tuesday in Engo's office, Ambassadors Richardson and Aldrich explained that they found the three categories of voting contained in the new proposal unwieldy and open to evasion, and feared that consensus would be abused. The last was a concern everyone had, and within a day Koh had drafted a grievance procedure to deal with countries that used the right of objection maliciously or irresponsibly. "There were some very hard calls—trying to raise some serious reservations without entirely closing off the possibility of future talks," Richardson said later.

The conference probably reached its lowest ebb that day; delegates were puzzled or irritated by the apparent American antipathy to consensus, and there seemed to be no other prospect for a settlement. Delegates felt that in fact consensus was to the advantage of the United States, and many observed that consensus had been brought into the conference in the first place to protect American interests. However, the United States did agree to explore the idea further. Engo had called a second meeting the same day, to which he asked delegates from Britain, France, Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union, along with those from the United States and the Seventy-seven. He opened the meeting by saying that he was frustrated. He asked Koh to review what he, Engo, had done thus far in the negotiation. Koh diplomatically described his own work as though Engo had done it, and said that the new proposal was opposed by only one country. The representatives of France, Germany, Japan, Britain, and the Soviet Union, along with the leaders of the Seventy-seven, all said they were not opposed to the consensus idea, and even welcomed it. Then Guy de Lacharrière, of France, asked which country opposed the proposal, and Richardson said that it was the United States. De Lacharrière pointed out that consensus assured industrial countries the power to scuttle any proposal in the council of the Authority. Later in the day, with some polite prodding from Koh, the Seventy-seven agreed to deal with the American misgivings, and Richardson and Aldrich agreed to enter discussions on Koh's proposal. And Engo at last gave Koh a formal appointment to carry on the negotiations.

The leaders of the Seventy-seven at this point decided to negotiate only with the United States, excluding from the talks the other Western industrial countries (which were considered likely to accept what the Americans accepted) and the Soviet Union. The French and the Russians were especially irate over this. Ambassador Kozyrev protested bitterly to Chairman Engo and to President Amerasinghe; the Soviet Union had always insisted on equal status with the United States in all things. "The Soviets simply didn't count," one Third World delegate explained. "They weren't important in the negotiation. But it may have been a mistake to leave them out, because they were so angry they had to be pacified later."

The heart of the negotiation was concluded in four intense days, which left the participants wilted. As a tool for negotiation, Koh's proposal had the beauty of separating one issue—how the council should vote—into many issues. There were several dozen categories of decisions that the council would be empowered to make; each of these became a separate negotiation, in which deals could be constructed and bargains struck. Koh drew up a list. The United States and the Seventy-seven drew up lists. Having established their reluctance to enter the process at all, Richardson and Aldrich pressed for high majorities; the Seventy-seven held out for



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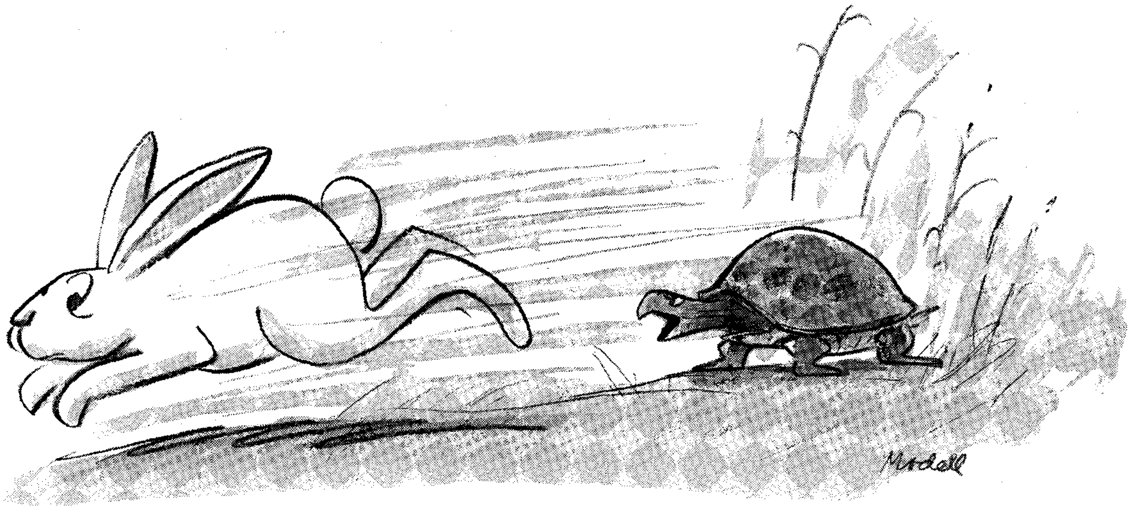

*“Where’s the fire?”*

• •

low ones. Always diplomatic, Koh said afterward, “I mostly prevented them from talking too much. Once we got started, momentum carried us along.” An observer of the negotiations said, “The U.S. played its hand very skillfully. It kept a flexible attitude, but yielded nothing that was essential. Aldrich would play tough guy, and Richardson would come in with more accommodation. Warioba turned out to be very flexible and constructive in helping others out of stalemates, Jagota was very hard to move, and de Soto had an infallible sense of where there might be a bargain. The pressure not to fail was immense, but only once did anyone lose his temper and shout; another wept when a compromise he offered was rejected. Engo wandered in from time to time and sat down and started lecturing the others and had to be talked out of the room again.” The United States insisted that all matters not specifically covered by another system of decision-making be covered by consensus; the other delegates, especially Warioba and Jagota, were not willing to accept this. Thompson-Flores said that it was like having to swallow a cockroach, and he told a story about two Brazilian boys who made a bet, the loser of which had to eat a live cockroach. When the time came, the loser doused the insect with olive oil to make it go down easier. “Couldn’t you put some more oil on the cockroach?” Thompson-Flores asked Richardson. Turning to Warioba, who was across the table, Richardson offered a concession on the election of personnel to the Authority’s legal and technical advisory commissions; Warioba accepted it, but then had to win over Jagota, who continued to have reservations. On Monday afternoon, August 17th, the start of the session’s fourth week, the negotiators announced that they had reached an agreement on voting, and the following morning President Amerasinghe, amid a good deal of jubilation, called a plenary meeting to schedule the remainder of the session.

Paul Engo had been preparing an improved text of a clause, much argued over, that was known, with weary familiarity, as “2-J”—an important provision for the United States and the other seabed-mining states, because it specified how the Authority would accept or reject applications to mine the seabed. This provision had already been the occasion of one of Engo’s attempts to write the treaty single-handedly; and the negotiators had earlier decided that they would not agree on the issue of voting without agreeing also on 2-J, which was related. In the original version of 2-J, the Authority’s technical commission was to report on whether a company met various criteria; if it did, the application would be “deemed” approved unless the council disapproved it within sixty days. Combined with the de-facto veto power in decision by consensus, 2-J meant that any mining company that met a few minimum standards would be guaranteed acceptance. For the Seventy-seven, 2-J made a mockery of voting and of the Authority’s authority; it was a cockroach that could not be swallowed. The West wanted both a veto over the proposals of others and immunity from disapproval even by three-quarters vote for its own proposals. Even some American delegates conceded that this combination was, as Richardson put it, “a little too cute,” and provided more protection than was needed. Mining companies, on the other hand, feared that after they had made large investments in exploration, research, and development their claims might be disapproved on the ground of some political bargain or feud, and they regarded a guarantee of approval as essential. Engo had come to Geneva with the kernel of a successful compromise, and had put many hours into drafting his improved text, occasionally consulting with Richardson; but he had failed to consult his own side, the Group of Seventy-seven. When he presented his text, de Soto, Warioba, Thompson-Flores, and Jagota would not accept it, and Richardson would not accept certain parts of it. So Koh and his group went back to work, and wrote a text based on Engo’s original idea—that an applicant who met the technical criteria could be rejected only by consensus. A company could then prospect its claim more minutely and begin building its equipment; it would have to return to the Authority for production authorization before it could actually start mining, but though it might have to wait in line, it could not be refused.

Next, with the help of the delegates from Iraq, Egypt, and Peru, Koh’s group stitched together an agreement over a troublesome clause that had been put in the text at the insistence of the Arab group several years before, when radical spirit was running particularly high. The clause proposed that the benefits the Authority was to pay from its profits to needy developing countries should also be available to “peoples who have not yet attained full self-governing status”—an obvious candidate being the Palestinians. Not only was this a philanthropic gesture that might later be turned against its makers but a number of governments would not be party to a treaty that gave financial support to the Palestine Liberation Organization. The group finally agreed to leave the clause intact but to require a consensus for approval of any recipient—something that the P.L.O. could never command. Some parties (including, later, the Reagan Administration) objected that this was no solution at all, but in practice it would take the vote of only one country to deny the P.L.O.

The delegates from Britain, France, Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union were now invited to join the negotiations. Several were still angry at their previous exclusion (the Soviets, reported Jagota—a quiet man himself—"said all sorts of things"), but basically they liked the agreements that had been reached, and only a few, relatively minor changes were requested, some of which were made. But on the last afternoon of the talks the Russians raised an objection that threatened to unravel everything. During the negotiations on the approval of mining contracts, the majority needed for decisions in the Authority's advisory commissions had been lowered from two-thirds to a simple majority. Now the Soviet delegation said that it could not accept a simple majority—it must have two-thirds. Aldrich replied that the United States could not accept a higher majority where the approval of contracts was concerned, and for the agreement on 2-J a simple majority was essential. The Russian delegates said that Deputy Foreign Minister Kozyrev was adamant on the two-thirds majority. Aldrich then suggested that the question be decided by the Preparatory Commission, a body that is to meet during the years when the treaty is being ratified, and create the machinery of the Authority, so that it will be ready to begin work when the treaty comes into effect. The Preparatory Commission will be largely composed of technical experts, and will meet frequently. Aldrich thought that it would be less affected by politics than the conference—and that its Russian representatives might not be influenced by Kozyrev. The Russians readily agreed to the proposal—to the surprise of some of those present—whereupon the negotiations were concluded. In the following meetings of regional delegates—African, Asian, and Latin-American—the agreements were approved, although in the African meeting not without some name-calling by several radical delegates, who accused Warioba of selling out. With agreement reached on the most important provision, the constitution of the Authority was complete, and the delegates, many feeling considerable elation, prepared to leave Geneva, with plans to reassemble in New York the following March. There the conference was scheduled to settle a few last problems and conclude its work on the Law of the Sea treaty. The remaining problems had to do with boundaries, rules governing the Preparatory Commission, guarantees for mining companies that already had large investments in the seabed, and the way in which the European Economic Community and other authorities that do not represent autonomous, individual countries would be allowed to participate in the treaty.

THE Third Law of the Sea Conference and the seabed portions of the treaty it drafted were as antipathetic to most of the principles of the Reagan Administration as anything it could be called on to embrace, and the Administration reacted with commensurate enthusiasm.

Northcutt Ely, a respected Washington lawyer who is a dedicated opponent of the treaty and has lobbied against it for U.S. Steel and its seabed-mining consortium, has described the development of the treaty as "a long downward slide." Even were his clients to withdraw their opposition, Ely told me, he would not; that is, they would cease to be his clients. "The burning issue is not what is good for mining companies but what is good for American consumers, who are utterly dependent on manganese, cobalt, copper, and nickel," he said. "Does anyone believe this great country is going to grovel on its knees for permission to do what we believe necessary for peace and the protection of our allies? This capitulation should not be signed."

Another opponent of the treaty, Robert A. Goldwin, a resident scholar and director of constitutional studies at the American Enterprise Institute, in Washington, published an article called "Locke and the Law of the Sea" in *Commentary* in 1981, and subsequently worked as a consultant to the Administration. Goldwin argues in his article that the Law of the Sea conference based all its seabed agreements on a mistaken notion of property law. It acted as though the resources beneath the high seas were the property of everyone, whereas John Locke, the seventeenth-century writer and philosopher, who was one of the great, original theoreticians of property law,

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wrote that "commons" are in fact the property of no one. And if the resources of the high seas are no one's property, Goldwin says, it is not necessary for all countries to have a say in their disposal, nor is it necessary to have a supervisory international organization. Goldwin cites Locke's argument that the deer a hunter shoots is his, as are a fisherman's fish, and no one has a right to interfere with their claims. "It may be more important to reject a mistaken idea of the 'common heritage of mankind' than to have a supply of cobalt," Goldwin told me. But Goldwin gave little weight to Grotius, a seventeenth-century pioneer in international law and authority on the law of the sea, who wrote that the ocean is both the property of no one *and* the property of all. No one, that is, has legal title to any of it, or exclusive rights, but all have an interest in it. According to Grotius—and Locke—a person has the right to take from common property only if the resource is plentiful enough to support those who come after him. Fish were once such a resource, but technology now has enabled us to overfish; and manganese nodules are not a renewable resource.

In April, 1981, in testimony before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, James L. Malone, an Assistant Secretary of State, who had replaced Aldrich (who had succeeded Richardson the previous November) as our treaty representative in March of that year, listed fourteen complaints that he described as sufficient to make the treaty unratifiable. Two weeks later, Malone's accuracy was questioned by former Ambassador Richardson. Richardson noted that some critics, apparently less interested in getting a good treaty than in scuttling any treaty whether satisfactory or not, persistently distorted their readings of the text. Richardson said that these distortions were now being picked up and repeated by people who were not fundamentally hostile to the treaty but, under the impression that the text actually contained the alleged flaws, were understandably disturbed. Ambassador Malone said that the treaty would not assure the United States access to seabed minerals. In fact, Richardson said, the treaty expressly directs the Authority to approve applications by all financially and technically qualified companies. Ambassador Malone also said that the United States would not be assured of a seat on the council of the Authority, while the Russians and their Eastern-bloc allies were guaranteed three seats. Actually, Richardson said, the Western industrial countries were assured six to nine seats, and the United States would certainly have one. (Since then, the United States, as the largest user of some of the metals involved, has been guaranteed a seat.)

Another of Ambassador Malone's allegations was that American companies could be forced by the treaty provisions to sell technology that was important to national security. On the contrary, said Richardson; the text states explicitly that "nothing . . . shall be deemed to require a State Party . . . to supply information the disclosure of which is contrary to the essential interests of its security." Malone also said that under the treaty American companies would be forced to transfer their technology to the Enterprise. In fact, Richardson said, "the transfer obligation applies 'only if the Enterprise finds that it is unable to obtain the same or equally efficient and useful technology on the open market,' and then only on 'fair and reasonable commercial terms and conditions.' "

And, finally, Ambassador Malone brought up the concern that national-liberation movements like the P.L.O. would be eligible to share in the profits of the Authority, but Richardson explained the veto power included in the system of consensus.

MALONE had made his opinions known the very day of his appointment, shortly after the conference reconvened in March, 1981, by announcing that the United States would not participate in the negotiations until the new Administration had conducted a review of its Law of the Sea policy. Several aimless days passed, and then Ambassador Koh was nominated by the Asian group to succeed Amerasinghe; the conference elected him by acclamation. For the next two or three weeks, Koh turned the attention of the delegates to the immediate issues before them and away from the Reagan Administration's hostility, and for a while they could believe that nothing had happened, until a United States representative would say—as happened repeatedly, even in small, informal meetings of countries with a common interest—that the United States could not take any position.

The refusal of the United States to negotiate was for the time being completely effective. Although almost every other country in the world was present and ready to negotiate, and to complete and accept the treaty, negotiation was found to be impossible without the United States. There were meetings and discussions, but in the end, while some guidelines were developed, no commitments were made. Even in negotiations that the United States was not involved in, delegates refused to make agreements, because, some of them said, they could not now be sure that the United States would support them later. To those who complain of erosion of American influence in the world, it should have been a heartening performance.

One of the ironies of the spring session was the reëmergence of Leigh Ratiner as chief adviser to Malone. Ratiner had been the chief negotiator on the seabed from 1972 to 1976, and a number of the provisions that American critics of the treaty find most objectionable were—in their original form—negotiated by him; for example, the requirement that a mining company with a contract to operate on the seafloor prospect two mine sites, one for itself and one for the Enterprise. This had been altered so that the Authority would no longer make a "blind" choice between the two sites but would review the data and then choose its site. During the first week, before the new president was chosen, Ratiner was observed frequently at the United Nations Secretariat lobbying for the election of Christopher Pinto, of Sri Lanka, as president of the conference. Pinto with whom he had got on well in the early days, had been chairman of the negotiating group on the seabed, and was, according to Ratiner, infinitely patient. During the next weeks, when Malone came up from Washington to attend meetings—as he did several times a week—Ratiner was seen almost constantly at his side or seated immediately behind him, frequently leaning over to whisper long comments in his ear. In the months following the close of the session, Ratiner emerged as the commanding figure both in negotiations and in the review of the United States position on the treaty. (State Department people working on the review found themselves, when a decision was needed, calling up Ratiner at his law firm.) Members of the American delegation, on the other hand, complained both during the session and during the subsequent review that they simply were not being consulted, perhaps because they might be suspected of bias in favor of the conference. Since Ratiner had left the delegation, in 1977, he had been called the most effective single influence in organizing opposition to the treaty in Congress. His presence in a position of influence, combined with Malone's failure to confide in his own delegation, seemed to confirm the suspicion of many that the Administration was looking for ways to wreck the treaty rather than to conduct an impartial review of it. (This view seemed to be reinforced by the appointment of Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Theodore Kronmiller as a second deputy to Malone, and by the appointments of a handful of other men known for opposition to the treaty.) Ratiner is credited with defeating a proposed treaty on the resources of outer space single-handedly, and was responsible for the failure of a fisheries treaty with Canada in 1981. Ironically, however, Ratiner became the chief advocate of the treaty within the Administration, where few with such opinions were trusted. As a result of a study he made in 1981 on the future of seabed mining, with a treaty and without, Ratiner has said, he became convinced that, whatever the shortcomings of the treaty, there was no viable alternative.

NEAR the end of a short session in Geneva in the summer of 1981, the conference delegates agreed to formalize the text of the treaty—the very step the Reagan Administration had gone to such lengths that March to prevent. The decision was made, as was usual, by consensus—that is, with the consent of all delegations, including the American one. What was decided, however, amounted to a compromise, and some countries—the Soviet Union was one—complained that formalization had not really occurred. Formalization meant that further changes in the text could not be made by the somewhat freewheeling rules of consensus that had applied so far; they could be made only by amendments approved by two-thirds of the delegates. Some delegates said it was unlikely that any amendments would be accepted. The delegates agreed to allow three weeks at the start of the next session, in New York in March of 1982, for changes in the text to be made in the usual way. "It was a deliberate attempt not to squeeze the United States," a Western leader at the conference said. The conference had created a sort of time lock; I was reminded of a bank-vault door swinging closed at an appointed hour. The Geneva summer session had a very different atmosphere from the previous one, in New York, though it remained tense and anxious. Just before Malone left for Geneva, Secretary of State Alexander Haig had instructed the delegation to avoid a confrontation with the developing countries. Malone was clearly making an effort to meet others partway, though few would call it halfway; he would not say that the Administration was committed to finding a solution to its problems with the other countries—an obvious omission that clearly rankled many. Instead, he insisted he wanted to discuss what was negotiable, a request other delegates saw as asking to see their hands without revealing, or even assembling, his own. "One hundred and fifty countries had been brought together to help the Reagan Administration make internal decisions," one delegate said.

"The developing countries didn't want to be whittled, and they didn't want to be salami-sliced," an official at the State Department said.

Though the American delegation had been told to keep the peace and had arrived making accommodating noises, by the middle of the session Malone and Ratiner—who had been given no latitude whatever to make concessions—were at loggerheads with the rest of the conference, and many ordinarily sympathetic delegates were fed up. Only efforts by other delegates to break the deadlock allowed the session to end without great tension. Koh was a conspicuously evenhanded and fair-minded man, and in refusing to coöperate with him (in which their instructions gave them no choice) Malone and Ratiner labelled themselves as intransigent in the eyes of moderate delegates, on whom they had to depend if they were to get anything at all for the United States. "They got out with their shirts and no more," a former Cabinet official said later.

THE Reagan Administration's difficulties with the conference and with the other countries participating in it were ultimately brought to negotiation in the spring of 1982, but the real problem was not how to change the draft text of the Law of the Sea treaty; rather, it was whether substantial parts of the Administration could be brought to accept, or even recognize, the political realities of the world. What the Administration, or

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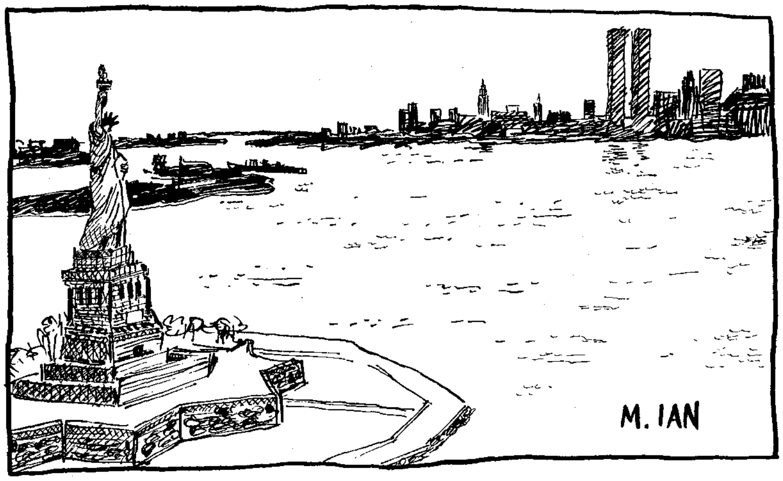
some of its policymakers, wanted was clear: it wanted to dismantle the provisions on the seabed, which were the treaty's most innovative section, and start over, replacing the proposed provisions with a system that would amount to exploitation by, and advantages for, the most powerful countries, and a ringing affirmation of free enterprise. Ideology had been successfully excluded from the conference since the early days of resounding denunciations by radical members of the Group of Seventy-seven, but the Reagan Administration appeared intent on reintroducing it. (Neckties bearing a portrait of the patron saint of laissez-faire economics, Adam Smith, had been worn by a few ardent members of the American delegation in Geneva in 1981, and had been a source of amusement to other delegations.) The ambassador of one of the major industrial countries remarked anxiously to me during the negotiations in the spring of 1982, "The United States now wishes to go four years backward. We look on that prospect with horror." That spring, the Administration committed all its prestige and influence to fighting provisions that were ideologically contrary to its beliefs but were without practical effect in the treaty. In addition, despite a year of internal studies, the Administration was barely prepared for the difficult job of persuading other countries to renegotiate agreements. Even its allies opposed or, at best, shrank from the thought, while the chief delegate's own staff was troubled by his lack of any definable position. By the end of the conference, in any case, the Administration had discredited whatever position it was presenting. At that juncture, the United States demanded that the decision on the draft treaty be made by vote instead of by consensus—which was the way the other countries wanted to make it—and then voted against the text. The day after the vote, Ambassador Malone said that the text contained none of the important changes that the United States had asked for, but that was not true. Changes had been made—precisely to accommodate the Reagan Administration. But the Administration's conduct of the negotiations convinced other governments that any more concessions they might make would still not be enough, and it was therefore better not to make them.

In January, 1982, in Washington, a Cabinet meeting was held to discuss the Law of the Sea. Members of the Interagency Group and of the Senior Interagency Group presented an options paper weighing what were considered the only two alternatives: to reject the conference altogether or return to negotiate. While Secretary Haig was still presenting the argument for returning to negotiate—that is, trying to get the treaty made more favorable—President Reagan, according to several sources, stopped him and said that there could be no question but that the United States should return to negotiate. On March 8th, the White House issued a position paper containing six objections, or points, all concerning the seabed-mining provisions of the treaty—the greater part of the treaty's draft text having been judged acceptable by the White House, at least for the time being.

As 1982 began, the Administration, after a year of analysis, debate, and decision-making, was still not truly interested in continuing negotiations. It had been giving mixed signals, as diplomats put it, and other governments and their delegates were far from certain that the Administration really intended to negotiate—that it was willing to give as well as to get. While the President appeared to be moderating his position, middle-level bureaucrats were maintaining the antagonistic atmosphere that had been created earlier. Although the Administration wished to impress on the rest of the world the virtues of its many proposals—and, in a sense, of its entire philosophy—it nevertheless made no effort before the 1982 session opened, in March, to talk to other governments or their delegates about Law of the Sea issues. It omitted the customary coördinating meetings with the Soviet delegation, which actively opposed making any changes. Ambassador Malone gave little attention either before or during the session to the ostensibly social encounters between delegates, where agreements really began. Some delegates who were influential both personally and because of the countries they represented complained that they had never met him.

At the start of the session, a series of leaks discrediting Ambassador Malone and his chief deputy and negotiator, Ratiner, began to appear in the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*. These, according to several people within the delegation, originated with some of the treaty's opponents in the Administration and in Congress, and also, at least in part, within Malone's own staff. According to some sources, throughout the time that Malone and Ratiner were in New York trying to negotiate a settlement, Theodore Kronmiller was in Washington stirring up opposition to their work. As a result, it appeared, Malone was unwilling to associate himself with any politically risky compromise. Other delegates were unsure whether agreements negotiated with either Malone or Ratiner could be expected to stick, and there was wide speculation in the conference that one or both would be replaced. The State Department had announced that Malone, who was still officially Assistant Secretary for Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs, was to be given the full-time position of Ambassador-at-Large for the Law of the Sea, and he was awaiting Senate confirmation of that appointment when leaks from the delegation implied that his work had not been satisfactory. Indeed, Malone's ambassadorship never materialized. The draft of an internal State Department report by the department's inspector general raised questions about his performance. In July, Senator Alan Cranston denounced the nomination on the Senate floor and read from that report. Nonetheless, Malone remained in his post as chief delegate. As the negotiations began, Ratiner was waiting



for a temporary appointment to the State Department, and when it came through he went on leave from his law firm.

On February 24th, the United States delegation attended a brief meeting called to consider the problems raised by its own government, but it had been given no formal instructions for negotiating. These did not arrive until after the session began. The Administration's first formal proposal was a forty-three-page document called Approaches to Major Problems in Part XI of the Draft of the Convention on the Law of the Sea, which delegation members referred to as the Approaches Paper. Written by Ratiner, it set out the Administration's objections to the seabed-mining provisions, and specified as many as half a dozen ways that the text could be changed to satisfy them. Lucid though it was, it was not an impressive product for a year's work by the largest government in the world. The Approaches Paper was, in fact, Ratiner's siren call to the Group of Seventy-seven to rewrite the seabed provisions almost completely—a two- or three-year process that would return the negotiations to where they were when he had left in 1977. But other countries, developed as well as developing, had said loudly and often at Geneva the previous summer that although they would agree to some amendments for the benefit of the United States, they would never agree to a wholesale renegotiation.

After the conference formally reopened, in March, the Group of Seventy-seven met and rejected the Approaches Paper as it stood. It was simply "trickle-down diplomacy," said Alvaro de Soto, who had just been made chairman of the Seventy-seven, after many years as its coördinator on seabed issues. The group must have specific amendments to examine, de Soto said. The Administration had evidently expected to prolong this stage of the discussion, because it was not prepared to provide such material. For one of the three weeks scheduled for the negotiations, the United States delegation worked frantically to produce a revised proposal, yet in the end there was in effect nothing representing the Administration's position on the negotiating table—another instance of what was interpreted as either incompetence or indifference.

At the ceremonial opening meeting of the session, the United States had been asked its intentions. As it happened, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Harry R. Marshall was representing the United States that day. As questions about American intentions poured in from all sides, again and again Marshall had replied that he could not answer, because he did not know. Finally, the truth—that he honestly did not know—had dawned on astounded and embarrassed delegates, and the questioning stopped.

On Friday, at the end of the first week, the United States presented a loose-leaf volume containing the existing text, its proposed amendments, and the amended texts, in parallel columns. The Green Book—as it became known, because of its covers—was, it turned out, not a distillation of what some of the wiser heads in the Administration thought most necessary or most feasible but, rather, an anthology of virtually everything that anyone in the Administration had ever wanted in regard to seabed mining. In the year that the Reagan Administration had had to prepare, two camps had emerged in Washington: the "pragmatists," who believed that an effort should be made to improve the treaty in the American interest, and the "ideologues," to whom the seabed part of the treaty in any form was intolerable. The President's decision in late January to return and negotiate had been a victory for the pragmatists' position, but since then the ideologues had gained ascendancy. As a result, the instructions for the American delegation were many degrees more onerous and restrictive than the President's original objections. His six points, which in the Approaches Paper had become ten, took up sixty-eight pages of small print in the Green Book. The Green Book convinced the conference delegates that the Reagan Administration was manipulating the negotiations to justify its own withdrawal. "We fear that under the guise of continuing negotiations the United States is really trying to withdraw, by pushing for things that are impossible for all other governments," the ambassador of an important Western country said a few days after the Green Book was issued—a suspicion that future events seemed to bear out. "It's an intolerably burdensome document," Ambassador Keith Brennan, of Australia, said.

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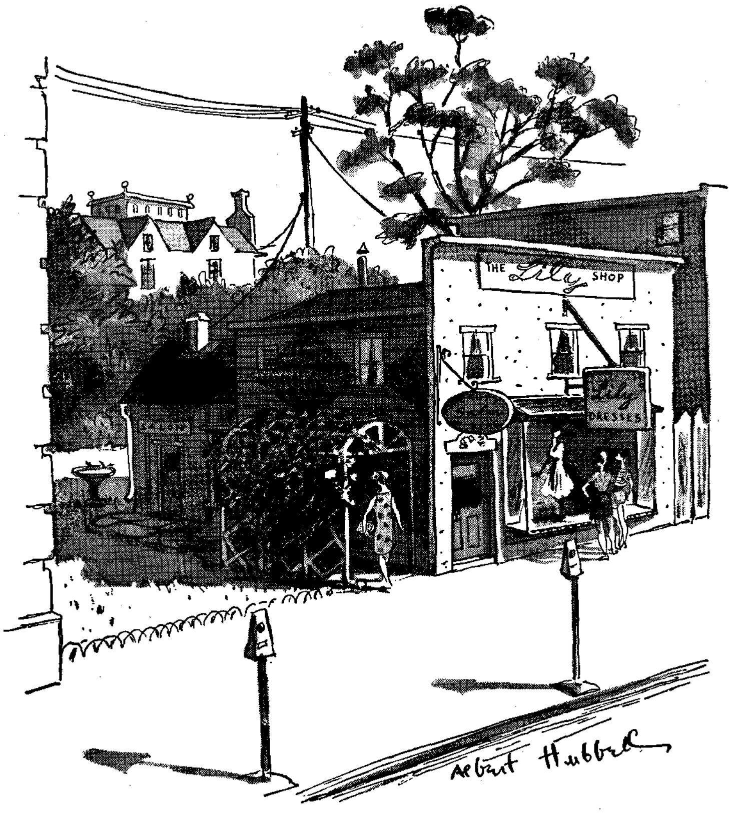
oldest and closest allies of the United States, though he had been in daily contact with the United States delegation, seemed to find its objectives inexplicable. "The changes they want are so extreme," he complained. "And there are so many of them one can scarcely believe that they are serious." And in fact within a few days members of the United States delegation were saying openly that the Green Book was not to be taken seriously. Although Ambassador Malone claimed in public statements that the Administration proposals did nothing to undermine the parallel system—that is, the system under which private firms and the Enterprise would work jointly on seabed mining—it was the opinion of other governments outside the Group of Seventy-seven that the proposals would dismantle the parallel system and make the conference into a rubber-stamp licensing bureau, of a sort the United States had proposed but had been unsuccessful in trying to negotiate in Caracas in 1974, at the start of the Third Conference. Evidently, the United States delegation hoped that the Seventy-seven would make a counterproposal, but they did not. The Seventy-seven said that they liked the treaty and the United States did not, and it was not for them to propose changes.

With ultraconservatives in the Administration labelling as sellouts any modifications of Administration positions, the members of the United States delegation felt unable to offer concessions even as talking points, though some said privately that they might be able to discuss proposals made by the other side. De Soto said the United States proposals struck at fundamental elements of the treaty which had been negotiated painstakingly over several years. The Seventy-seven, he said, were ready to consider specific improvements to the text if they did not alter those fundamentals. De Soto added that at this stage of the conference amendments should reflect shared interests rather than special ones. The Green Book, members of our delegation said, appeared to go out of its way to offend some of the most influential leaders of the developing countries by making pointless changes in clauses important to them. The Seventy-seven, having granted the minimal courtesy of two working days to considering the Green Book, rejected it. With half the negotiating period gone, there was again nothing on the table to work with.

At the end of the week, however, a compromise proposal, at first circulated privately and then published as a conference document, was put forth by delegates of some small industrial countries who considered themselves neutral on seabed mining. They called themselves the Group (or, sometimes, the Gang) of Eleven and included the ambassadors of Austria, Ireland, Canada, Norway, Australia, Denmark, Iceland, Switzerland, New Zealand, Sweden, and Finland. The delegates who wrote the proposal—Jens Evensen, of Norway; Brennan, of Australia; J. Alan Beesley, of Canada; and Peter Brückner, of Denmark—had studied President Reagan's six points and tried to distill them into a few practical changes that would tilt the balance of the text toward the Administration. The group first met privately, at a dinner given by Ambassador Beesley on March 11th, when the position of the United States seemed at its most dismal. They presented their proposal on March 18th, two days after the Seventy-seven had rejected the Green Book.

The Eleven's proposal did not give the Administration all it had asked for, but it did include substantial accommodations, including a guaranteed seat for the United States on the council of the Authority and simplified procedures for obtaining mining contracts. It was generally believed that the Group of Seventy-seven would—at the end of the day, as the delegates liked to put it—accept the proposal if the United States did. But the compromises were abruptly rejected by the United States, some of its leaders appearing to believe they were standing up to the Third World—even as the Seventy-seven were bringing the conference to a close and concluding a treaty.

The Reagan Administration thus abandoned the chance of getting most of what it wanted if it could not get all. According to a number of sources in the delegation, it appeared that the Administration's fallback position—if its first strategy, to rewrite the treaty, failed—was to prevent any improvements from being made, and render the treaty unacceptable to other governments. The Seventy-seven, on the other hand, had been urged to make enough improvements for seabed-mining companies that the industrial governments would accept the treaty. It was a narrow line for the leaders of the Seventy-seven to tread, because too many concessions would cause disaffection among nations in their own ranks. The Reagan Administration's method appeared to be to threaten, in as many ways as possible, to reject the treaty, in the belief that the developing countries would have to capitulate to save it. "The only thing we could offer was our participation," Doug Bandow, a White House aide and a member of the delegation, has said. But, significantly, Malone never made the offer, and one of the chief fears among the developing countries—that the United States would extract concessions and still reject the treaty—was never justified. After the Administration's rejection of the Group of



Eleven's compromises, a familiar gloom settled on the conference, but there seemed to be a profound lethargy as well. The conference had been, on many occasions, a powerful mechanism for resolving differences. Now there were no secret negotiations, no corridor talks. "The Seventy-seven seem to have given up," the British Ambassador, J. E. Powell-Jones, remarked at the time.

On April 3rd, Malone and Ratiner met with Secretary of State Haig to discuss the progress, or lack of it, in the negotiations. Just before leaving, Ratiner, who had previously not spoken except to answer questions, told the Secretary bluntly that there was not going to be any progress on the President's six points while the delegation was demanding so much more. Haig reportedly agreed to moderate some of the delegation's instructions, and the Senior Interagency Group, chaired by Under-Secretary James L. Buckley, approved them at a meeting hurriedly convened on Monday evening. The most significant point was that the Administration would withdraw its objection to the production ceiling on seabed mining. Although on an ideological level the threat of a limit on production was guaranteed to produce a shrill reaction from extreme conservatives, on a practical level the formula by which the limit was to be calculated had been negotiated to the point of no effect by former Ambassadors Richardson and Aldrich. It was, as Ratiner said, a formula with "no bite" in it. The production ceiling was one of several significant issues in the treaty which Administration representatives either persistently misrepresented or never understood. It was portrayed as an insidious attack on the essentials of free enterprise by the countries of the Third World when in fact it was a trade agreement between the United States and Canada—that is, between the largest consumer of nickel and the largest producer of it. It would tie the production level of all working seabed projects to a percentage of the increase over a period of twenty years in the world's consumption of nickel (which is ordinarily determined by the play of free-market forces).

Having got more flexible instructions, the delegation began new discussions. In Washington, however, those who had committed themselves against the treaty were alarmed by the turn of events. On April 15th, Robert Keating, a member of the United

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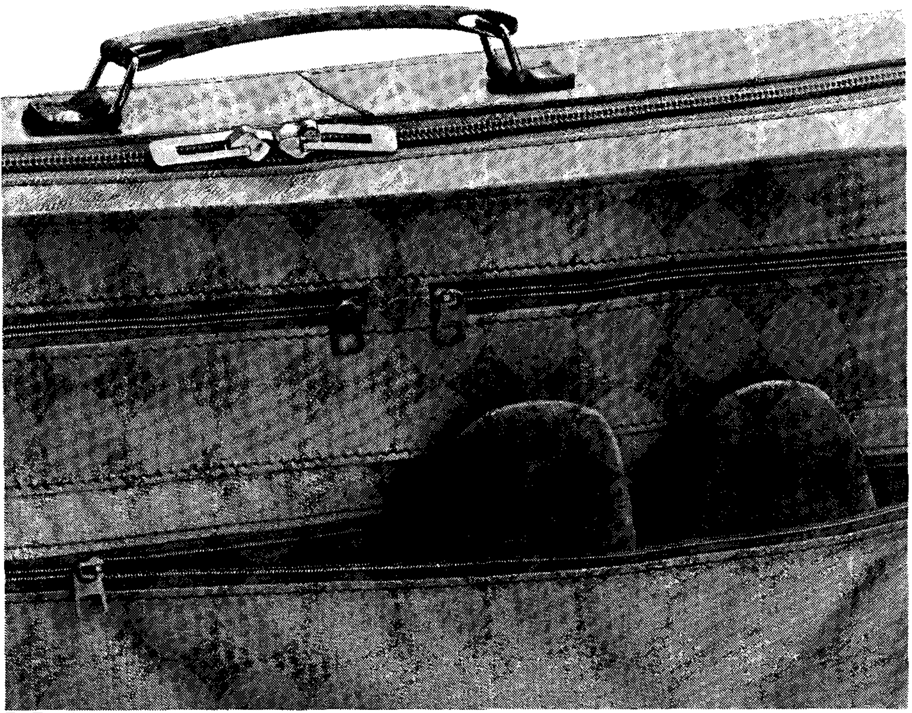

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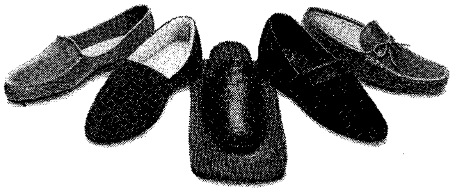
States delegation, sent a remarkable letter to some business executives. Keating, who was thought by some to be an industry liaison man, was one of several members of the delegation not directly involved in negotiations. In the letter, he described the decision, taken at one of the highest levels of government, as promising political and economic disaster for the United States, and he concluded with the hope that the negotiations that the President had directed the delegation to undertake would fail. He wrote:

> I wanted you to know that the decision to allow a lessening of the Delegation's instructions came as a surprise to me. Had it been possible for me to have objected to such a decision, I would have done so for I believe that the revised instructions undermine the President's six objectives of January 29.
>
> In my opinion, the new package of U.S. amendments submitted this week as a result of the revised instructions falls below what I would consider as the minimally acceptable bottom line. What bothers me is that the new package both acknowledges and accepts several of the major precedent-setting concepts of the proposed treaty, hitherto considered unacceptable by the Reagan Administration. . . .
>
> On the brighter side of things, I do not believe that the Group of 77 will give us a significant number of the changes sought in the new package of amendments. If I am right in this judgment, then the Reagan Administration would have compelling reasons for not signing the treaty.

On April 19th, some mining-industry spokesmen met in Washington with Ambassador Malone and Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor, to discuss the revised instructions. Some, who were opposed to any treaty at all, were violently opposed to the new instructions. "There was a group bound and determined to have no treaty," a moderate observer said recently. "They mucked it up, and they're continuing the good work." The day after the industry meeting, Meese and Malone met again. Immediately afterward, concessions that the United States delegation had offered were said to be no longer available. This reversal of policy, however, was itself reversed a few days later. Although the former instructions were reinstated and discussions resumed, damage had been done. News of the Meese meetings spread throughout the conference within a day, and delegates of all sympathies reached the seemingly obvious conclusion that the White House was not prepared to negotiate in any real sense. The hopes of reaching agreements raised by the President's January decision to negotiate had already been badly shaken. It was unlikely that any delegation could offer any concession in return for one the White House had tried to withdraw. A revised list of amendments, Document L-121, which the United States delegation presented in mid-April, though much briefer than the Green Book, was still not a realistic document. It would, for example, have put the decision-making power of the International Seabed Authority in the hands of six or eight nations. Other, friendly governments saw the document's introduction of such an idea as disastrous, despite personal efforts by Ratiner to explain away the implications. "It was the sort of document that should have been presented in Geneva in the summer of 1981, instead of two weeks before the conference was over," the ambassador of an allied country told me. "If the Reagan Administration hadn't bungled things so badly in Washington, and had finished its review in June or July, we could have spilled a bit of blood over it, but we would have got a consensus in the end. It was very poor diplomacy."

WHILE the United States and the Seventy-seven were unable to start a useful dialogue on changes to the existing text, a principle that had not been negotiated before, called Preparatory Investment Protection—referred to as PIP—had come to dominate the entire session. The United States wanted mining companies that had already invested heavily in seabed mining to be assured that the treaty would approve their mine sites. The leaders of the Seventy-seven, having all but given up on the United States, concentrated on insuring that the other industrial countries—especially Britain, West Germany, Japan, and France—would have sufficient inducement to join the treaty, leaving the United States isolated. The idea of Preparatory Investment Protection had been introduced by the United States two years earlier, because, under the seabed-mining provisions of the draft treaty, mining corporations that had already spent substantial sums exploring a site—chiefly American companies—had no more rights to it than companies that had merely filed a claim on paper. The developing countries agreed in principle that companies with large investments in research and exploration should receive some sort of protection. At first, the negotiations were regarded as minor and technical, and they began late, because the United States did not have a position paper ready. Talks continued argumentatively and without excitement for several weeks before several perceptive people—among them Evensen—realized that the PIP negotiation could become a vehicle for dealing with most of the seabed-mining provisions that the industrial countries had asked for, and on which the Reagan Administration and the Seventy-seven had not been able to start negotiating. The PIP negotiation thus became the most important work of the session. In effect, the PIP agreement assures the existing seabed miners, including the four American-European consortia and the four national enterprises (from France, Japan, India, and the Soviet Union), that if they apply for a license they will get it. In the end, PIP, although it was classified only as a resolution, was almost a separate new treaty within the original treaty, permitting mining enterprises to prepare, start up, and operate their first seabed mines almost unchecked, provided only that their countries had signed the treaty and that they paid royalties to the Authority.

Despite the continuing PIP negotiations, President Koh went ahead with the process of concluding the conference. After the formal end of negotiations, countries had a period in which to submit and respond to formal amendments to the treaty before finally voting on them. Amendments were a last chance for redress for countries that felt they had not got enough in some negotiation. But since amendments had to be voted on, they could easily backfire: a vote of rejection could set as strong a precedent in international law as a vote of adoption. Thirty-one countries or groups of countries submitted over two hundred and fifty amendments. Gabon offered an amendment prohibiting warships from entering the territorial sea of a coastal state without notice or permission—a politically popular measure in a great many countries, not all of them developing ones. The United States and the Soviet Union had said they would withdraw from the treaty if such a provision was adopted; it had been beaten down in committee year after year by the objections of the two superpowers under the consensus rule. Now, though, a vote on it had a chance of carrying. The United States' Document L-121 appeared. The Group of Eleven submitted its suggestions as Document L-104. Turkey proposed abandoning the confer-



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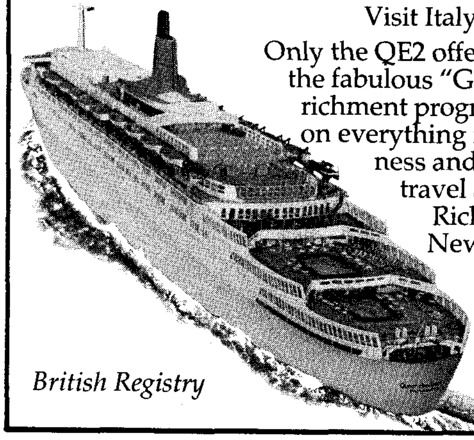

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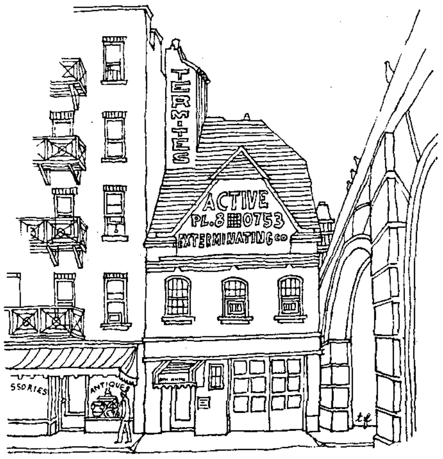
ence prohibition on reservations on the treaty; if its proposal had passed, countries could have ratified the parts of the treaty they liked and exempted themselves from the parts they didn't. Spain proposed that countries be granted extra powers over pollution in straits. Nepal, Lesotho, and half a dozen other countries proposed a Common Heritage Fund, to be supported by royalties from offshore-oil production and used for the benefit of all the developing countries—an idea close to a proposal made in 1967 by Dr. Arvid Pardo, of Malta, and to one made by President Nixon in 1970, but one that had been put forward year after year without generating much enthusiasm, even among the developing countries. In the last week of the 1982 session, all the problems—many of them procedural—that had come up in the session came up again, for final acceptance or rejection. On Monday, April 26th, President Koh presented his own suggestions for changes in the treaty, some of them taken from the proposal of the Group of Eleven, and asked delegates to read them but not to comment until two days later. Several delegates did exactly what they just had been asked not to do. The Rumanian delegate began to comment, and President Koh politely asked him to stop, which he did. The chief Soviet delegate, Kozyrev, was given the floor, and he, too, began to comment on the proposals; Koh, now showing some irritation, asked him to stop. The Rumanian delegate again got the floor, for a procedural point, and again began to comment on Koh's suggested amendments; Koh threatened to have his microphone turned off. Finally, Kozyrev, a white-haired man in his seventies, returned to the theme that he had been hammering at for days: that the PIP proposal required countries with national corporations to sign the treaty before they could begin work, while the Western consortia could begin if only one of the countries represented in their membership signed. This was discrimination, Kozyrev said. Koh acidly said that only respect for the Ambassador's age prevented him from explaining his error to him.

"If they don't like it, let them form their own consortium," a fed-up member of the Seventy-seven said.

An American said, with grim satisfaction, "Here we are, looking like asses, and the Russians come along and are even stupider."

At noon, Koh appealed to all the delegates not to press their amendments. "Eight long, hard years we have been working on drafting the Law of the Sea," he said. "We have never voted on substance. If controversial and divisive amendments are put to a vote and adopted, they could prevent the adoption of the conference on Friday. I appeal to all sponsors not to press for a vote." The Ambassador from Gabon was first, and then, one by one, delegates began to raise their hands for the floor and agreed not to press for a vote. Starting with the United States, the seabed-mining countries offered not to go to a vote on their amendments if others did not go to a vote on theirs. In a few minutes, half the items submitted had been withdrawn. "Does any other delegate wish to help the conference?" Koh asked, in an encouraging voice. Three more volunteered. Although some controversial proposals remained, it seemed that the problem of amendments was being overcome. There was laughter when the president, sounding like an auctioneer, said, "May I hear some more colleagues?" In the end, there was a vote on Spain's two amendments on straits; neither was accepted. Turkey's amendment on reservations was defeated overwhelmingly, by a hundred to nineteen. (The vote reaffirmed resoundingly the conference principle of the package deal, showing that if put to the test countries invariably would rather limit themselves than leave their opponents free, as John Stevenson, a former United States ambassador to the conference, and Professor Bernard Oxman, a former delegate, have written.) President Koh's own proposals were put into the treaty on Friday morning, April 30th.

Despite all the missteps, the Reagan Administration's problems with the treaty nearly were resolved on Wednesday, April 28th, two days before the session closed. A package of compromises had been found which sat-



isfied both the United States and the group of Seventy-seven on all except two of the problems. These, however, were two of the most inflammatory—the transfer of technology and the adoption of future amendments to the seabed provisions—and by the end of the afternoon Ratiner and de Soto had become more entrenched in their positions. President Koh closed the meeting, observing that there was no longer time to negotiate and then incorporate the results of the negotiations into the treaty before Friday. The chance for negotiation had passed, and though it had seemed to some of the negotiators that a solution was very close, neither side had appeared willing to close the gap. "I decided to end it," Koh has said. "It was time for Paul and me to meet and take our courage in our hands and decide what compromises the Seventy-seven must be made to accept." Some of the neutral delegates said afterward that if the timing had been different—if a few more days had been available—a solution could certainly have been found. The two issues, they said, on which Washington's complaints had been loudest, were artificial ones, generating much heat and little light. They were compromises that had been arrived at in past years to solve specific problems, and, with a little thought and discussion, other ways to solve those problems could have been found. The treaty provisions concerning the transfer of technology were limited, and did not force companies to give up their technology at the whim of the Seabed Authority, as opponents of the treaty in Washington had been saying. The provisions would pertain only if the Authority could not buy the technology on the open market, and they guaranteed the seller both "fair and reasonable commercial terms" and, if the seller should feel unfairly dealt with, resort to commercial arbitration. These provisions had been put into the treaty because of the developing countries' distrust of the parallel system; the Group of Seventy-seven feared that, under the parallel system, the Enterprise would have no choice but to buy from its rivals, which would refuse to sell. Although the claim that the treaty gives the Authority an unlimited right to make use of any company's technology has proved an effective debating point against it, independent studies have shown that all the technology used in seabed mining is already available on the world market from various sources. Thus, the Ad-

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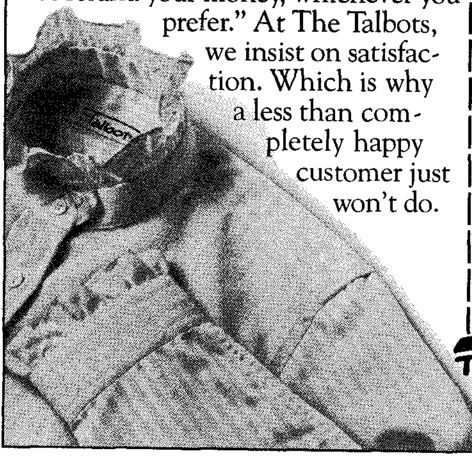

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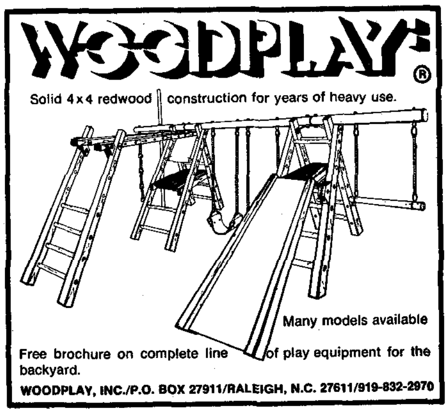
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ministration fought and rejected the treaty—and the Seventy-seven clung to it—for provisions that had lost all practical effect. The conference had provided that the session could be extended, if necessary, and President Koh has been severely criticized for not extending it when the two sides were so close to agreement. But he was urged strongly not to extend it by some of the major industrial countries—the United States' closest allies. They complained of being under intense pressure from Washington to reject the treaty even while the negotiations to agree upon it were still under way.

Ratiner continued to try to cut a deal until the last minute, but what hampered him was the difficulty of uniting his own delegation, and, even more, his own government, on any package of compromises. On Thursday, Ratiner told de Soto that the United States delegation could accept the treaty text if it contained L-104, the compromise document submitted by the Group of Eleven. The offer was almost immediately withdrawn, however, because of opposition in the Administration, and though it was restored again on Friday morning, the day the text was to be adopted and the session closed, de Soto said he could no longer respond; the Administration's pressure on other governments to reject the draft treaty was raising too much distrust.

THE adoption of the treaty text occurred after lunch on Friday, April 30, 1982, and though for many delegates it was not the end of their work, it was the achievement of the goal of the Law of the Sea conference, after fourteen years of negotiation—eight in the conference itself and six in preparatory conferences. It had been the hope of the delegates that it could be adopted by consensus, as a symbolic gesture. After Malone had rejected appeals by both Beesley and President Koh that he not insist upon a vote, Koh ordered the vote. A blue curtain on one side of the conference hall rumbled aside, uncovering a large screen like a tote board. As delegates began to vote, lights appeared on the screen beside each country's name, and soon there was a constellation of white lights, for "Yes" votes. People on the far side of the room strained to see the names beside the few red lights. The tally was a hundred and nineteen votes for the text of the treaty and four against. Besides the United States, the opponents were Israel, Turkey, and Venezuela, all of which had reasons of their own for voting against the text—reasons that had nothing to do with the Reagan Administration's problems. All three would probably have accepted a consensus. Turkey voted no because of boundary problems; Israel voted no because of the provision that could be regarded as making the P.L.O. eligible for Authority revenues; and Venezuela voted no because of a dispute with Colombia over delimitation. Of the United States' seabed allies, France, Japan, and the Netherlands had voted yes. Britain and West Germany abstained. A member of the American delegation said later that anyone who did not vote with us voted against us. Canada (which has companies in mining consortia), Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and most of the developing countries also voted yes. The Soviet Union abstained, because of its objections to regulations protecting pioneer investors (but then, last June, announced that it would sign the treaty), and so the East Europeans also abstained (Alexander Yankov, of Bulgaria, the chairman of Committee Three, fought back tears when he spoke later). Despite the overwhelming vote, the delegates' jubilation over the adoption of the text was muted by the American opposition and by the abstentions. Following the vote, the chairmen of various groups made ceremonial speeches congratulating President Koh on his successful guidance of the conference. In his response, Koh remarked that it was customary for the host state to say a few words but that he didn't know if it would in this case. Ambassador Malone had left the chamber. Ratiner, who, like Chairman Yankov, was very moved, said haltingly (perhaps it was the only time in his diplomatic career that he had been at a loss for words) that he was very happy for his friends in the conference. The next morning, Malone appeared and held a press conference with Ratiner beside him. (As it turned out, Ratiner had been dismissed as of the day before, although this was not known at the time, even by Ratiner.) Malone said that the

United States had achieved only a few of the concessions it had sought at the session and that the Group of Seventy-seven had adamantly refused to consider compromises. Both statements so little reflected the actual events of the session, and the changes that had been made in the treaty, that it was possible to believe they had been written before the session began.

The conclusion of a long and entangled negotiation is itself a measured ritual. The adoption of a text for the treaty, though a climactic moment, was still far from the end. Political maneuvering and posturing intensified. The pace of private discussions increased as other governments considered ways of dealing with the Reagan Administration's rejection of the text, and their own future positions. The conference's drafting committee met for nine weeks, in Geneva, that summer to examine the hundreds of pages of new texts negotiated in the spring session, and other seabed articles. It proposed nearly three thousand changes, and the conference met in September, in New York, to incorporate them into the treaty. There was speculation that a behind-the-scenes compromise would be made with Washington and revealed in September, but none emerged. With the drafting committee's work done, the final text of the treaty could be published, and governments could formally begin assessing its value. The conference agreed to hold its final meeting in December. At that time, a largely—but not entirely—ceremonial document, called the Final Act, would be open to governments' signatures, as would the treaty itself. Signing a treaty conveys some approval of it but does not commit a country to abide by it—that is accomplished by ratification. It does commit the country not to work against the treaty's purposes. Commonly, a treaty is left open for signing for a short time—the Law of the Sea treaty will be open for two years—and thereafter countries may accede to the treaty directly (that is, ratify it), without the preliminary act of signing. For most countries, including those openly favorable to the treaty, ratification will be a drawn-out process of several years or more, and for a number of them—Norway, Israel, the Netherlands, for example—it requires first translating the text into their own language, itself a six-month project.

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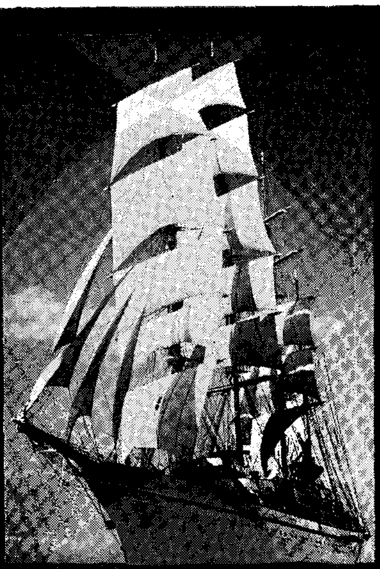

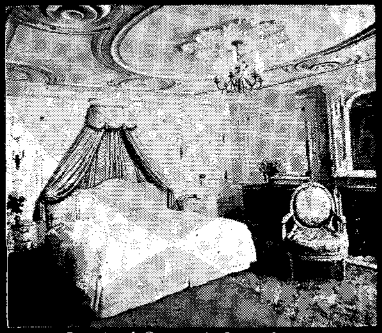

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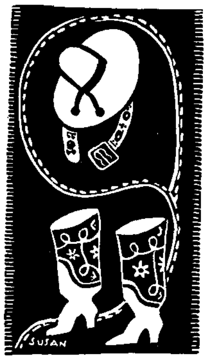
specifies the number of ratifications required before the treaty can come into force. For the Law of the Sea treaty, it is sixty countries of the hundred and fifty-odd in the conference. The number was settled on as a significant representation of countries but not so many that the treaty could not come into force in five or six years.



On July 9, 1982, three months after the conference adopted the treaty, the White House officially announced that President Reagan had decided not to sign it. The President is reported to have said during the Cabinet meeting at which the decision was made, "We're policed and patrolled on land and there is so much regulation that I kind of thought that when you go out on the high seas you can do as you want." The announcement was a carefully written statement that in significant ways was not what it seemed. The rejection was also notice of the Administration's intention of taking all the benefits of the treaty. The Administration claimed it objected only to the seabed portions; that is, to one out of seventeen parts and three out of nine annexes. "Those extensive parts dealing with navigation and overflight and most other provisions of the convention are consistent with United States interests and, in our view, serve well the interests of all nations," the statement said. The United States was not required to make a final decision on the treaty for several more years, and there were many reasons not to. The President's decision to reject it anyhow appeared to confirm further the suspicion that the Administration would rather work for the failure of the treaty than for improvements in it. One of the most disturbing aspects of the President's position was the decision to reject every possibility of mediation, and there were many available. The President rejected a plan, widely discussed in Washington, to send a high-level envoy to other capitals to discuss a few more critical concessions. Leaders of the conference had already met in Geneva, where they were attending sessions of the International Law Commission, to discuss making some basic improvements for Washington. According to both American and other sources, the meeting was strongly in favor of such changes, but the President's announcement cut off the initiative. The Administration also said that it would take no part whatsoever—even as an observer—in the deliberations of the Seabed Authority's Preparatory Commission. Many of the mining industry's problems arise from uncertainty, and from projections of worst-possible outcomes under treaty provisions. Marne Dubs, formerly of Kennecott, the most experienced and thoughtful industry representative at the conference, has said that a voice in the Preparatory Commission could go a long way toward resolving industry's remaining operating problems.

Far from sending an envoy to seek accommodation on the treaty, the Administration sent one to try to persuade other governments to reject it or withhold their support. Reportedly, Under-Secretary of State James Buckley was considered for the job but was judged insufficiently conservative after his part in revising the delegation's instructions in April. In October, several months after the idea first surfaced, the job was given to Donald Rumsfeld, a former Secretary of Defense, and he was dispatched to Britain, France, West Germany, Japan, Belgium, Italy, and the Netherlands. None of the seven governments has followed Washington's example. France announced both before and after Rumsfeld's visit that it would sign the Law of the Sea treaty. Britain said that it would make no decision, pending possible improvements. Japan agreed, as a courtesy, to defer a decision on signing the treaty, but it was soon an open secret that a decision to sign had already been made.

IN December, the last meeting of the Third Law of the Sea conference was held, in Jamaica, the future seat of the International Seabed Authority. Some who favored the treaty had confidently predicted that there would be at least sixty or seventy signatures during the ceremonial assemblage. Instead, a hundred and seventeen countries and two non-self-governing states signed the treaty the first morning, and several other nations have done so since. Among the pioneer seabed investors that signed were France, the Soviet Union, Canada, India, and the Netherlands. In February of this year, Japan signed the treaty, despite pressure from Washington not to. Apart from the United States, Britain and

West Germany were chief among those that did not sign. The statements of their delegates both pointedly said they were not rejecting the treaty; they would participate in the Preparatory Commission and defer a decision until they could evaluate its work. British mining representatives have been more willing to work under the seabed provisions than their American counterparts, and Britain has had all its other interests acknowledged generously in the treaty; but London shares some of the ideological reservations of the Reagan Administration. "They're crazy not to sign," a United States observer remarked. Some provisions on the outer continental shelf were included especially for Britain, he added. West Germany has few marine resources, but the orderly commercial use of the ocean is an important national interest, and the Law of the Sea Tribunal will meet in Germany if Germany ratifies the treaty, becoming the first international organization of this type to do so since the Second World War. The hundred and nineteen signatures to the treaty the first day were more than enough to insure formation of the Preparatory Commission (fifty were required). Ninety days later, on March 15, 1983, the Preparatory Commission assembled as prescribed—the first act to be carried out under the treaty. It chose Joseph Warioba as its president, turning down Paul Engo, and is to convene again this month.

Although President Reagan endorsed the terms of the treaty on everything but the seabed, the United States will not get all the benefits. The treaty holds the best and the most benefits for the United States, and any alternative system can only accomplish less. The treaty's elaborate mechanisms for settling disputes would not be available either to support just claims or to discourage weak ones. If a United States ship, for example, was wrongfully detained, the United States would have no court of recourse. The treaty's provisions for scientific research in the various nations' economic zones are a good deal better than most countries would provide otherwise, and so are environmental provisions and safeguards for navigation. The Administration claims that the two-hundred-mile economic zone is already accepted among nations, citing as proof fifty or more countries that have proclaimed such zones. In fact, there was little agreement among those nations (except on a width of

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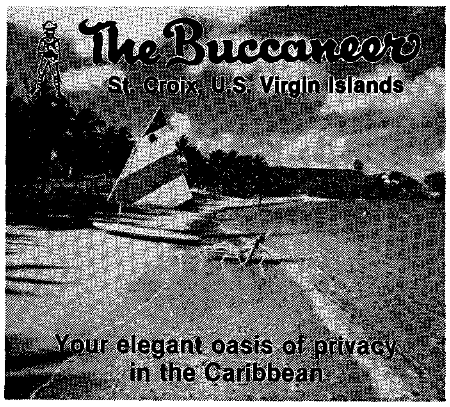
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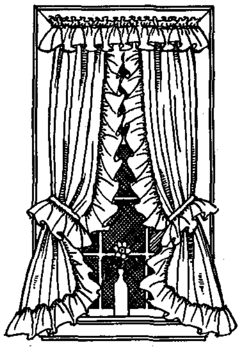

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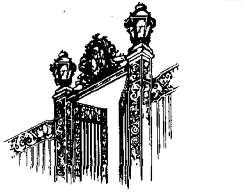

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two hundred miles), especially on navigation rights, which are very important to the United States. The *rights of navigation in economic zones* are protected only by the treaty.

Ironically, while the Reagan Administration has claimed to be defending the freedom of American companies to work without excessive interference and the right of the United States to have access to strategically needed metals, it is unlikely at best that there will be any United States–flag seabed mining or direct United States access to seabed minerals as long as we reject the Law of the Sea treaty. According to a background paper prepared by the Commerce Department, operating outside the treaty could be feasible only if the federal government were to offer large financial inducements and guarantees to satisfy investors and bankers. Such guarantees would scarcely constitute free enterprise.

"The United States [ocean] mining industry is now in the worst situation possible," the study says. Operating under the treaty "is not likely to be viewed as unbearable by many investors," while the risks of operating outside the treaty "would have greater costs," because "challenges to the right to conduct mining operations outside the Convention would put the entire investment (typically in excess of *$1 billion*) at risk compared to the relative low cost of operating under the Convention." Ocean-mining corporations, the study continues, may well urge the Administration to stay out of the treaty (as, indeed, several have done), "only to find that, if financial incentives are not provided, [their] interests are best served by the [Convention]," which provides a "stable business environment," at least; and the study points out that for companies that do not insist on going it alone there is always the possibility of financially rewarding joint ventures.

In the June, 1982, issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Leigh Ratiner wrote:

> If the Western industrialized powers, minus the United States, join the Soviet bloc and the Third World, they will create an historic global organization—one which for the first time regulates, manages and produces globally shared resources. Should all this occur without American influence, participation and leadership, our nation will suffer a much more serious adverse precedent than any of the adverse precedents we fought against in the treaty negotiation itself. We will stand as the emperor without clothes—for the entire world will see that it can do amazing and

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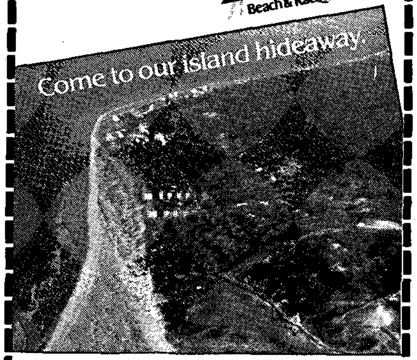

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stupendous things without American money, leadership or technology.

"If the Convention fails or comes under a serious cloud," Professor Emeritus Louis Henkin, of Columbia University, said recently, "the United States may find itself fighting three-hundred-mile territorial seas, five-hundred-mile exclusive zones, and restrictions on military uses and navigation, as well as on fishing, mining, and scientific research off every continent, in every strait, and in every sea." When the United States called for another negotiation on the Law of the Sea fourteen years ago, its purpose was to stop a proliferation of unilateral claims in the ocean. Fourteen years later, with a treaty successfully negotiated and other countries persuaded to act in agreement instead of unilaterally, President Reagan has committed the United States to the very thing it fought against. Administration policy since the close of the conference has been to take the advantages of the treaty while rejecting the negotiated costs. On March 10, 1983, President Reagan proclaimed a two-hundred-mile economic zone off United States coasts, with sovereign rights over resources, as specified in the treaty.

Even if the United States should have the power to get what it wants without signing the treaty, other countries, some of them close friends of ours, may not. If the Administration's opposition to the treaty weakens it, other countries lose protection. The United States has always stood for law and, in the deeper sense, order. "Customary" law has always contained an element of "might makes right"—a principle this country has stood up against in the past and a primary reason for convening the Law of the Sea conference. The preamble of the treaty states that its purpose is to "contribute to the strengthening of peace, security, coöperation, and friendly relations among all nations."

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

*(This is the second part of a two-part article.)*

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### CLEAR DAYS ON THE METEOROLOGICAL SCENE

*[From the Nashville Tennessean]*

Weatherman Jack Merryman had a logical explanation last night for the unusually chilly, wet weather that has broken records this spring.

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

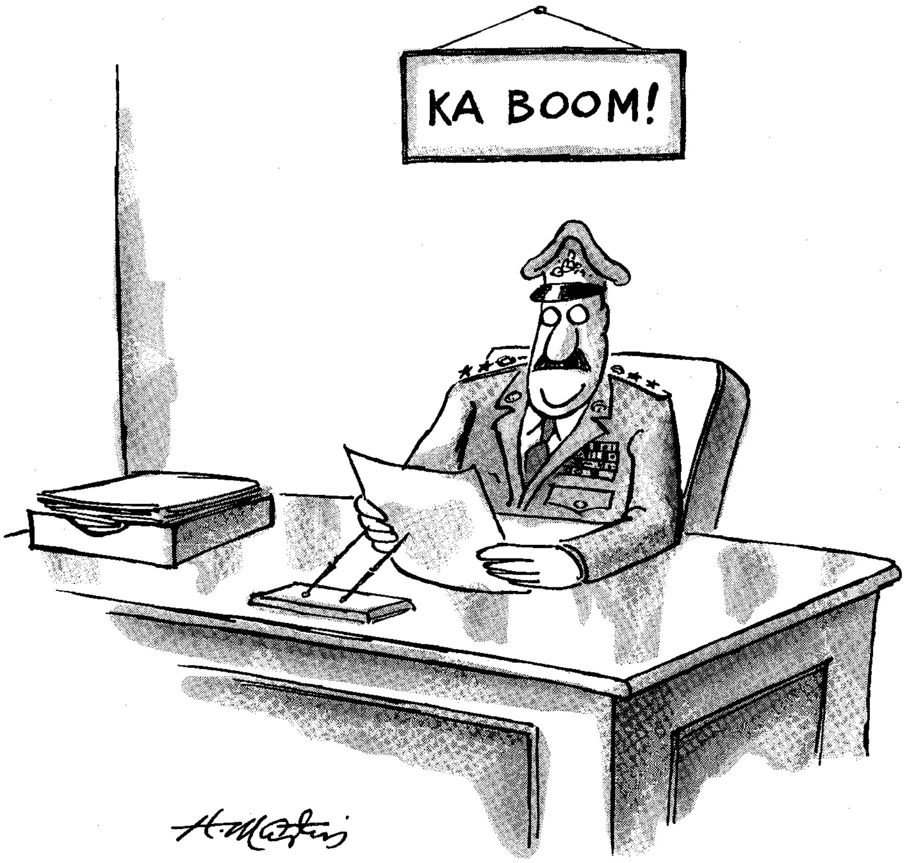
## *Anybody Home?*

“ZELIG,” the new picture by Woody Allen, is a lovely small comedy, but it can’t bear the weight of the praise being shovelled on it. If it’s a masterpiece, it’s a masterpiece only of its own kind; it’s like an example of a nonexistent genre, or a genre from another country—something mildly eerie that feels Eastern European, about a man who’s on the verge of disappearing and finally he does. Allen had a vertiginous, original idea for a casual piece, like his Madame Bovary story, and he worked it out to perfection. The film has a real shine, but it’s like a teeny carnival that you may have missed—it was in the yard behind the Methodist church last week. Insignificance is even its subject.

The son of an Orthodox Jewish actor, Leonard Zelig (played by Allen) wants to be safe, accepted, liked; being a nothing himself, he takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. In the faddist twenties, his freakish transformations (which are beyond his conscious control) make him a celebrity—he becomes the rage. The movie, which is in the form of a documentary about Zelig, the Human Chameleon, is worked out meticulously, using trick effects that put Allen into old newsreels and stock footage, as well as into expertly faked footage that looks old. Mia Farrow, who, like Woody Allen, is seen only in simulated found bits of film, plays a young psychiatrist, Dr. Eudora Fletcher, who tries to cure Zelig, and, falling in love with him, is loyal even when the press and the public turn against him. And this mock documentary, which is an intricately layered parody, includes interviews “today” with people who knew him, including the elderly Eudora (played by Ellen Garrison), who reminisces about him, in her level-headed way. And it has its guest-star savants. In a takeoff of “Reds,” Allen uses modern cultural figures—such as Susan Sontag, Irving Howe, Saul Bellow, Bruno Bettelheim—as “witnesses” to Zelig’s career, and they each interpret that career in terms of their specialty. (A few of them are perhaps too self-aware—too smiley about satirizing their own ideas. But Woody Allen has got one thing exactly right: as soon as they talk in abstractions we tune out on what they’re saying.)

The picture is thoroughly charming. It’s quick and deft and it races along. I admired the delicate care with which it was made, I kept smiling happily, and I laughed out loud once, at something so silly I wasn’t sure why it got to me. But when I see comparisons with “Citizen Kane” in the papers, I don’t know what the writers are talking about. When you went to the movies in the pre-television days the picture would come on right after the newsreel. And at the end of the newsreel in “Citizen Kane” the picture does start up. At the end of the newsreel in “Zelig,” the picture is over. I felt good, but I was still a little hungry for a movie. There’s a reason “Zelig” seems small: there aren’t any characters in it, not even Zelig. It’s a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. Zelig is played humbly and gracefully; Woody Allen never disrupts the movie’s smooth, neutral surfaces—at times he’s as meek and abashed as Stan Laurel. Even when Zelig has taken on the black skin of a jazz trumpeter, or the blubber of a fatty, or the profile of a Mohawk Indian, he isn’t really strong or sure of himself. There’s something frail and shy—and still—about him in any guise. He’s emotionally mute.

Zelig is an end-of-the-alphabet man, the one who comes last, and he’s so anonymous that he can be everywhere. He melts into any situation. Yet whether he’s on the field at Yankee Stadium waiting his turn at bat after Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth, or innocently causing a fracas by showing up next to Pope Pius XI on the balcony at St. Peter’s, or peeking from behind Hitler on the stage at a giant National Socialist Party rally, he’s always looking into a camera, looking for himself. The movie is so densely about a man’s obsession with himself—with his misfortune, his nothingness—that it’s suffocatingly sad to think about. (Maybe that’s why it suggests an Eastern European sensibility.) One of the newsreel announcers tells us that Zelig continues to “astound scientists” who observe his transformations, and for a while eminent doctors use him like a guinea pig; his half sister takes him away, and she and her husband put him in sideshows, exhibiting him as a freak, like the Elephant Man. We see him at one zero point when the doctors are conducting experiments on him: He’s sitting by himself in a hallway, “a human cipher,” eating a hard, unbuttered roll that has been handed to him. People walk past on their errands without registering his existence; he



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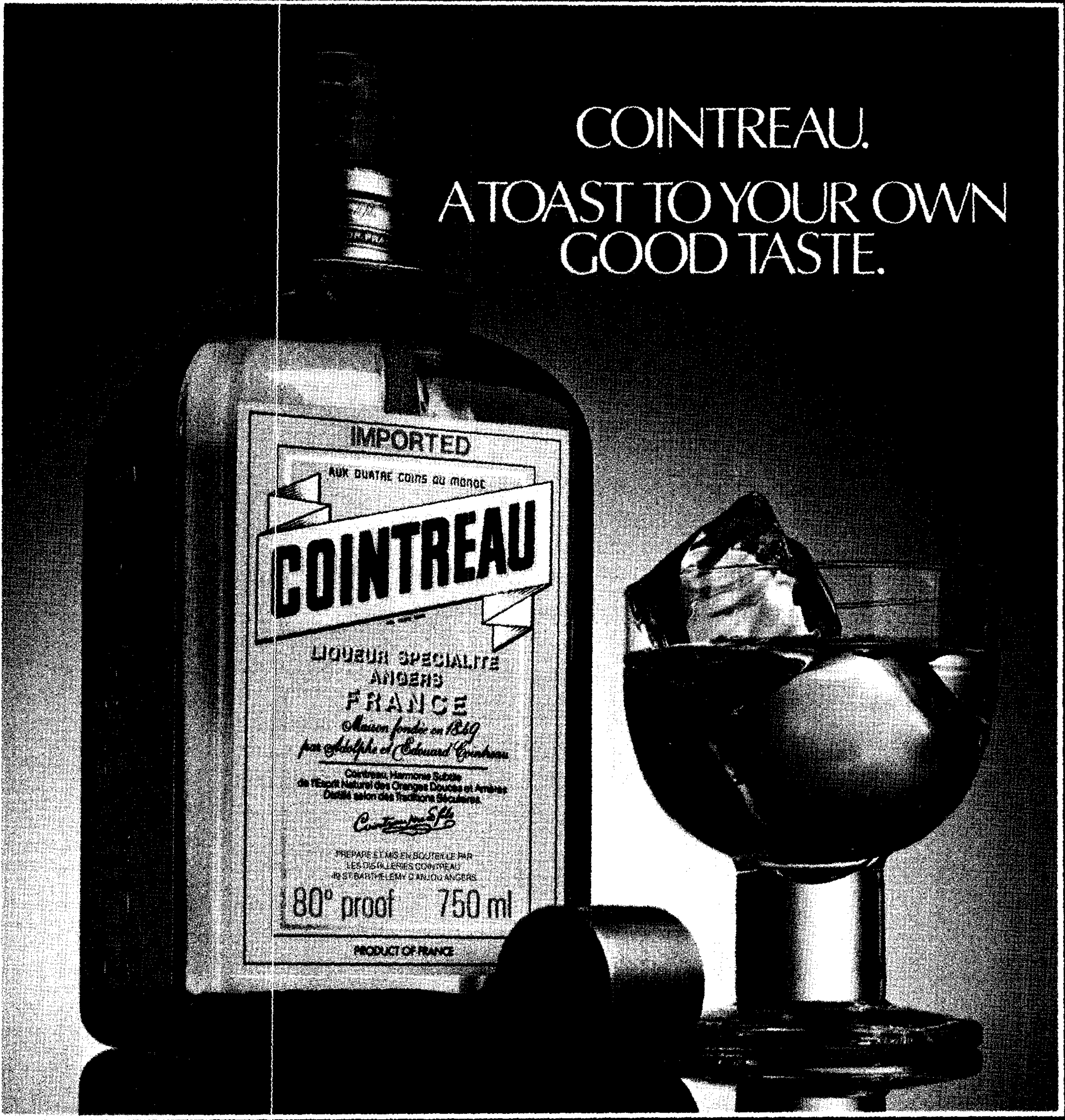
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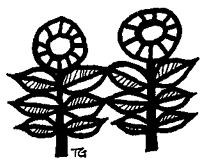
barely registers it. Woody Allen is poignant here in the way that Chaplin was often poignant, and it's creepy, because you feel that these rich, gifted, accomplished writer-director-comedians who have won their artistic freedom, who have many friends and are attractive to lovers, who are admired the world over, are showing you the truth of how at some level they still feel utterly alone and lost, like wormy nothings. And you don't know how to react to it. "Zelig" is fastidiously controlled and dry, but at the core—that lonely figure chewing dutifully, without pleasure—it's bathed in tears. Yet that, too, is presented fastidiously.

This film is an unusually gentle, modulated comedy. It could be rambunctious, what with Zelig having not just one but two ticker-tape welcomes to New York, and inspiring Jazz Age songs and dance crazes, and all of this coming to us as part of the stylized, hyperbolic past that we see in old newsreels. But Allen plays everything off against Zelig's sad nothingness. It's an ingenious stunt. Like the unbuttered-roll scene, which is totally visual (its strength comes from the placement of the walkers-by in relation to the camera), the whole movie has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning American history into slapstick by inserting this little lost sheep in a corner of the frame. (The effect is something like what you get when you read "Ragtime.") Allen couldn't have told the story of Leonard Zelig any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. It's the fakery that dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed, and the movie darts on. It's incredibly artful; it's all touches—like the enlightened-modern-woman expression on Eudora's face as she publicly smokes a cigarette. The clothes, the paraphernalia seem exactly right yet funny—the care that has gone into the trivia is itself absurd. The movie is said to be about modern man's anxiety and his quest for identity, about conformism, the emptiness of celebrity, the fickleness of the public, etc. And it *is* about all these themes, but it's very "real;" you don't have to have read Kafka or worried about existential predicaments to get it.

Zelig has a literary precursor—Melville's Confidence Man, whose appearance also kept changing, but Zelig is the Confidence Man without a game (and without the author's passion). Zelig has relatives, too, such as Chekhov's Olga, in "The Darling," who changes to suit her husbands, and Toto, in the Zavattini–De Sica film "Miracle in Milan," who tries to make physically afflicted people feel better by imitating their afflictions. Woody Allen's originality is in shafting the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. His movie is a chiding demonstration that everyone is not someone. That's real subversion. (At least a third of all Tin Pan Alley lyrics may be shot to hell.) Allen doesn't build up any rage about it, or much hilarity, either. Even the hysteria that might be expected to accompany such drastic role confusion as Zelig's is missing; Zelig's nothingness is simply a given—an idea that Woody Allen gets to play with. And he puts it through its permutations.

At one level, the picture is a skewed fairy tale about a patient winning his shrink: she's the best person in the world, she cares for you, she's faithful to you and follows you all over the globe to help you. And the movie is at its most inventive and its wittiest, I think, when Mia Farrow's Eudora is having difficulty treating Zelig because he, with his adaptation mechanism, thinks that he, too, is a psychiatrist. She devises a strategy to get through to him. Since she cannot convince him that he isn't one, she does it indirectly—she tells him that she is a sham, an impostor, that she has been deceiving him and isn't really a psychiatrist. Zelig is visibly upset, and we see his distress as he begins to feel that he's an impostor, too. But her cleverness backfires: his only way of dealing with his agitation is to disappear.

Throughout the movie, Zelig keeps disappearing, and Woody Allen's conception of him is of a very withdrawn, recessive person. Though Eudora pursues Zelig and there's an apparently happy resolution of his troubles—he learns to use his disorder and, presumably, gains an identity—that doesn't quite jibe with what we see. Mia Farrow, perhaps the most thin-skinned of actresses—luminously so—is unearthly, weightless, a Peter Pan. She has refinement in her bones. And hand in hand she and Woody Allen play together with tactful ease. She has never seemed more finely chiselled or more beautiful, but she wears huge specs and her slender face seems to disappear behind them. She's the invisible shrink. I got the feeling that Woody Allen as director was changing her, making her more like himself—that he was making her recede. And that she, like a chameleon, was becoming as faded and indistinct as he is. But she also changes him. She doesn't challenge him (as Diane Keaton did in her pictures with him); she frees him from stress, and he comes up with fresh, delicate scenes, like the one in which, under hypnosis, he murmurs, "I love you," and then, in a whimper, "You're the worst cook . . . those pancakes. I love you . . . I want to take care of you. No more pancakes." When he's with her, they're both childlike, withdrawn, far away. The whole picture goes by so fast and the people are at such a remote distance that it seems evanescent, and though the aged Eudora is still around to be interviewed, Zelig seems to have vanished—evaporated. He should be back, though. The term "Zelig" will probably enter the language to describe all the nonpersons we meet.



BILL MINER is one of nature's noblemen. His hair and his thick mustache are turning white; his face is weathered, and his eyes are bright pale blue. They shine with joy of life, and he makes us feel that we can read his emotions in them. This is the sort of outdoors face that inspires trust, a face with "character." (It's amazing how often con artists have this clear-eyed, guileless look—it helps to account for the way voters are taken in by the snake-oil salesmen they elect to office.) "The Grey Fox" opens in 1901, when Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth) is released after thirty-three years in San Quentin. He had been let out twice before, in 1870 and again in 1880, but had barely sniffed free air when he got into trouble again and was returned to prison, where he served his full time. (He might have been eligible for parole if he hadn't continually tried to escape.) Now he's a living anachronism, a legendary stagecoach bandit—the outlaw whom William Pinkerton, the head of the notorious agency, credited with initiating the call "Hands up!"—released into the twentieth century.

There may never have been photographs of trains more exultant than the shots here of the old Northern Pacific steaming through mountain forests. This mechanical chugging, rolling beast makes its own cloud formations as it carries Bill Miner north to the Puget Sound area to see his

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sister. A courteous old gentleman, Miner has no reason (yet) to hide his background, and when a fellow-passenger, a drummer selling a labor-saving gadget, a mechanical apple peeler, asks him what line he's in, he replies that he's "between jobs," and when he's asked what he did, he says, "I robbed stagecoaches."

"The Grey Fox" isn't a lament for the last of a breed. Miner isn't hostile to the new technology that has antiquated him—he's fascinated by it, and he buys an apple peeler. In this movie, the objects that represent twentieth-century ingenuity and "progress" are infused with the wonder they had for the people who first set eyes on them. In 1903, Miner, who has been working for a living and feeling degraded by it, as if he'd stooped beneath his class, goes into a Seattle nickelodeon and sees his first movie. It's "The Great Train Robbery," and it transforms his life. We see the light from the screen on his face as he realizes that there is a way for him to adapt his professional expertise to the new era. One man in the theatre can't contain his enthusiasm; he's so charged up that he jumps to his feet and fires his gun. Miner's exhilaration takes a quieter form; his eyes are dancing, but he's thinking. When the picture is over, he goes directly to a store to buy a Colt revolver, and we see the gleaming dark metal as he touches it, feels its heft, spins the cylinder. The way the cinematographer, Frank Tidy, lights the Colt you see the beauty in its deadly craftsmanship. And Miner respects it as the tool of his trade; with this small, compact gun a man is grandly equipped to cry "Hands up!"

There were sixty-three train robberies recorded in the United States and Canada between 1870 and 1933. (Movies and TV have, of course, made us feel as if there were thousands.) Thirty-three of them took place before 1914—the year Bill Miner died—and he was definitely responsible for six of these, and was probably involved in a few others. He was only sixteen, in 1863, when he robbed his first Pony Express, but he was about sixty when he robbed his first train. So he had to be a busy, agile old fellow. He was also dignified and smart, and he never killed anybody. In British Columbia, where he fled after the Pinkertons got on his tail, he became a folk hero—the Gentleman Bandit, the Grey Fox. For a period, he lived there, pretending to be a mining engineer, in and around a town called Kamloops.

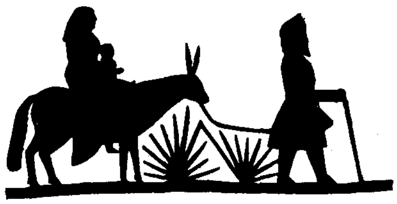
This first feature directed by Phillip Borsos (at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries) is based on a script by John Hunter that stays fairly close to the historical accounts. It concentrates on Miner's stay in Kamloops, where he came to know a cultivated woman, a free-lance photographer whose life was to be entwined with his. He's in the local newspaper office when he first sees Kate Flynn, a suffragette and "free spirit," with thick curly auburn hair that's like frazzled brain waves pushing against her ladylike big hat. She is telling off the editor for his refusal to print a letter she has written to him about women's not being paid what men are for the same jobs. At first, Jackie Burroughs, the celebrated Canadian stage actress who plays the role, is a little irritating, as if she's trying for the mannered spunk of Katharine Hepburn but is slipping down to Cloris Leachman. She very quickly—maybe it's Kate's awareness of her own foolishness, maybe it's her big, toothy, sensual smile—won me over. Also, I realized how badly the movie needs Jackie Burroughs' flamboyance—she gives it some artifice, and some musk. Richard Farnsworth, who was born in Los Angeles in 1920 (and has a definite resemblance to the actual Bill Miner), was a stuntman for more than thirty years in Hollywood, until he began to get speaking parts in the seventies—the best known is that of the arthritic ranch hand in "Comes a Horseman" who needs a kitchen chair to mount his horse. (He was recommended to the Canadians who made this movie by Coppola, and it is presented under the aegis of his Zoetrope Studios.) Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, and I don't think we ever feel that he isn't doing enough here. He has an almost lewd, secretive grin and a lulling sexual presence. He can certainly play cagey. But Jackie Burroughs is an actress and accessible; Farnsworth is an icon and inaccessible. His acting is almost all in the way he attracts the camera, and without Jackie Burroughs to spark things—the two of them do some highly photogenic flirting—the picture might be too stately. (It might, in fact, seem like a silent film.) In their first encounter, at the newspaper office, Kate exits telling the editor that he has "the mentality of a grocery clerk," and the editor proves she's on target by saying, "Nothing wrong with her a husband wouldn't fix." Actually, it's what's right with her that a man would probably try to fix, and though Miner's eyes glisten in response to her anger at social injustice, when they become lovers she is more subdued (which seems to prove the editor right), and her role diminishes. The picture could have used more of her warmth, and additional scenes between the two. One problem: the scriptwriter doesn't fill in the historical gaps in Miner's life, so we never find out how he became this civilized, sensitive man or a lover who would appreciate this free-thinking woman. Even plot points—such as how the Pinkertons track him to Kamloops—aren't filled in.

Though the influence of "The Great Train Robbery" in altering the course of Miner's life is just an entertaining supposition—and I rather doubt if the canny Bill Miner we see here needed a movie to show him the true path—Borsos returns to footage from it toward the end of "The Grey Fox," when a pursuit scene from the 1903 film (shot in the forests of New Jersey) is intercut with Miner's attempted escape from a posse. I think it's too obtrusive a device; it interposes the filmmakers' intentions between us and the story, and it turns "The Grey Fox" into some sort of mystical tribute to movie mythology and the photographic image (though the scenes from "The Great Train Robbery" are run in widescreen). It's almost as if Borsos and his collaborators were saluting themselves. But I doubt if any of this really bothers anybody, because there's so much to look at.

Frank Tidy, who is British, has the cinematographer's credit on Ridley Scott's "The Duellists," and his work here is equally spectacular. This picture has the most lovingly photographed rain since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," and there are wonderful scenes with snow on frozen dark-green grass. The images are dense and ceremonious. Even the extras and bit players have the air of awkward formality that we associate with an earlier era; the men got up in old Mounties uniforms stand stiffly, as if the coarse wool were itching them. The actress who plays the sister isn't well directed, and her plucked eyebrows may make you think of a "What's wrong with this picture?" contest. And Jackie Burroughs wears modern eye makeup with her period clothes. But the whole movie has a sense of occasion. As a Western, it isn't as much fun as last year's "Barbarosa;" it isn't fulfilled dramatically. But then it isn't exactly a Western. Borsos replaces the familiar landscapes of Hollywood Westerns with his own interpretation of the Pacific Northwest. The story of the "badman" is told by means of historical facsimiles and through the use of authentic-looking locations that suggest the damp chill of the British angry-young-working-class-hero films circa 1960. The shots often have the stabbing eloquence of old photographs—especially those of starved, underpaid workers.

Unlike the conventional Western, "The Grey Fox" gives honest hard work a bad name. When Miner reaches the farm of his sister and her husband, he earns his keep by picking oysters from the Puget Sound mud flats, and it's bleak drudgery. You feel as if the row of rain-soaked pickers must have chilblains right through to their souls. And each job Miner gets is grinding misery; the employers are mean, petty exploiters, cheating their workers in every way they can. When the Kamloops police corporal (Timothy Webber) asks Kate Flynn to take a picture, it's of the slaughtered family of a Chinese worker—presumably he couldn't feed them and killed them to end their suffering. (The movie is like "Wisconsin Death Trip" with a romantic bandit at its center.) Miner acquires the confederates he needs for his holdups as if he were bestowing the gift of independence on them. After a robbery, Shorty (Wayne Robson), a stumpy little boozer Miner has liberated from exploitation in a lumber mill, can't believe his luck—he's got real money, even if they have to bury it for a while. Much of the movie is tinged with irony, but Borsos might be a left-wing rhapsodist with flowers blossoming from his temples. He puts a gold frame around Bill Miner without revealing a thing about him. Borsos himself seems to be taken in by the nobility of Miner's countenance; this old robber looks courtly even when he's stealing a farmer's horse—his manner suggests regret at the incivility of his action. In this movie, robbery is the only honorable profession for a man of style. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker. "The Grey Fox" somehow manages to be an art Western without making you hate it.

—PAULINE KAEL



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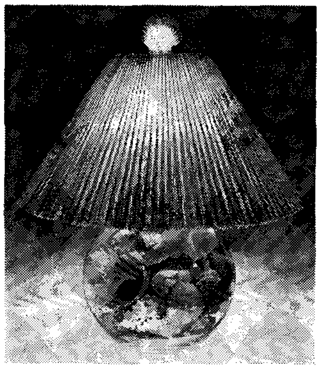

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# BOOKS

## *Turgenev*

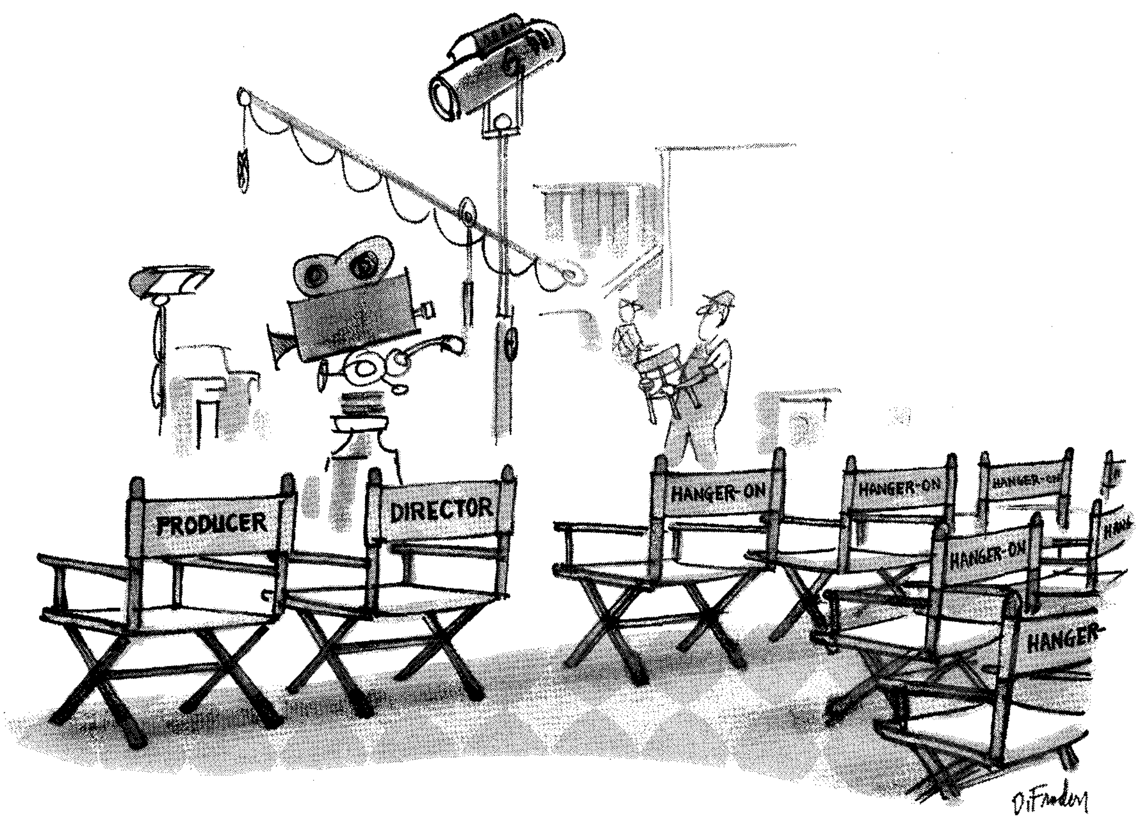
A NOVELIST's letters may or may not tell us something about his work, but we are likely to see him projecting an interesting display of asserting, confessing, and concealing selves, off duty. Turgenev was a prolific letter writer, and this was an extension of his spell as a seductive and cultivated talker; he was also, as a limpid artist, quick in self-defense, no preacher but a man implacable in his stand for Western European civilization. No mystic Slavophile he. Civilization was his cause, and with some petulance he would often spell out the word letter by letter. As Professor David Lowe says, his "Turgenev: Letters" (Ardis; two volumes, $50) is a selection concerned with Turgenev's attempt to cross-fertilize European and Russian literature—bringing Tolstoy, for example, to us when he appeared, and Flaubert, Zola, and de Maupassant to the Russians. Turgenev was above all an immensely well-educated and cultivated man. He was certainly more cultivated than, say, Gogol, Tolstoy, or Dostoevski—novelists of greater range of action, scene, and character, though not, for all that, more penetrating. He was the master of many languages; he knew German, French, Spanish, and English literature well. If contemporary Russians know their Burns, it is because Turgenev went to the length of translating him. It can, of course, be argued that such accomplishments are signs of idleness in a novelist. Many Russians were angered by his long spells of absence from the Russian scene and ridiculed his hopeless devotion to Pauline Viardot, the Franco-Spanish opera singer, who lived in Paris and later in Baden-Baden, and his friendship with her husband. For that frustrating love affair he was mocked as "a Magdalene," but even those Russians who still mutter against him as a Westerner grant that he was one of the great masters of Russian prose.

In an introduction, Professor Lowe talks of the fall in Turgenev's "stock" at home and abroad; he speaks of him as being "singularly dated" and—horrible phrase—no longer "destined for a permanent position in the pantheon of literary greats." "The poetic sensibility" of the superb stories of destructive passion—like "The Torrents of Spring" (known sometimes as "Spring Freshets") and "First Love"—"evokes ennui in the modern reader." Yet I would have thought that even if that kind of love is out of fashion the very different self-destruction of "A Lear of the Steppe" continues to have its force. I wish the Academy would give up its practice of "labelling" and "placing." All important writers "date" from generation to generation. Shakespeare was "out" in the eighteenth century; Jane Austen in her small world ignored the Battle of Waterloo. It was once not unreasonable to say that the influence of Hegel and German idealism on Turgenev and the so-called men of the eighteen-forties gave his early work a mellifluous generalized tone. We are glad that Chekhov, the plain working doctor, was born too late for that. But when I first read Turgenev, at the time of the Spanish Civil War, he seemed to leap into our own time and know some of our contemporaries. His apolitical art seized a political situation perfectly. Later, Bazarov, the nihilist in "Fathers and Sons," ceased for me to be a character from an out-of-date populist quarrel in a backward country and seemed present on our own streets. The point was made in Isaiah Berlin's well-known Romanes Lecture, given in 1970:

> Turgenev's name still lies under a shadow in his native land. His artistic reputation is not in question; it is as a social thinker that he is still today the subject of a continuing dispute. The situation that he diagnosed in novel after novel, the painful predicament of the believers in liberal Western values, a predicament once thought peculiarly Russian, is today familiar everywhere. So, too, is his own oscillating, uncertain position, his horror of reactionaries, his fear of the barbarous radicals, mingled with a passionate anxiety to be understood and approved of by the ardent young. Still more familiar is his inability, despite his greater sympathy for the party of protest, to cross over unreservedly to either side in the conflict of ideas, classes, and, above all, generations. The figure of the well-meaning, troubled, self-questioning liberal, witness to the complex truth, which, as a literary type, Turgenev virtually created in his own image, has today become universal. These are the men who, when the battle grows too hot, tend either to stop their ears to the terrible din, or attempt to promote armistices, save lives, avert chaos. . . . The predicament of what, for him, was only the "educated section" of a country then scarcely regarded as fully European has come to be that of men in every class of society in our day. He recognised it in its earlier beginnings, and described it with incomparable sharpness of vision, poetry, and truth.

With this opinion Professor Lowe may, for all I know, agree; he still holds that purely literary criticism has lost interest in the means and manner of Turgenev's illuminating gifts as an artist. Turgenev chose the clear, the classical perspective. His stories may *seem* to be still and framed but in fact are far from being "stills." Their detail ripples. He is all intense, well-ordered observation, a superb painter of animated portraits, the detached planner of pauses in narrative as he changes a scene and watches his people change and his meaning deepen. At heart, he is the dramatist who subtly stages the moral tests that his people have to pass through. His novels and his stories are really unstaged plays in which we see the hours of life passing through his people. He is a diagnostician. The prudishness and severity of the czarist police state and its censorship put an end to his early attempts to be a playwright; but it is plain that the young Chekhov's plays later on owe everything to Turgenev's gift for letting people portray themselves as they inconsequently talk. The finest of Turgenev's stories are really theatre: his landscapes are not poetic dreams but part of his people's experience. He is deeply Russian in his sense that his people carry Russia itself as a haunting burden or fate—even a grace.

What do the "Letters" tell us about the forming of Turgenev's character, which is certainly a riddle? Very early, one sees him as an Egoist under the influence of German idealism. He and his friends are "soul in soul." The sensual temperature is low. If he is in love, the matter is exalted. So in an almost comically evasive early letter to Bakunin's sister—when the romantic impulse has died and he is guilty in breaking with her—he escapes into the sincerely insincere. ("You and you alone can understand me; for you



alone I would like to be a poet, for you with whom my soul is linked in some inexpressibly marvellous way so that I almost need not see you, so that I don't feel the need to speak with you.") About this time, we see him drinking "marvellous tea" from "wonderful big English cups," in the bliss of solitude consuming quantities of Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. The future, and probably platonic, lifelong lover and slave of Pauline Viardot is born. He will be the teacher, the evasive master of the *amitié amoureuse*. (See the letters to Countess Lambert.) The wavering fellow is dominated by the will of a great opera singer who is more fiercely dedicated to her art than the young man yet is to his. Her roles are large, successful, and demanding of all her will. But *his* will, as we know, had been injured by the monstrous despotism of his mother. At thirty-two, he wrote to "dear and kind Madame Viardot" that his mother, the savage ruler of her estate at Spasskoye, had died:

> Her last days were very sad. God save us all from such a death. She did nothing but attempt to stupefy herself—on the eve of her death when the death rattle had already begun—an orchestra was playing polkas in the next room—by her order. One ought to have nothing but respect and pity—so I won't say anything more. However, how impossible it is for me not to confide in you everything I feel and know—I'll only add a word—and that is that up to her last moments all she thought of—I am ashamed to say it—was to ruin us—my brother and me.

This was true. His mind is clear, but his self-confidence was damaged for life. He became a man of "farewells." When he did turn to his several stories of destructive passion, and even something close to demonic possession in love, he knew what he was writing about. And it was from his mother's barbarous treatment of her serfs that he first learned his hatred of despotism. There was another inheritance: he was born to placate, to keep the peace. In his daily life in Russia as a young landowner, his most fertilizing solitude was the sportsman's, and perhaps that taught him the art of stalking and marksmanship in his portraits. Always self-mistrustful, yet intellectually and imaginatively proud—indeed, a handsome man of some vanity, and quick with the image or the exact word—he was deeply self-critical. Very startling are those letters in which he submits his work to his friends before it is published and bows, or pretends to bow, to their judgments. He is a masochist and, not surprisingly, a hypochondriac. To his friend Annenkov, the biographer of Pushkin, a clever man but no genius, he writes about the "Sportsman's Sketches" two years after his mother's death:

> I endorse your every word. I need to take another road—I need to find it—and part with the old manner for ever. I've had enough of trying to extract the essences—*triples extraits*—of human characters in order to then pour them into little glass jars—as if to say—have a sniff, respected readers—open it and take a whiff—doesn't it really smell like a Russian type? Enough—enough! [A favorite phrase, as is another, "The wine is drawn—we have got to drink it."] But here's the question: am I capable of anything large and tranquil? Are simple clear lines in my power?

Has he the will, the positive staying power to write a long work on a grand theme? Could he be what the nineteenth century desired—epical? What the Russians wanted was a positive hero, even a positive devil, not "a superfluous man." They wanted to be preached at, they wanted someone to celebrate the Russian "mission," to tell them that their "broad" humanity, even their extravagant crimes, would redeem mankind. They wanted rhetoric. Tolstoy could preach. Dostoevski was master of vision and multiple narrative voices. Was there the danger that this exquisitely gifted Turgenev would simply slide into being half storyteller, half discursive man of letters?

The letters to Tolstoy are confident. The violent quarrels are well known. Turgenev, the Egoist, collided with Tolstoy the Egotist: it was a collision of vanities. Turgenev was an astute but changeable critic. He admired "Childhood, Boyhood, Youth" extravagantly; later on, as many have done, he found that autobiography tedious. He was also impatient, in later years, of Tolstoy's "psychology" in "War and Peace":

> There's no real development in a single character . . . but there's the old habit of conveying the vacillations and vibrations of one and the same emotion or state. . . . I love, but really I hate, and so on and so forth. Oh, how tired and fed up I am with these quasi-subtle reflections.

Yet, he goes on, there are things in that novel that no one in all of Europe could write. And to the suspicious Tolstoy himself he had written much earlier, after one of their guarded encounters, "There's no point in your studying me . . . What's left for you is to study man, your own heart—and truly great writers. But I am a writer of a transitional time—and only suitable for people in a transitional state." It was to Tolstoy that he sent that famous letter from his own deathbed, begging him to give up his didactic writing:

> My friend, return to literary activity! After all, that gift comes to you from where all else does. . . . My friend, great writer of the Russian land, heed my request!

The dilemmas of Turgenev the artist—who was far from being an "art for arts' sake" man—are matched by the bothers of the half-absentee landowner in public and private life. He was unworldly and generous to his emancipated serfs; they repaid him with suspicion, and, of course, robbed him. Lazily, he left the management of his estate to a lazy and incompetent uncle; lazily, he often left capital payments in the hands of lazier friends. On one occasion in 1863, he left the transfer of a large sum to the "lyric poet Fet." The unworldly and erratic Fet discovered there were no direct links between Moscow banks and Baden, where Turgenev was about to build a large house:

> In his [Fet's] reasoning, which reached the Gordian knot and Sesostris (his own words . . .), he had just about decided on Frankfurt . . . but they have *florins* there . . . that might not be convenient to Turgenev (honest to God!). So the days passed—I was expiring—and in Petersburg the exchange up and crashed. Then the lyric poet Fet, completely losing his head, rushed to a banker by the name of Vogan or Vogau (it's spelled differently on the two notes of exchange)—and, throwing himself at his feet, implored him to take 100 roubles per 350 francs (even during the Crimean War the exchange rate was never that bad!), which the latter agreed to, since at the same moment Akhenbakh and other bankers were giving 367—and sent me the money *à trois mois de date*, moreover, identifying me as M. Furguheneff. The result of these Sesostrisian cogitations was pure loss. . . . Lesson for the future: don't entrust financial matters to lyric poets.

Money was to plague him in his relations with his illegitimate daughter, Paulinette, born to one of his few peasant mistresses. He had persuaded Pauline Viardot and her husband to bring the girl up in Paris and to turn her into an intelligent young French lady. But the child, not unnaturally, became jealous of the Viardot children and suspicious of Turgenev's relations with the Viardots. Turgenev was an affectionate, if negligent, Victorian father and was a master of the stern paternal letter. The girl was said to be giddy, and given to petit-bourgeois attitudes. She recklessly married a Frenchman with a small factory, who easily got his hands on the girl's large dowry and ruined her. (The sad story is almost a copy of Flaubert's disaster with his niece.) It was Turgenev's lot to rescue the Viardots when they lost their money at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

Some of the most diverting letters of this deeply melancholy man are those that deal with his passionate interest in theatre and opera. He had a sure eye for bad art. He writes of Sarah Bernhardt at the height of her powers:

> She is an intelligent, adroit woman who knows all the subtleties of her métier, is blessed with an exquisite voice, with good schooling—but she utterly lacks any *nature* or any artistic temperament (for which she tries to substitute Parisian lewdness), she has been corrupted by chic (*pourrie de chic*), publicity, and posing, she does not have a spark of what is called talent in its highest sense. Her carriage is that of a chicken—she has no silent acting whatsoever—and her gestures are angularly piquante—it all reeks of the boulevard, *Figaro*, and patchouli.

There is many a social or political portrait in his novels that matches this kind of observation. I think of that note on a general "in whom the good-nature innate in all Russians was intensified by that special geniality which is peculiar to people who have done something disgraceful."

—V. S. PRITCHETT

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

PILGERMANN, by Russell Hoban (Summit; $14.95). "By now," says Pilgermann, twenty-nine pages into this display of high-tech pseudo mysticism, "I am only the energy of an idea; whoever is writing this down puts the name of Pilgermann to the idea, says, 'What if?' and hypothesizes virtualities into actualities." By now, the reader has probably got the hang of Pilgermann's notion of English. Whoever is writing it down also writes, under the heading "Acknowledgments" and above the initials "R. H.," that " 'Riddley Walker' left me in a place where there was further action pending and this further action was waiting for the element that would precipitate it into the time and place of its own story." "Riddley Walker" hypothesized brilliantly

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the blasted heath of post-nuclear England and the blasted English of its neo-neolithic natives. "Pilgermann" hypothesizes badly an eleventh-century castrated Jewish pilgrim, who sets out for Jerusalem in 1096 but winds up in Antioch, where, in 1098 (during the First Crusade), he is converted (along with a lot of other unfortunates) into "waves and particles freely ranging through what is called time." In the intervening two hundred pages, he credits Jesus with "the meekness of plutonium," calls himself "a microscopic chip" and Antioch "a paradigm of history," and compares raisins to celestial bodies.

Hunter's Orange, by William Dieter (Atheneum; $13.95). Three suburban Salt Lake City couples—early thirties, blue-collar, friends since high school—drive down to southeastern Utah on their annual hunting vacation: this time after buffalo. These are ordinary people, but Mr. Dieter brings them easily to individual, unordinary life. There is, as more or less expected, a violent, melodramatic climax, but the real pleasure here is the interplay of character and Mr. Dieter's understanding of the country his hunters traverse and the mores of the hunter, and what amounts to an examination of the gradual transformation of the hunter from a man in search of food to a man in search of sport, of ego gratification.

Note: "Moon Deluxe," a collection of stories by Frederick Barthelme, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($15.95). Most of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

### GENERAL

Manga! Manga!, by Frederik L. Schodt (Kodansha; $19.95). *Manga*—a word coined by the great Hokusai—means caricature or cartoon in Japanese, and its modern extension applies to a mass-market industry that supplies tens of millions of Japanese, adults as well as children, with comic books. These range from samurai adventure, fantasy, and social satire to everyday stories of people at work or in love, gangsters, wrestlers, and even sushi-makers. There is relatively little inhibition in the selection of themes: homosexuality, lovers in bed, phallic jokes are all right, but nudity is taboo, and, in deference to modern

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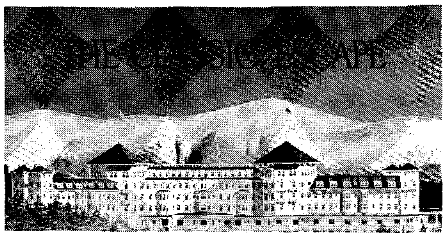

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Japan's notions of good taste, military adventure and soldiering are out. This book is a thoroughgoing exposition of the *manga* genre in text and pictures. The captions have been translated into English (though that doesn't always clear up their inscrutability). There are generous samplings of four popular comic epics, the most bemusing of which, by a young woman artist named Riyoko Ikeda, is called "The Rose of Versailles," and is about a girl who dresses like a man and becomes a commander of the palace guards at the court of Marie Antoinette.

THE FASHION SYSTEM, by Roland Barthes, translated from the French by Matthew Ward and Richard Howard (Hill & Wang; $20.50). A study of the language of French fashion magazines—*Elle*, *Le Jardin des Modes*, *Vogue*, and *L'Echo de la Mode*—for the year June, 1958, to June, 1959. Barthes brings the whole weight of structuralist linguistics and semiotics—including diagrams, abbreviations, and technical symbols—to bear on prose that describes pictured garments or suggests where and when and how they might be worn, or that describes fancy clothes on titled women. The effect is of a scholarly—indeed, pedantic—joke belittling the microscopic.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

ICE, by Ed McBain (Arbor House; $15.50). The title of this new entry (No. 36) in the annals of the 87th Precinct refers (a) to diamonds, (b) to a Broadway-theatre ticket scam, and (c), of course, to murder. The curtain rises on the murder of a beautiful young dancer in a hit show, and there are four more murders before it finally drops. The cast includes, as always, such detectives as Carella (with the deaf-mute wife), Meyer Meyer (whose name was his father's idea of a joke), and Brown (who is black), and there is an attractive newcomer named Eileen Burke, whose specialty is decoying rapists and such. The one she decoys here is a real stunner.

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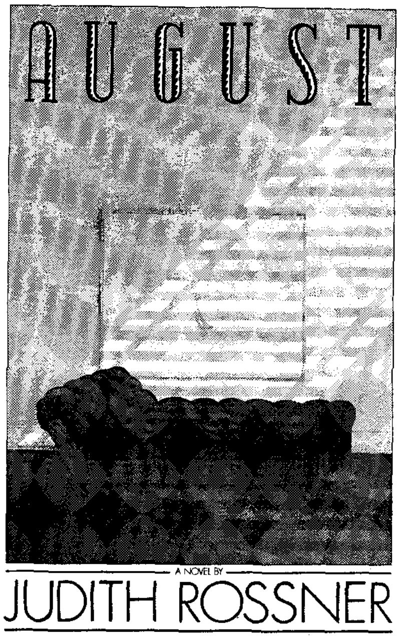

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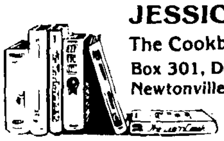

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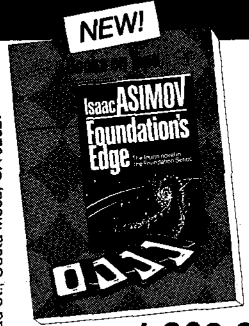

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